THE WORKS OF Mr. JOHN OLDHAM, Together with his REMAINS.

CCD. 3.8

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY D AP 26 1918 CAMBRIDGE

LONDON:
Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh*, Bookseller to his Royal Highness, at the Black Bull in *Cornhil*, 1684.

18-70

CONTENTS.

Book I.

PRologue to the Satyr upon the Jesuits. *Page* 1
The first Satyr. *Garnet*'s Ghost addressing to the Jesuits met in private Cabal after the Murder of *Godfrey*. 5
The Second Satyr. 24
The Third Satyr. *Loyola*'s Will. 39
The Fourth Satyr. S. *Ignatius*'s Image brought in, discovering the Rogueries of the Jesuits, and ridiculous Superstition of the Church of *Rome*. 74
The Satyr against Vertue. Pindarique Ode 93
An Apology for the foregoing Ode by way of Epilog. 111
The Passion of *Byblis* out of *Ovid*'s Metamorphosis imitated in *English*. 119
Upon a Woman who by her Falshood and Scorn was the Death of his Friend. A Satyr. 139

Book II.

Horace his Art of Poetry imitated in *English*. 1
An Imitation of *Horace*. Book I. Satyr 9. 43
Paraphrase upon *Horace*. Book I. Ode 13. 31 54
Paraphrase upon *Horace*. Book II. Ode 14. 58
The Praise of *Homer*. Pindarique Ode. 62
The Lamentation for *Adonis* imitated out of the Greek of *Bion* of *Smyrna*, Pastoral. *Bion*, A Pastoral in imitation of the Greek of *Moschus*, bewailing the Death of the Earl of *Rochester*. 73
Paraphrase upon the 137 Psalm. Pindarique Ode. 99
Paraphrase upon the Hymn of S. *Amb*. Pindariq. Ode 107
A Letter out of the Country to a Friend in Town, giving an account of the Author's inclination to Poetry. 118
Upon a Printer, that expos'd him by printing a Piece of his grosly mangled and faulty. A Satyr 131

Book III.

Monsieur *Boileau*'s Satyr upon Man, imitated 1
Juvenal's thirteenth Satyr, imitated 25
David's Lamentation for the Death of *Saul* and *Jonathan*, paraphras'd. Ode 49
The Ode of *Aristotle* in *Athenæus*, paraphrased 66

CONTENTS.

Upon the Works of *Ben. Johnson.* Ode 69
The Ninth Ode of the third Book of *Horace*, imitated 87
Upon a Lady, who by overturning of a Coach had her Coats behind flung up, and what was under shewn to the view of the Company 90
Catullus, Epigram 7. imitated 97
The fourth Elegy of the second Book of *Ovid*'s Amours, imitated 99
The Fifth Elegy of the same Book, imitated 104
The Tenth Elegy of the same Book, imitated 110
A Fragment of *Petronius*, paraphrased 114
An Ode of *Anacreon*, paraphrased 116
An Allusion to *Martial*, Book I. Epigr. 118. 120
The Dream, an Elegy 122
A Satyr, touching Nobility. Out of *French* 127
A Satyr, addressed to a Friend that is about to leave the University and come abroad in the World 137
Presenting a Book to *Cosmelia*. Elegy 149
The Parting. Elegy 153
Complaining of Absence. Elegy 156
Promising a Visit. Elegy 158
The careless Good Fellow. Song 160
A Satyr concerning Poetry 164
The Third Satyr of *Juvenal*, imitated 180
A *Dithyrambick*. The Drunkards Speech in a Mask 269

REMAINS.

Counterpart to the Satyr against Vertue, 1
Virg. *Eclogue* VIII. The Enchantment 13
To Madam *L. E.* upon her Recovery from a fit of Sickness 27
On the Death of Mrs. *Katharine Kingscourt*, a Child of excellent Parts and Piety 31
A *Sunday-Thought* in Sickness 34
To the Memory of Mr. *Charles Morwent* 49
To the Memory of that worthy Gentleman M. *Harman Atwood*. 95
Character of a Certain Ugly Old P— THE 111

SATYRS

UPON THE

JESUITS:

Written in the YEAR 1679.

And some other

PIECES

By the same

HAND.

The Third Edition Corrected.

LONDON:

Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhill*. 1685.

18-71

Advertiſement.

THE *Author might here* (*according to the laudable cuſtom of Prefaces*) *entertain the Reader with a Diſcourſe of the Original, Progreſs, and Rules of* Satyr, *and let him underſtand, that he has lately Read* Caſaubon, *and ſeveral other Criticks upon the Point; but at preſent he is minded to wave it, as a vanity he is in no wiſe fond of. His only intent now is to give a brief account of what he Publiſhes, in order to prevent what Cenſures he foreſees may conſiderably be paſt thereupon: And that is, as followeth:*

What he calls the Prologue, *is in imitation of* Perſius, *who has prefix'd ſomewhat by that Name before his Book of Satyrs, and may ſerve for a pretty good Authority. The firſt Satyr he drew by* Sylla's Ghoſt *in the great* Johnſon, *which may be perceived by ſome ſtrokes and touches therein, however ſhort they come of the Original. In the ſecond, he only followed the ſwinge of his own Genius. The Deſign, and ſome Paſſages of the* Franciſcan *of* Buchanan. *Which ingenious confeſſion he thinks fit to make, to ſhew he has more modeſty than the common Padders in Wit of theſe times. He doubts, there may be ſome few miſtakes in Chronology therein, which for want of Books he could not inform himſelf in. If the ſkilful Reader meet with any ſuch, he may the more eaſily pardon them upon that ſcore. Whence he had the hint of the fourth, is obvious to all, that are any thing acquainted with* Horace. *And without the Authority of ſo great a Preſident, the making of an Image ſpeak, is but an ordinary Miracle in Poetry. He expects, that ſome will tax him of Buffoonery, and turning holy things into ridicule. But let them Read, how ſeverely* Arnobius, Lactantius, Minutius Felix, *and the graveſt* Fathers, *have rally'd the ſopperies and ſuperſtitions of the Heathen, and then conſider whether thoſe,*

which he has chosen for his Argument, are not as worthy of laughter. The only difference is that they did it in Prose, as he does in Verse, where perhaps 'tis the more allowable.

As for the next Poem (which is the most liable to censure) tho the world has given it the Name of the Satyr *against* Vertue, *he declares 'twas never design'd to that intent, how apt soever some may be to wrest it. And this appears by what is said after it, and is discernable enough to all, that have the sense to understand it, 'Twas meant to abuse those, who valued themselves upon their Wit and Parts, in praising Vice, and to shew, that others of sober Principles, if they would take the same liberty in Poetry, could strain as high rants in Profaneness as they. At first he intended it not for the publick, nor to pass beyond the privacy of two or three Friends, but seeing it had the Fate to steal abroad in Manuscript, and afterwards in Print, without his knowledge, he now thinks it a Justice due to his own Reputation, to have it come forth without those faults, which it has suffered from Transcribers and the Press hitherto, and which make it a worse Satyr upon himself, than upon what it was design'd.*

Something should be said too of the last Trifle, if it were worth it. 'Twas occasioned upon reading the late Translations of Ovid's Epistles, *which gave him a mind to try what he could do upon a like Subject. Those being already forestall'd, he thought fit to make choice of the same Poet, wherein perhaps he has taken too much liberty. Had he seen* Mr. Sandys *his Translation before he began, he never durst have ventured: Since he has, and finds reason enough to despair of his undertaking. But now 'tis done, he is loth to burn it, and chuses rather to give somebody else the trouble. The Reader may do as he pleases, either like it, or put it to the use of Mr.* Jordan's *Works. 'Tis the first attempt, he ever made in this kind, and likely enough to be the last, his vein (if he may be thought to have any) lying another way.*

SATYRS

SATYRS
UPON THE
JESUITS.

PROLOGUE.

FOR who can longer hold? when every *Preſt*,
The *Bar* and *Pulpit* too has broke the Peace?
When every ſcribling *Fool* at the alarms
Has drawn his Pen, and riſes up in Arms?
And not a dull *Pretender* of the Town,
But vents his gall in *Pamphlet* up and down?
When all with licence *rail*, and who will not,
Muſt be almoſt ſuſpected of the *PLOT*,
And bring his *Zeal*, or elſe his Parts in doubt?

In vain our *Preaching Tribe* attack the *Foes*,
In vain their weak *Artillery* oppoſe:
Miſtaken honeſt men, who gravely *blame*,
And hope that *gentle Doctrine* ſhould reclaim.
Are *Texts*, and ſuch exploded trifles fit
T'impoſe, and ſham upon a *Jeſuit*?
Would they the dull Old *Fiſher-men* compare
With mighty *Suarez*, and great *Eſcobar*?
Such thred-bare proofs, and ſtale *Authorities*
May *Us* poor ſimple *Hereticks* ſuffice:
But to a ſear'd *Ignatian*'s Conſcience,
Harden'd, as his own Face, with Impudence,
Whoſe Faith ⊗ in contradiction bore, whom Lies,
Nor non-ſenſe, nor Impoſſibilities,
Nor ſhame, nor death, nor damning can aſſail:
Not theſe mild fruitleſs methods will avail.

'Tis pointed *Satyr*, and the *ſharps* of Wit
For ſuch a *prize* are th' only Weapons fit:
Nor needs there *Art*, or *Genius* here to uſe,
Where *Indignation* can create a muſe:

⊗ is contradiction-bore

Should

Should Parts, and Nature fail, yet very ſpite
Would make the arrant'ſt *Wild*, or *Withers* write.
It is reſolv'd: henceforth an endleſs War,
I and my Muſe with them, and theirs declare;
Whom neither open *Malice* of the *Foes*,
Nor private *Daggers*, nor St. *Omer's Doſe*,
Nor all, that *Godfrey* felt, or *Monarchs* fear,
Shall from my vow'd, and ſworn revenge deter.
Sooner ſhall falſe *Court Favourites* prove juſt;
And faithful to their Kings, and Countrys truſt:
Sooner ſhall they detect the tricks of *State*,
And knav'ry, ſuits, and bribes, and flatt'ry hate:
Bawds ſhall turn *Nuns*, *Salt* D——s grow chaſt;
And Paint, and Pride, and Lechery deteſt:
Popes ſhall for *Kings Supremacy* decide,
And *Cardinals* for *Huguenots* be try'd:
Sooner (which is the great'ſt impoſſible)
Shall the vile Brood of *Loyola*, and *Hell*
Give o're to Plot, be Villains, and Rebels;

Than I with utmoſt ſpite, and vengeance ceaſe
To proſecute, and plague their curſed race.
The rage of *Poets* damn'd, of *Womens Pride*
Contemn'd, and ſcorn'd, or *proffer'd luſt* denied:
The malice of *Religious* angry *Zeal*,
And all *caſhier'd reſenting Statesmen* feel:
What prompts dire *Hags* in their own blood to (write
And ſell their very ſouls to Hell for ſpite:
All this urge on my rank envenom'd ſpleen,
And with keen Satyr edg my ſtabbing Pen:
That its each home-ſet thruſt their blood may (draw,
Each drop of Ink like *Aquafortis* gnaw.
Red hot with vengeance thus, I'll brand diſgrace
So deep, no time ſhall e're the marks deface:
Till my ſevere, and exemplary doom
Spread wider than their guilt, till it become
More dreaded than the *Bear*, and frighten worſe
Than damning *Pope's Anathema's*, and curſe.

SATYR

SATYR I.

Garnet's *Ghoſt addreſſing to the* Jeſuits, *met in private Cabal juſt after the Murder of* Godfrey.

BY *Hell* 'twas bravely done! what leſs than this?
What *Sacrifice* of meaner worth, and price
Could we have offer'd up for our ſucceſs?
So fare all they, who e're provoke our hate,
Who by like ways preſume to tempt their fate;
Fare each like this bold medling *Fool*, and be
As well *ſecur'd*, as well *diſpatch'd* as he:
Would he were here, yet warm, that we might
His reaking gore, and drink up ev'ry vein! (drain
That were a glorious *ſanction*, much like thine.
Great *Roman!* made upon a like deſign:

Like thine, we ſcorn ſo mean a *Sacrament*,
To ſeal, and conſecrate our high intent,
We ſcorn baſe Blood ſhould our great Leagues cement:
Thou didſt it with a ſlave, but we think good
To bind our Treaſon with a bleeding God.
Would it were *His* (why ſhould I fear to name,
Or you to hear't?) at which we nobly aim!
Lives yet that hated *en'my* of our *Cauſe?*
Lives *He* our mighty projects to oppoſe?
Can *His* weak innocence, and Heaven's care
Be thought ſecurity from what *we* dare?
Are you then *Jeſuits?* are you ſo for nought?
In all the *Catholick* depths of Treaſon taught?
In *orthodox*, and *ſolid* pois'ning read?
In each profounder art of killing *bred?*
And can *you* fail, or bungle in your trade?
Shall one poor *life* your cowardize upbraid?
Tame daſtard ſlaves! who your *profeſſion* ſhame,
And fix diſgrace on our great *Founder*'s name.

Think

Think what late *Sect'ries* (an ignoble crew,
Not worthy to be rank'd in sin with you)
Inspir'd with lofty wickedness, durst do:
How from his Throne they hurl'd a *Monarch* down,
And doubly eas'd him of both Life, and Crown:
They scorn'd in covert their bold act to hide,
In open face of Heav'n the work they did,
And brav'd its vengeance, and its pow'rs defi'd.
This is his *Son*, and mortal too like him,
Durst you usurp the glory of the crime;
And dare ye not? I know, you scorn to be
By such as *they*, out-done in villany,
Your proper *province*; true, you urg'd them on,
Were engins in the fact, but they alone
Share all the open credit, and renown.
But hold! I wrong our *Church*, and *Cause*, which need
No forein instance, nor what others did:
Think on that matchless *Assassin*, whose name
We with just pride can make our happy claim;

He, who at killing of an *Emperor*,
To give his poiſon ſtronger force, and pow'r
Mixt a *God* with't, and made it work more ſure;
Bleſt memory! which ſhall through Age to come
Stand ſacred in the Liſts of *Hell*, and *Rome*.
Let our great *Clement*, and *Ravillac*'s name,
Your Spirits to like heights of ſin inflame;
Thoſe mighty *Souls*, who bravely choſe to die
T'have each a *Royal Ghoſt* their company.
Heroick Act! and worth their tortures well,
Well worth the ſuff'ring of a double Hell,
That, they felt here, and that below, they feel.
And if theſe cannot move you, as they ſhou'd,
Let *me*, and *my example* fire your blood:
Think on my vaſt attempt, a glorious deed,
Which durſt the Fates have ſuffer'd to ſucceed,
Had rival'd *Hells* moſt proud *exploit*, and *boaſt*,
Ev'n *that*, which wou'd the *King of Fates* depos'd,
Curſt be the day, and ne're in time inrol'd,
And curſt the Star, whoſe ſpiteful influence rul'd
The luckleſs Minute, which my project ſpoil'd:

Curſe

Curſe on that *Pow'r*, who, of himſelf afraid,
My glory with my brave deſign betray'd:
Juſtly he fear'd, leſt I, who ſtrook ſo high
In guilt, ſhould next blow up his Realm, and Sky:
And ſo I had; at leaſt I would have durſt,
And failing, had got off with Fame at worſt.
Had you but half my bravery in Sin,
Your work had never thus unfiniſh'd bin;
Had I bin Man, and the great Act to do;
H'ad dy'd by this, and bin what I am now,
Or what *His Father* is: I would leap Hell
To reach *His* Life, tho in the midſt I fell,
And deeper than before.———
Let rabble Souls, of narrow aim, and reach,
Stoop their vile Necks, and dull Obedience preach:
Let them with ſlaviſh aw (diſdain'd by me)
Adore the purple Rag of Majeſty,
And think't a ſacred Relick of the Sky:
Well may ſuch Fools a baſe Subjection own,
Vaſſals to every *Aſs*, that loads a Throne:

Un-

Unlike the foul, with which proud I was born,
Who could that sneaking thing a *Monarch* scorn,
Spurn off a Crown, and set my foot in sport
Upon the head, that wore it, trod in dirt.
But say, what is't that binds your hands? do's fear
From such a glorious action you deter?
Or is't Religion? but you sure disclaim
That frivolous pretence, that empty name:
Meer bugbear word, devis'd by *Us* to scare
The senseless rout to slavishness, and fear,
Ne're know to aw the brave, and those, that dare.
Such weak, and feeble things may serve for checks
To rein, and curb base-mettled *Hereticks*;
Dull creatures, whose nice bogling consciences
Startle, or strain at such slight crimes as these;
Such, whom fond inbred honesty befools,
Or that old musty piece the *Bible* gulls:
That hated *Book*, the bulwark of our *foes*,
Whereby they still uphold their tott'ring cause.

Let

Let no such toys mislead you from the road
Of glory, nor infect your Souls with good:
Let never bold incroaching Virtue dare
With her grim holy face to enter there,
No, not in very *Dreams*: have only will
Like *Fiends*, and *Me* to covet, and act ill:
Let true substantial wickedness take place,
Usurp, and Reign; let it the very trace
(If any yet be left) of good deface.
If ever qualms of inward cowardice
(The things, which some dull sots call conscience) rise,
Let them in streams of Blood, and slaughter drown,
Or with new weights of guilt still press 'em down.
Shame, Faith, Religion, Honor, Loyalty,
Nature it self, whatever checks there be
To loose, and uncontrol'd impiety,
Be all extinct in you; own no remorse
But that you've balk'd a sin, have been no worse,
Or too much pity shewn.—

Be diligent in Miſchiefs Trade, be each
Performing as a *Devil*; nor ſtick to reach
At Crimes moſt dangerous; where bold deſpair,
Mad luſt, and heedleſs blind revenge would ne're
Ev'n look, march you without a bluſh, or fear,
Inflam'd by all the hazards, that oppoſe,
And firm, as burning *Martyrs*, to your *Cauſe*.
Then you're true *Jeſuits*, then you're fit to be
Diſciples of great *Loyola*, and *Me*:
Worthy to *undertake*, worthy a *Plot*,
Like *this*, and fit to ſcourge an *Huguenot*.
Plagues on that *Name!* may ſwift confuſion ſeize,
And utterly blot out the curſed Race:
Thrice damn'd be that *Apoſtate Monk*, from whom
Sprung firſt theſe *Enemies* of *Us*, and *Rome*:
Whoſe pois'nous Filth, dropt from ingend'ring Brain,
By monſtrous Birth did the vile *Inſects* ſpawn,
Which now infeſt each Country, and defile
With their o'reſpreading ſwarms this goodly *Ile*,

Once

Once it was ours, and subject to our Yoke,
Till a late *reigning Witch* th' Enchantment broke:
It shall again: *Hell* and I say't: have ye
But courage to make good the Prophesie:
Not Fate it self shall hinder.——

Too sparing was the time, too mild the day,
When our great *Mary* bore the *English* sway?
Unqueen-like pity marr'd her Royal Pow'r,
Nor was her *Purple* dy'd enough in Gore.

Four, or five hundred, such like petty sum
Might fall perhaps a Sacrifice to *Rome*,
Scarce worth the naming: had I had the Pow'r,
Or been thought fit t'have been her *Counsellor*,
She shou'd have rais'd it to a nobler score.
Big *Bonfires* should have blaz'd, and shone each day,
To tell our Triumphs, and make bright our way:
And when 'twas dark, in every Lane, and Street
Thick flaming *Hereticks* should serve to light,
And save the needless Charge of *Links* by night:

Smith-

Smithfield should still have kept a constant fire,
Which never should be quench'd, never expire,
But with the lives of all the *miscreant rout*,
Till the last gasping breath had blown it out.
So *Nero* did, such was the prudent course
Taken by all his mighty Successors,
To tame *like Heretick*s of old by force:
They scorn'd dull reason, and pedantick rules
To conquer, and reduce the harden'd *Fools*:
*Rack*s, *Gibbets*, *Halters* were their arguments,
Which did most undeniably convince:
Grave bearded *Lions* manag'd the dispute,
And reverend *Bears* their Doctrines did confute:
And all, who would stand out in stiff defence,
They gently *claw'd*, and *worried* into sense:
Better than all our *Sorbon dotards* now,
Who would by dint of words our *Foes* subdue.
This was the rigid *Discipline* of old,
Which modern sots for *Persecution* hold:

Of

Of which dull *Annalists* in story tell
Strange *Legends*, and huge bulky *Volumes* swell
With *Martyr'd Fools*, that lost their way to Hell.

From these, our *Church*'s glorious *Ancestors*,
We've learnt our arts, and made their Methods ours:
Nor have we come behind, the least degree,
In acts of rough and manly cruelty:
Converting Faggots, and the pow'rful stake,
And Sword resistless our *Apostles* make.

This heretofore *Bohemia* felt, and thus
Were all the num'rous *Proselytes* of *Huss*
Crush'd with their head: So *Waldo*'s cursed rout,
And those of *Wickliff* here were rooted out, (chose,
Their names scarce left.—Sure were the means, we
And wrought prevailingly: *Fire* purg'd the dross
Of those foul *Heresies*, and sovereign *Steel*
Lopt off th' infected Limbs the *Church* to heal.

Renown'd was that *French Brave*, renown'd his
A deed, for which the day deserves its *red* (deed,
Far more than for a paltry *Saint*, that died:

How

Rump, Pt. I p. 159

How goodly was the Sight! how fine the Show
When *Paris* saw through all its Channels flow
The blood of *Huguenots*; when the full *Sein*,
Swell'd with the flood, its Banks with joy o're-ran!
He scorn'd like common Murderers to deal
By parcels, and piecemeal; he scorn'd *Retail*
I'th' Trade of Death: whole Myriads died by th' great,
Soon as one single life; so quick their Fate,
Their very Pray'rs, and Wishes came too late.

This a *King* did: and great, and mighty 'twas.
Worthy his high Degree, and Pow'r, and Place,
And worthy our *Religion*, and our *Cause*:
Unmatch'd 'thad been, had not *Mac-quire* arose,
The bold *Mac-quire* (who, read in modern Fame,
Can be a Stranger to his Worth, and Name?)
Born to out-sin a *Monarch*, born to *Reign*
In Guilt, and all Competitors disdain:
Dread memory! whose each mention still can make
Pale *Hereticks* with trembling Horror quake.

T'undo

T'undo a *Kingdom*, to atchieve a crime
Like his; who would not fall and die like him?
Never had *Rome* a nobler ſervice done,
Never had *Hell*; each day came thronging down
Vaſt ſhoals of Ghoſts, and *mine* was pleas'd, & glad,
And ſmil'd, when it the brave revenge ſurvey'd.
Nor do I mention theſe great Inſtances
For bounds, and limits to your wickedneſs:
Dare you beyond, ſomething out of the road
Of all example, where none yet have trod,
Nor ſhall hereafter: what mad *Catiline*
Durſt never think, nor's madder *Poet* feign. Ben Jonson.
Make the poor baffled *Pagan Fool* confeſs,
How much a *Chriſtian* Crime can conquer his:
How far in gallant miſchief overcome,
The *old* muſt yield to *new*, and *modern Rome*.
Mix *Ills* paſt, preſent, future, in one act;
One high, one brave, one great, one glorious Fact,
Which *Hell*, and *very I* may envy———
Such as a *God* himſelf might wiſh to be

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY D AP 26 1918 CAMBRIDGE

A Complice in the mighty *villany*
And barter's *Heaven*, and vouchſafe to die.
Nor let Delay (the bane of Enterprize)
Marr yours, or make the great importance miſs.
This *fact* has wak'd your *Enemies*, and their fear;
Let it your vigour too, your haſte, and care.
Be ſwift, and let your deeds foreſtall intent,
Foreſtall ev'n wiſhes, e're they can take vent,
Nor give the Fates the leiſure to prevent.
Let the full Clouds, which a long time did wrap
Your gath'ring thunder, now with ſudden clap
Break out upon your *Foes*; daſh, and confound,
And ſpread avoidleſs ruin all around.
Let the fir'd *City* to your *Plot* give light;
You raz'd it half before, now raze it quite.
Do't more effectually; I'd ſee it glow
In flames unquenchable as thoſe below.
I'd ſee the *Miſcreants* with their houſes burn,
And all together into aſhes turn.

Bend next your fury to the curſt *Divan*;
That damn'd *Committee*, whom the Fates ordain
Of all our well-laid *Plots* to be the bane.
Unkennel thoſe *State-Foxes*, where they lie
Working your ſpeedy fate, and deſtiny.
Lug by the ears the doting *Prelates* thence,
Daſh *Hereſie* together with their Brains
Out of their ſhatter'd heads. Lop off the *Lords*
And *Commons* at one ſtroke, and let your Swords
Adjourn 'em all to th' other World——

Would I were bleſt with fleſh and blood again,
But to be Actor in that happy Scene!
Yet thus I will be by, and glut my view,
Revenge ſhall take its fill, in ſtate I'll go
With captive *Ghoſts* t'attend me down below.

Let theſe the Handſells of your vengeance be,
But ſtop not here, nor flag in cruelty.
Kill like a Plague, or *Inquiſition*; ſpare
No Age, Degree, or Sex; only to wear
A Soul, only to own a Life, be here

Thought crime enough to loſe't: no time, nor place
Be Sanctuary from your outrages.
Spare not in Churches kneeling *Prieſts* at pray'r,
Tho interceding for you, *slay* ev'n there.
Spare not young *Infants* ſmiling at the breaſt,
Who from relenting Fools their mercy wreſt:
Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood.
From thence, & drown 'em in their *Mothers* blood.
Pity not *Virgins*, nor their tender cries,
Tho proſtrate at your feet with melting eyes
All drown'd in tears; ſtrike home, as 'twere in *luſt*,
And force their begging hands to guide the thruſt.
Raviſh at th' Altar, kill when you have done,
Make them your Rapes, and Victims too in one.
Nor let gray hoary hairs protection give
To *Age*, juſt crawling on the verge of Life:
Snatch from its leaning hands the weak ſupport,
And with it knock't into the grave with ſport;
Brain the poor Cripple with his Crutch, then cry,
You've kindly rid him of his miſery.

x the Victims to alone Seal

Seal up your ears to Mercy, leſt their words
Should tempt a pity, ram 'em with your Swords
(Their tongues too) down their throats; let 'em not dare
To mutter for their Souls a gaſping Pray'r,
But in the utt'rance choak't, and ſtab it there.
'Twere witty handſom Malice (could you do't)
To make 'em die, and make 'em damn'd to boot.
Make Children by one Fate with Parents die,
Kill ev'n *revenge* in next Poſterity:
So you'll be peſter'd with no Orphans cries,
No Childleſs Mothers curſe your Memories.
Make Death, and Deſolation ſwim in blood
Throughout the *Land*, with nought to ſtop the *flood*
But ſlaughter'd Carcaſſes; till the whole *Iſle*
Become one *tomb*, become one *fun'ral pile*;
Till ſuch vaſt numbers ſwell the countleſs ſumm,
That the wide Grave, and wider Hell want room.
Great was that *Tyrants* wiſh, which ſhould be (mine,
Did I not ſcorn the leavings of a ſin;

Caligula

Freely I would beſtow't on *England* now,
That the whole Nation with one neck might (grow.
To be ſlic'd off, and you to give the blow.
What neither *Saxon* rage could here inflict,
Nor *Danes* more ſavage, nor the barb'rous *Pict*;
What *Spain*, nor *Eighty Eight* could ere deviſe,
With all its *Fleet*, and *freight* of cruelties;
What ne'er *Medina* wiſh'd, much leſs could dare,
And bloodier *Alva* would with trembling hear;
What may ſtrike out dire Prodigies of old,
And make their mild, and gentler acts untold.
What Heav'ns Judgments, nor the angry Stars,
Foreign Invaſions, nor Domeſtick Wars,
Plague, Fire, nor Famine could effect or do;
All this, and more be dar'd, and done by you.
But why do I with idle talk delay
Your hands, and while they ſhould be acting, ſtay?
Farewell——
If I may waſt a Pray'r for your ſucceſs,
Hell be your aid, and your high projects bleſs!

May

May that vile Wretch, if any here there be,
That meanly ſhrinks from brave Iniquity;
If any here feel pity, or remorſe,
May he feel all, I've bid you act, and worſe!
May he by rage of Foes unpitied fall,
And they tread out his hated Soul to Hell.
May's Name, and Carcaſe rot, expos'd alike to be
The everlaſting mark of grinning Infamy.

SATYR II.

NAy, if our ſins are grown ſo high of late,
That Heav'n no longer can adjourn our fate;
May't pleaſe ſome milder Vengeance to deviſe,
Plague, Fire, Sword, Dearth, or any thing but this.
Let it rain ſcalding Showers of *Brimſtone* down,
To burn us, and of old the *luſtful Town*:
Let a new *delnge* overwhelm agen,
And drown at once our Land, our Lives, our Sin.
Thus gladly we'll compound, all this we'll pay,
To have this worſt of *Ills* remov'd away.
Judgments of other kinds are often ſent
In mercy only, not for puniſhment:
But where theſe light, they ſhew a Nation's fate
Is given up and paſt for reprobate.
When God his ſtock of wrath on *Egypt* ſpent,
To make a ſtubborn *Land* and *King* repent,
Sparing the reſt, had he this one Plague ſent;

For

For this alone his *People* had been quit,
And *Pharaoh* circumcis'd a *Proſelyte.*

Wonder no longer why no *Curſe*, like theſe,
Was known, or ſuffer'd in the Primitive days:
They never ſinn'd enough to merit it,
'Twas therefore what Heav'ns juſt pow'r thought fit,
To ſcourge this latter, and more ſinful age
With all the *dregs*, and *ſqueeſings* of his rage.

Too dearly is proud *Spain* with *England* quit
For all her loſs ſuſtein'd in *Eighty Eight*;
For all the *Ills* our Warlike *Virgin* wrought,
Or *Drake*, and *Rawleigh* her great Scourges brought.
Amply was ſhe reveng'd in that one birth,
When Hell for her the *Biſcain* Plague brought forth;
Great Counter-plague! in which unhappy we
Pay back her ſuff'rings with full uſury;
Than whom alone none ever was deſign'd
T'entail a wider curſe on Human kind,
But *he*, who firſt begot us, and firſt ſinn'd.

Happy

Loyola Happy the World had been, and happy Thou,
(Leſs damn'd at leaſt, and leſs accurſt than now)
If early with leſs guilt in War th'had ſtudy'd,
And from enſuing miſchiefs Mankind freed.
Or when thou view'dſt the *Holy Land*, and *Tomb*,
Judith Th'had'ſt ſuffer'd there thy *brother Traitor*'s doom.
Curſt be the womb, that with the *Firebrand* teem'd,
Which ever ſince has the whole Globe inflam'd;
More curſt that ill-aim'd *Shot*, which baſely miſt,
Which maim'd a *limb*, but ſpar'd thy hated *breaſt*,
And made th' at once a *Cripple*, and a *Prieſt*.

But why this wiſh? The *Church* if ſo might lack
Champions, *good works*, and *Saints* for th' *Almanack*,
Theſe are the *Janizaries* of the *Cauſe*,
The *Life-Guard* of the *Roman Sultan*, choſe
To break the force of *Hugenots*, and *Foes*.
The Churches *Hawkers in Divinity*.
Who 'ſtead of *Lace*, and *Ribbons*, *Doctrine* cry:
Rome's Strowlers, who ſurvey each Continent,
Its *trinkets*, and *commodities* to vent.

Ex-

Export the *Gospel*, like mere *ware*, for sale,
And truck't for *Indigo*, and *Cutchaweal*.
As the known *Factors* here, the *Brethren*, once
Swopt *Christ* about for *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Spoons*.
And shall these great *Apostles* be contemn'd,
And thus by scoffing Hereticks defam'd?
They, by whose means both *Indies* now enjoy
The two choice Blessings, *Pox* and *Popery*?
Which buried else in ignorance had been,
Nor known the worth of *Beads*, and *Bellarmine*?
It pitied holy *Mother Church* to see
A World so drown'd in gross *Idolatry*:
It griev'd to see such goodly Nations hold
Bad *Errors* and unpardonable *Gold*.
Strange! what a zeal can powerful *Coin* infuse!
What Charity *Pieces of Eight* produce!
So you were chosen th' fittest to reclaim
The *Pagan* World, and give't a *Christian* Name,
And great was the success; whole Myriads stood
At *Font*, and were *baptis'd* in their own blood.

Millions

Millions of Souls were hurl'd from hence to burn
Before their time, be damn'd before their turn.
Yet these were in compassion sent to Hell,
The rest reserv'd in spite, and worse to feel,
Compell'd instead of *Fiends* to worship *you*,
The more inhumane *Devils* of the two.
Rare way, and method of *Conversion* this,
To make your *Votaries* your Sacrifice!
If to destroy be *Reformation* thought;
A *Plague* as well might the *good work* have wrought.
Now see we why your *Founder*, weary grown
Would lay his former Trade of *Killing* down;
He found 'twas dull, he found a *Crown* would be
A fitter case, and badge of cruelty.
Each shiv'lling *Hero* Seas of Blood can spill,
When wrongs provoke, and Honour bids him kill.
Each tiny *Bully* Lives can freely bleed,
When press'd by *Wine*, or *Punk* to knock o'th' head:
Give me your through-pac'd *Rogue*, who scorns
Prompted by poor Revenge, or Injury, (to be
But does it of true inbred cruelty:

Your

Your cool, and ſober *Murderer*, who prays,
And ſtabs at the ſame time, who one hand has
Stretch'd up to Heav'n, t'other to make the Paſs.

So the late *Saints* of bleſſed memory,
Cut throats in Godly pure ſincerity:
So they with lifted hands, and eyes devout,
Said Grace, and carv'd a ſlaughter'd *Monarch* out.

When the firſt Traitor *Cain* (too good to be
Thought Patron of this black *Fraternity*)
His bloody Tragedy of old deſign'd,
One death alone quench'd his revengeful mind,
Content with but a quarter of Mankind:
Had he been *Jeſuit*, had he but put on
Their ſavage cruelty; the reſt had gone:
His hand had ſent old *Adam* after too,
And forc'd the Godhead to create anew.

And yet 'twere well, were their foul guilt but (thought
Bare ſin: 'tis ſomething ev'n to own a fault.
But here the boldeſt flights of wickedneſs
Are ſtampt *Religion*, and for currant paſs.

The

The blackeſt, uglieſt, horrid'ſt, damned'ſt deed,
For which *Hell flames*, the *Schools* a Title need,
If done for *Holy Church* is ſanctified.
This conſecrates the bleſſed *Works* and *Tool*,
Nor muſt we ever after think 'em foul.
To undo Realms, kill Parents, murder Kings,
Are thus but petty trifles, venial things,
Not worth a *Confeſſor*; nay, Heav'n ſhall be
It ſelf invok'd t'abet th' impiety.

Grant, gracious Lord, (*Some Reverend Villain prays*)
'That this the bold Aſſertor of our *Cauſe*
'May with ſucceſs accompliſh that great end,
'For which he was by thee, and us deſign'd.
'Do thou t'his Arm, and Sword thy ſtrength impart;
'And guide 'em ſteddy to the *Tyrants* heart.
'Grant him for every meritorious thruſt
'Degrees of bliſs above among the Juſt;
'Where holy *Garnet*, and S. *Guy* are plac'd,
'Whom works like this before have thither rais'd.

Where

'Where they are interceding for us now;
'For ſure they're there. Yes queſtionleſs, and ſo
Good *Nero* is, and *Diocleſian* too,
And that great ancient Saint *Heroſtratus*,
And the late godly *Martyr* at *Thoulouſe*.

Dare ſomething worthy *Newgate*, and the *Tow'r*.
If you'l be *canoniz'd*, and Heav'n enſure.
Dull *prim'tive Fools* of old! who would be good,
Who would by virtue reach the bleſt abode:
Far other are the ways found out of late,
Which Mortals to that happy place tranſlate:
Rebellion, Treaſon, Murder, Maſſacre,
The chief Ingredients now of *Saint-ſhip* are,
And *Tyburn* only ſtocks the *Calendar*.

Unhappy *Judas*, whoſe ill fate, or chance
Threw him upon groſs times of ignorance;
Who knew not how to value, or eſteem
The worth, and merit of a glorious crime!
Should his kind Stars have let him acted now;
H'ad dy'd *abſolv'd*, and dy'd a *Martyr* too.

Hear'ſt

Hear'ſt thou, Great God, ſuch daring blaſphemy,
And let'ſt thy patient Thunder ſtill lie by?
Strike, and avenge, leſt impious *Atheiſts* ſay,
Chance guides the world, and has uſurp'd thy ſway;
Leſt theſe proud proſp'rous *Villains* too confeſs,
Thou'rt ſenſleſs, as they make thy Images.
Thou juſt, and ſacred Pow'r! wilt thou admit
Such Gueſts ſhould in thy glorious preſence ſit?
If Heav'n can with ſuch company diſpence;
Well did the *Indian* pray, *Might he keep thence!*
But this we only feign, all vain, and falſe,
As their own *Legends*, *Miracles*, and *Tales*;
Either the groundleſs calumnies of ſpite,
Or idle rants of Poetry, and Wit.
We wiſh they were: but you hear *Garnet* cry,
'I did it, and would do't again; had I
'As much of Blood, as many Lives as *Rome*
'Has ſpilt in what the *Fools* call *Martyrdom*;
'As many Souls as Sins; I'd freely ſtake
'All them, and more for *Mother Church*'s ſake.

'For

For that I'll ſtride o're Crowns, ſwim through a
Flood,
'Made up of ſlaughter'd Monarch's Brains, and
'Blood.
'For that no *lives* of *Hereticks* I'll ſpare,
'But reap 'em down with leſs remorſe, and care
'Than *Tarquin* did the Poppy-heads of old,
'Or we drop Beads, by which our Pray'rs are told.
Bravely reſolv'd! and 'twas as bravely dar'd:
But (lo!) the Recompence, and great Reward
The *wight* is to the *Almanack* preferr'd.
Rare motives to be damn'd for holy Cauſe,
A few *red Letters*, and ſome *painted ſtraws*!
Fools! who thus truck with Hell by *Mohatra*,
And play their Souls againſt no ſtakes away.
'Tis ſtrange with what an holy Impudence
The Villain *caught*, his innocence maintains:
Denies with Oaths the Fact, untill it be
Leſs guilt to own it than the perjury:
By th' *Maſs*, and bleſſed *Sacraments* he ſwears,
This *Mary's Milk*, and t'other *Mary's Tears*,
And the whole muſter-roll in *Calendars*.

Not yet ſwallow the Falſhood? if all this
Won't gain a reſty Faith; he will on's knees
Th' *Evangeliſts*, and *Lady's Pſalter* kiſs.
To vouch the Lye: nay, more, to make it good
Mortgage his Soul upon't, his Heav'n, and God.
Damn'd faithleſs *Hereticks*! hard to convince,
Who truſt no Verdict but dull obvious Senſe.
Unconſcionable *Courts*! who *Prieſts* deny
Their *Beneſit o'th' Clergy*, Perjury.
Room for the *Martyr'd Saints*! behold they come!
With what a noble Scorn they meet their Doom?
Not *Knights o'th' Poſt*, nor often Carted *Whores*
Shew more of Impudence, or leſs Remorſe.
O glorious, and heroick Conſtancy!
That can forſwear upon the *Cart*, and die
With gaſping Souls expiring in a Lye.
None but tame Sheepiſh *Criminals* repent,
Who fear the idle Bugbear, Puniſhment:
Your Gallant Sinner ſcorns that Cowardice,
The poor regret of having done amiſs:
Brave he, to his firſt Principles ſtill true,

Can

Can face Damnation, Sin with Hell in view:
And bid it take the Soul, he does bequeath,
And blow it thither with his dying breath.
Dare ſuch, as theſe, profeſs *Religion*'s Name?
Who, ſhould they own't, and be believ'd, would ſhame
It's Practice out o'th' World, would *Atheiſts* make
Firm in their *Creed*, and vouch it at the Stake?
Is *Heav'n* for ſuch, whoſe Deeds make *Hell* too good,
Too mild a *Penance* for their curſed Brood?
For whoſe unheard-of Crimes, and damned Sake
Fate muſt below new ſorts of Torture make,
Since, when of old it fram'd that place of Doom,
'Twas thought no guilt, like this, could thither come
Baſe recreant Souls! would you have Kings truſt you,
Who never yet kept your Allegiance true
To any but *Hell's Prince*? who with more eaſe
Can ſwallow down moſt ſolemn Perjuries,
Than a *Town-Bullie* common Oaths, and Lies?
Are the *French Harry*'s Fates ſo ſoon forgot?

Than Bullies common Oaths and canting Lies

Our last blest *Tudor*? or the *Powder-Plot*?
And those fine Streamers, that adorn'd so long
The *Bridge*, and *Westminster*, and yet had hung,
Were they not stoln, and now for *Relicks* gone?
Think *Tories* Loyal, or *Scotch Covenanters*:
Robb'd *Tygers* gentle; courteous, fasting *Bears*:
Atheists devout, and thrice-wrack'd *Mariners*:
Take *Goats* for Chast, and cloister'd *Marmosites*:
For plain, and open two-edg'd Parasites:
Believe *Bawds* modest, and the shameless *Stews*,
And binding *Drunkard Oaths, and Strumpet's Vows*:
And when in time these Contradiction meet;
Then hope to find 'em in a *Loyolite*:
To whom, tho gasping, should I credit give;
I'd think 'twere Sin, and damn'd like unbelief.
Oh for the *Swedish* Law enacted here!
No Scare-crow frightens like a *Priest-Gelder*,
Hunt them, as *Beavers* are, force them to buy
Their Lives with Ransom of their Lechery.
Or let that wholsome *Statute* be reviv'd,
Which *England* heretofore from *Wolves* reliev'd:

Tax

Tax every *Shire* inſtead of them to bring
Each Year a certain tale of *Jeſuits* in:
And let their mangled Quarters hang the *Ile*
To ſcare all future Vermin from the Soil.
Monſters avaunt! may ſome kind whirlwind ſweep
Our Land, and drown theſe *Locuſts* in the deep:
Hence ye loath'd Objects of our Scorn, and Hate
With all the Curſes of an injur'd *State*:
Go, foul *Impoſtors*, to ſome duller Soil,
Some eaſier *Nation* with your *Cheats* beguile:
Where your groſs common *Gulleries* may paſs,
To *ſtur*, and *top* on *bubled Conſciences*:
Where *Ignorance*, and th' *Inquiſition* Rules,
Where the vile Herd of poor *Implicit Fools*
Are damn'd contentedly, where they are led
Blindfold to *Hell*, and thank, and pay their Guide.
Go, where all your black *Tribe* before are gone,
Follow *Chaſtel*, *Ravillac*, *Clement* down,
Your *Catesby*, *Faux*, and *Garnet*, thouſands more,
And thoſe, who hence have lately rais'd the Score.

Where the *Grand Traitor* now, and all the Crew
Of his *Diſciples* muſt receive their Due:
Where Flames, and Tortures of Eternal Date
Muſt puniſh you, yet ne're can expiate:
Learn duller *Feinds* your unknown Cruelties,
Such as no Wit, but yours, could e're deviſe,
No Guilt, but yours, deſerve; make *Hell* confeſs
It ſelf out-done, its *Devils* damn'd for leſs.

SATYR

SATYR III.

Loyala's *Will.*

LOng had the fam'd Impostor *found Success,*
Long seen his damn'd Fraternity's increase,
In Wealth, and Power, Mischief, and Guile improv'd,
By Popes, and Pope-rid Kings upheld, and lov'd:
Laden with Years, and Sins, and num'rous Scars,
Got some i'th' Field, but most in other Wars,
Now finding Life decay, and Fate draw near,
Grown ripe for Hell, and Roman *Calendar,*
He thinks it worth his Holy Thoughts, and Care,
Some hidden Rules, and Secrets to Impart,
The Proofs of long Experience, and deep Art,
Which to his Successors may useful be
In conduct of their future Villany.
Summon'd together, all th' Officious Band
The Orders of their Bedrid-Chief attend;
Doubtful, what Legacy he will bequeath,
And wait with greedy Ears his dying Breath:

With such quick Duty Vassal Fiends below
To meet commands of their Dread Monarch go.
On Pillow rais'd, he do's their entrance greet,
And joys to see the wish'd Assembly meet:
They in glad Murmurs tell their Joy aloud,
Then a deep silence stills th' expelling Croud,
Like Delphick *Hag of old, by Fiend possest,*
He swells, wild Frenzy heaves his panting Breast,
His bristling Hairs stick up, his Eye-Balls glow,
And from his Mouth long strakes of Drivel flow:
Thrice with due Rev'rence he himself doth cross,
Then thus his Hellish Oracles disclose.

Ye firm Associates of my great Design,
Whom the same Vows, and Oaths, and Order joyn,
The faithful Band, whom I, and *Rome* have chose,
The last Support of our declining Cause:
Whose Conqu'ring Troops I with Success have led
'Gainst all Opposers of our Church, and Head;
Who e're to the mad *German* owe their Rise,
Geneva's *Rebels*, or the hot-brain'd *Swiss*;

1681 Flakes

Revolted

Revolted Hereticks, who late have broke
And durſt throw off the long-worn Sacred Yoke;
You, by whoſe happy Influence *Rome can* boaſt
A greater Empire, than by *Luther* loſt:
By whom wide Nature's far-ſtretch'd Limits now,
And utmoſt *Indies* to its Croſier Bow;

Go on, ye mighty Champions of our Cauſe,
Maintain our Party, and ſubdue our Foes;
Kill Hereſie, that rank, and pois'nous Weed,
Which threatens now the Church to overſpread;
Fire *Calvin*, and his Neſt of Upſtarts out,
Who tread our Sacred Mitre under Foot;
Stray'd *Germany* reduce; let it no more
Th' Inceſtuous *Monk* of *Wittemberg* adore:
Make ſtubborn *Engl.* once more ſtoop its Crown,
And Fealty to our Prieſtly Sovereign own:
Regain our Church's Rights, the *Iſland* clear
From all remaining Dregs of *Wickliff* there.
Plot, Enterprize, contrive, endeavour: ſpare
No toil, nor Pains; no Death, nor Danger fear:

Reſtleſs

Reſtleſs your Aims purſue: let no defeat
Your ſprightly Courage, and Attempts rebate,
But urge to freſh, and bolder, ne're to end
Till the whole World to our great *Caliph* bend:
Till he thro' every Nation every where
Bear Sway, and Reign as abſolute, as here:
Till *Rome* without controul, and Conteſt be
The Univerſal Ghoſtly Monarchy.

Oh! that kind Heaven a longer Thread would give,
And let me to that happy Juncture live:
But 'tis decreed!——*at this he paus'd, and wept,*
The reſt alike time with his Sorrow kept:
Then thus continued he——Since unjuſt Fate
Envies my Race of Glory longer date,
Yet, as a wounded General, e're he dies,
To his ſad Troops, ſighs out his laſt Advice,
(Who, tho' they muſt his fatal Abſence moan,
By thoſe great Leſſons conquer, when he's gone)
So I to you my laſt Inſtructions give,
And breath out Counſel with my parting Life:

Let

Let each to my important words give Ear,
Worth your attention, and my dying Care.
Firſt, and the chiefeſt thing by me enjoyn'd.
The Solemn'ſt tie, that muſt your Order bind,
Let each without demur, or ſcruple pay
A ſtrict Obedience to the *Roman* Sway:
To the unerring Chair all Homage Swear,
Altho a Punk, a Witch, a Fiend ſit there:
Who e're is to the Sacred Mitre rear'd,
Believe all Vertues with the place conferr'd:
Think him eſtabliſh'd there by Heav'n, tho he
Has Altars rob'd for bribes the choice to buy,
Or pawn'd his Soul to Hell for Simony:
Tho he be Atheiſt, Heathen, *Turk*, or *Jew*,
Blaſphemer, Sacrilegious, Perjur'd too:
Tho Pander, Bawd, Pimp, Pathick, Buggerer,
What e're old *Sodom*'s Neſt of Lechers were:
Tho Tyrant, Traitor, Pois'oner, Parricide,
Magician, Monſter, all, that's bad beſide:
Fouler than Infamy; the very Lees,
The Sink, the Jakes, the Common-ſhore of Vice:

Strait

Strait count him Holy, Vertuous, Good, Devout,
Chaſt, Gentle, Meek, a Saint, a God, who not?
Make Fate hang on his Lips, nor Heaven have
Pow'r to Predeſtinate without his leave:
None be admitted there, but who he pleaſe,
Who buys from him the Patent for the Place.
Hold thoſe amongſt the higheſt rank of Saints,
Whom e're he to that Honour ſhall advance,
Tho' here the Refuſe of the Jail, and Stews,
Which Hell it ſelf would ſcarce for lumber chuſe:
But count all Reprobate, and Damn'd, and worſe,
Whom he, when Gout, or Tiſſick Rage, ſhall curſe:
Whom he in Anger Excommunicates,
For *Friday* Meals, and abrogating Sprats;
Or in juſt Indignation ſpurns to Hell
For jetting Holy Toe, and Pantofle.
What e're he ſays, eſteem for Holy Writ,
And text Apocryphal, if he think fit:
Let arrant Legends, worſt of Tales, and Lies,
Falſer than *Capgraves*, and *Voragines*,

Than

Than *Quixot*, *Rablais*, *Amadis de Gaul*;
If ſign'd with Sacred Lead, and Fiſher's Seal
Be thought Authentick and Canonical.
Again, if he Ordain't in his Decrees,
Let very Goſpel for meer Fable paſs:
Let Right be wrong, Black White, and Vertue Vice,
No Sun, no Moon, nor no Antipodes:
Forſwear your Reaſon, Conſcience, & your Creed,
Your very Senſe, and *Euclid*, if he bid.
Let it be held leſs heinous, leſs amiſs,
To break all Gods Commands, than one of his:
When his great Miſſions call, without delay,
Without Reluctance readily Obey,
Nor let your Inmoſt Wiſhes dare gainſay:
Should he to *Bantam*, or *Japan* command,
Or fartheſt Bounds of *Southern* unknown Land,
Farther than Avarice its Vaſſals drives,
Thro' Rocks, and Dangers, loſs of Blood, and Lives;
Like great *Xavier*'s be your Obedience ſhown,
Outſtrip his Courage, Glory, and Renown;

Whom

Whom neither yawning Gulphs of deep Deſpair,
Nor ſcorching Heats of burning Line could ſcare:
Whom Seas, nor Storms, nor Wracks could make refrain
From propagating Holy Faith, and Gain.
If he but nod Commiſſions out to kill,
But becken Lives of Hereticks to ſpill;
Let th' *Inquiſition* rage, freſh Cruelties
Make the dire Engines groan with tortur'd Cries:
Let *Campo Flori* every day be ſtrow'd
With the warm Aſhes of the *Luth'ran* Brood:
Repeat again *Bohemian* Slaughters ore,
And *Piedmont* Vallies drown with floating Gore:
Swifter than Murdering Angels, when they fly
On Errands of avenging Deſtiny.
Fiercer than Storms let looſe, with eager haſte
Lay Cities, Countries, Realms, whole Nature waſte.
Sack, Raviſh, burn, deſtroy, ſlay, maſſacre,
Till the ſame Grave their Lives, and Names inter:
Theſe are the Rights to our great *Muſty* due;
The ſworn Allegiance of your Sacred Vow:

What

What else we in our Votaries require,
What other Gifts next follows to enquire.
And first it will our great Advice befit.
What Soldiers to your Lists you ought admit,
To Natives of the Church, and Faith, like you,
The foremost rank of Choice is justly due:
'Mongst whom the chiefest place assign to those,
Whose Zeal has mostly Signaliz'd the Cause.
But let not Entrance be to them deny'd,
Who ever shall desert the adverse Side:
Omit no Promises of Wealth, or Power,
That may inveigled Hereticks allure:
Those, whom great learning, parts, or wit renowns,
Cajole with hopes of Honours, Scarlet Gowns,
Provincialships, and Palls, and Triple Crowns.
This must a Rector, that a Provost be,
A third succeed to the next Abbacy:
Some Princes Tutors, others Confessors
To Dukes, and Kings, and Queens, and Emperors:
These are strong Arguments, which seldom fail,
Which more than all your weak disputes prevail.

Ex-

Exclude not those of less desert, decree
To all Revolters your Foundation free:
To all, whom Gaming, Drunkenness, or Lust,
To Need, and Popery shall have reduc'd:
To all, whom slighted Love, Ambition croſt,
Hopes often bilk't, and Sought Preferment lost,
Whom Pride, or Discontent, Revenge, or Spite,
Fear, Frenzy, or Despair shall Proselyte:
Power Those Pow'rful Motives, which the most bring in,
Most Converts to our Church, and Order win.
Reject not those, whom Guilt, and Crimes at home
Have made to us for Sanctuary come:
Let Sinners of each Hue, and Size, and Kind,
Here quick admittance, and safe Refuge find:
Be they from Justice of their Country fled,
With Blood of Murders, Rapes, and Treasons died:
No Varlet, Rogue, or Miscreant refuse,
From Gallies, Jails, or Hell it self broke loose.
By this you shall in Strength, and Numbers grow
And shoals each day to your throng'd Cloisters flow:

So

So *Rome*'s and *Mecca*'s firſt great Founders did,
By ſuch wiſe Methods made their Churches ſpread.
When ſhaven Crown, and hallow'd Girdle's Power
Has dub'd him Saint, that Villain was before;
Enter'd, let it his firſt Endeavour be
To ſhake off all remains of Modeſty,
Dull ſneaking Modeſty, not more unfit
For needy flatt'ring Poets, when they write,
Or trading Punks, than for a *Jeſuit*:
If any Novice feel at firſt a bluſh,
Let Wine, and frequent converſe with the Stews
Reform the Fop, and ſhame it out of Uſe,
Unteach the puling Folly by degrees,
And train him to a well-bred Shameleſneſs.
Get that great Gift, and Talent, Impudence,
Accompliſh't Mankind's higheſt Excellence:
'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,
Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Eſtate:

Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,
An Aſs a Biſhop, can vil'ſt Blockheads rear
To wear Red Hats, and ſit in Porph'ry Chair.
'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and Senſe,
Worth, Merit, Honour, Vertue, Innocence.
Next for *Religion*, learn what's fit to take,
How ſmall a Dram do's the juſt Compound make.
As much as is by the Crafty *States-men* worn
For Faſhion only, or to ſerve a turn:
To bigot Fools its idle Practice leave,
Think it enough the empty Form to have:
The outward Show is ſeemly, cheap, and light,
The Subſtance Cumberſome, of Coſt, and Weight:
The Rabble judge by what appears to th' Eye,
None, or but few, the Thoughts within Deſcry.
Make't you an Engine to ambitious Pow'r
To ſtalk behind, and hit your Mark more ſure:
A Cloak to cover well-hid *Knavery*,
Like it, when us'd, to be with eaſe thrown by:
A ſhifting Card, by which your Courſe to ſteer,
And taught with every changing *Wind* to veer.

Let

Let no Nice, Holy, Conſcientious Aſs
Amongſt your better Company find place,
Me, and your Foundation to diſgrace:
Let Truth be baniſht, ragged Vertue fly,
And poor unprofitable Honeſty;
Weak Idols, who their wretched Slaves betray;
To every Rook, and every Knave a Prey:
Theſe lie remote, and wide from Intereſt,
Farther than Heaven from Hell, or *Eaſt* from *Weſt*,
Far, as they e're were diſtant from the breaſt.
Think not your ſelves t' Auſterities confin'd,
Or thoſe ſtrict Rules, which other Orders bind,
To *Capuchins*, *Carthuſians*, *Cordeliers*
Leave Penance, meager abſtinence, and Prayers:
In louſie Rags let *Begging Fryars* lye,
Content on Straw, or Boards to mortifie:
Let them with Sackcloath diſcipline their Skins,
And ſcourge them for their madneſs, and their Sins:
Let pining *Anchorets* in Grotto's ſtarve,
Who from the Liberties of Nature ſwerve:

Who make't their chief *Religion* not to eat,
And place't in naſtineſs, and want of Meat:
Live you in *Luxury*, and pamper'd *Eaſe*,
As if whole Nature were your *Catereſs*.
Soft be your Beds, as thoſe, which Monarch's *Whores*
Lye on, or *Gouts* of *Bed-rid Emperors*:
Your *Wardrobes* ſtor'd with choice of Suits, more dear
Than *Cardinals* on high Proceſſions wear:
With Dainties load your Boards, whoſe every *Diſh*
May tempt cloy'd *Gluttons*, or *Vitellius*' *Wiſh*.
Each fit a longing *Queen*: let richeſt *Wines*
With *Mirth* your Heads inflame, with *Luſt* your Veins:
Such as the Friends of dying *Popes* would give
For *Cordials to prolong* their *gaſping Life*.
Ne're let the *Nazarene*, whoſe Badg, and Name
You wear, upbraid you with a Conſcious Shame:

Leave

Leave him his ſlighted *Homilies*, and *Rules*,
To ſtuff the *Squabbles* of the wrangling *Schools*;
Diſdain, that he, and the poor angling *Tribe*,
Should Laws, and Government to you preſcribe:
Let none of thoſe good Fools your *Patterns make*;
Inſtead of them, the mighty *Judas* take.
Renown'd *Iſcariot*, fit alone to be
Th' Example of our great Society:
Whoſe daring Guilt deſpis'd the common *Road*,
And ſcorn'd to ſtoop at Sin beneath a God.

And now 'tis time I ſhould *Inſtructions* give,
What *Wiles*, and *Cheats* the Rabble beſt deceive:
Each *Age*, and *Sex*, their diff'rent *Paſſions* wear,
To ſuit with which requires a prudent Care:
Youth is *Capricious*, *Headſtrong*, *Fickle*, *Vain*,
Given to *Lawleſs Pleaſure*, Age to gain:
Old *Wives*, in *Superſtition over-grown*,
With *Chimny Tales*, and *Stories* beſt are won:
'Tis no mean *Talent* rightly to deſcry,
What ſeveral Baits to each you ought apply.

The Credulous, and easie of Belief,
With *Miracles*, and well-fram'd Lies deceive.
Empty whole *Surius*, and the *Talmud*: drain
Saint *Francis*, and Saint *Mahomet*'s *Alcoran*:
Sooner shall *Popes*, and *Cardinals* want Pride,
Than you a *Stock* of Lies, and Legends need.
Tell how blest *Virgin* to come down was seen.
Like *Play-House Punk* descending in *Machine*:
How she writ *Billets Doux*, and *Love-Discourse*,
Made *Assignations*, *Visits*, and *Amours*:
How *Hosts* distrest, her *Smock* for *Banner* bore,
Which vanquish'd *Foes*, and murder'd at twelve (*Score*.
Relate how *Fish* in *Conventicles met*,
And *Mackrel* were with Bait of *Doctine* caught:
How *Cattel* have *Judicious Hearers* been,
And *Stones* pathetically cry'd *Amen*:
How consecrated Hives with Bells was hung,
And Bees kept Mass, and Holy *Anthems Sung*:
How *Pigs* to th' *Ros'ry* kneel'd, and sheep were
To bleat *Te Deum*, and *Magnificat*: (taught

How

How *Fly-Flap* of Church-Cenſure Houſes rid
Of Inſects, which at Curſe of *Fryer* dy'd:
How travelling Saints, well mounted on a Switch,
Ride *Journeys* thro' the *Air*, like *Laplan'd Witch*:
And ferrying Cowls *Religious Pilgrims* bore
O're waves with the help of Sail, or Oar.
Nor let *Xavier*'s great *Wonders* paſs conceal'd,
How *Storms* were by th' Almighty *Wafer* quell'd;
How *zealous Crab* the ſacred Image bore,
And ſwam a *Cath'lick* to the diſtant Shore
With Shams, like theſe, the giddy *Rout* miſlead,
Their *Folly*, and their *Superſtition* feed.
'Twas found a good, and gainful Art of Old
(And much it did our Church's *Pow'r* uphold)
To feign *Hobgoblins*, *Elves*, and walking *Sprites*,
And *Fairies* dancing *Salenger* a Nights:
White-Sheets for *Ghoſts*, and *Will-a-wiſps* have paſt
For Souls in *Purgatory* unreleaſt.
And Crabs in Church-Yard crawl'd in *Maſquerade*,
To cheat the Pariſh, and have *Maſſes* ſaid.

By this our *Anceſtors* in happier Days,
Did ſtore of Credit, and Advantage raiſe:
But now the Trade is fall'n, decay'd, and dead,
E're ſince *Contagious Knowledg* has o're-ſpread:
With *Scorn* the grinning Rabble now hear tell
Of *Hecla*, *Patrick's hole*, and *Mongibel*;
Believ'd no more, than Tales of *Troy*, unleſs
In *Countries* drown'd in *Ignorance*, like this.
Henceforth be wary how ſuch things you feign,
Except it be beyond the *Cape*, or *Line*;
Except at *Mexico*, *Brazile*, *Pegu*,
At the *Molucco's*, *Goa*, or *Pegu*,
Or any diſtant, and *Remoter Place*,
Where they may currant, and unqueſtion'd paſs:
Where never *poching Hereticks reſort*,
To ſpring the Lye, and make't their *Game*, and *Sport*.
But I forget (what ſhould be *mention'd* moſt)
Confeſſion, our chief Priviledg, and *Boaſt*:
That Staple ware, which ne're returns in vain,
Ne're balks the *Trader* of expected Gain.

'Tis

'Tis this, that ſpies through Court-intrigues, and (brings
Admiſſion to the Cabinets of Kings:
By this we keep proud Monarchs at our Becks,
And make our *Foot-ſtools* of their *Thrones* & *Necks*: and
Give 'em *Commands*, and if they *Diſobey*;
Betray them to th' Ambitious Heir a Prey:
Hound the Officious Curs on Heretiçks,
The Vermin, which the Church infeſt, and vex:
And when our turn is ſerv'd, and Buſineſs done,
Diſpatch 'em for reward, as uſeleſs grown:
Nor are theſe half the Benefits, and Gains,
Which by wiſe Manag'ry accrue from thence:
By this w'unlock the Miſer's hoarded Cheſts,
And Treaſure, though kept cloſe, as States-mens Breaſts;
This does rich Widows to our Nets decoy,
Let us their Jointures, and themſelves enjoy:
To us the Merchant does his Çuſtoms bring,
And pays our Duty, tho he çheats his King:
To us Çourt-Miniſters refund, made great
By Robbery, and Bankrupt of the State:

Ours

Ours is the Soldier's Plunder, Padder's Prize,
Gabels on Letch'ry, and the Stew's Excise:
By this our Colledges in Riches shine,
And vy with *Becket's*, and *Loretto's* Shrine.

And here I must not grudge a word or two
(My younger Vot'ries) of Advice to you:
To you, whom Beautie's Charms, and gen'rous Fire
Of boiling Youth to sports of Love inspire:
This is your Harvest, here secure, and cheap
You may the Fruits of unbought Pleasure reap:
Riot in free, and uncontroll'd delight,
Where no dull Marriage clogs the Appetite:
Taste every dish of Lust's variety,
Which *Popes*, and Scarlet Lechers dearly buy,
With Bribes, and Bishopricks, and Simony.
But this I ever to your care commend,
Be wary how you openly offend:
Lest scoffing lewd Buffoons descry our Shame,
And fix disgrace on the great Order's fame.

When the unguarded Maid alone repairs
To ease the burthen of her Sins, and Cares;

When

When youth in each, and privacy conspire
To kindle wishes, and befriend desire;
If she has practis'd in the Trade before:
(Few else of Proselytes to us brought o're)
Little of Force, or Artifice will need:
To make you in the Victory succeed:
But if some untaught Innocence she be,
Rude, and unknowing in the mystery;
She'll cost more labour to be made comply.
Make her by Pumping understand the sport,
And undermine with secret trains the Fort,
Sometimes as if you'd blame her gaudy dress,
Her Naked Pride, her Jewels, Point, and Lace;
Find opportunity her Breasts to press:
Oft feel her hand, and whisper in her ear,
You find the secret marks of lewdness there:
Sometimes with naughty sence her blushes raise,
And make 'em guilt, she never knew, confess;
'Thus (may you say) with such a leering smile,
'So Languishing a look your hearts beguile:

'Thus

'Thus with your foot, hand, eye, you tokens ſpeak,
'Theſe Signs deny, theſe Aſſignations make:
'Thus 'tis you clip, with ſuch a fierce embrace
'You claſp your Lover to your Breaſt, and Face:
'Thus are your hungry lips with Kiſſes cloy'd,
'Thus is your hand, & thus your tongue employ'd.
Ply her with talk with this: and, if ſh' encline,
To help Devotion, give her *Arttine*
Inſtead o'th' Roſary: never deſpair,
She, that to ſuch diſcourſe will lend an Ear,
Tho chaſter than cold cloyſter'd Nuns ſhe were,
Will ſoon prove ſoft, and pliant to your uſe,
As *Strumpets* on the *Carnaval* let looſe.
Credit experience; I have tri'd 'em all,
Aud never found th' unerring methods fail:
Not *Ovid*, tho 'twere his chief Maſtery,
Had greater skill in theſe *Intrigues*, than I:
Nor *Nero*'s learned *Pimp*, to whom we owe
What choice Records of Luſt are extant now.
This heretofore, when youth, and ſprightly *Blood*
Ran in my Veins, I taſted, and enjoy'd:

Ah

Ah thoſe bleſt days,!—(*here the old Lecher ſmil'd,*
With ſweet remembrance of paſt pleaſures fill'd)
But they are gone! Wiſhes alone remain,
And Dreams of Joy, ne're to be felt again:
To abler Youth I now the Practice leave,
To whom this counſel, and advice I give.

But the dear mention of my gayer days
Has made me farther, than I would, digreſs:
'Tis time we ſhould now in due Place expound,
How guilt is after ſhrift to be atton'd:
Enjoyn no *ſow'r Repentance*, *Tears*, and *Grief*;
Eyes weep no caſh, and you no profit give:
Sins, tho of the firſt rate, muſt puniſh'd be,
Not by their own, but th' Actor's Quality:
The Poor, whoſe Purſe cannot the Penance bear,
Let whipping ſerve, bare feet, and ſhirts of hair:
The richer Fools to *Compoſtella* ſend,
To *Rome*, *Monſerrat*, or the *Holy Land*:
Pet Pardons, and the Indulgence-Office drain
Their Coffers, and enrich the *Pope*'s with gain:

Make

Make 'em build Churches, Monaſteries found
And dear bought Maſſes for their crimes compound
Let Law, and Goſpel, rigid precepts ſet,
And make the paths to Bliſs rugged, and ſtrait:
Teach you a ſmooth, an eaſier way to gain
Heav'ns joys, yet ſweet, and uſeful ſin retain:
With every frailty, every luſt comply,
T'advance your Spiritual Realm, and Monarchy:
Pull up weak Vertue's fence, give ſcope and ſpace
And *Purliens* to *out-lying Conſciences*:
Shew that the Needle's eye may ſtretch, and how
The largeſt *Camel-vices* may go thro'.
Teach how the *Prieſt Pluralities* may buy,
Yet fear no odious Sin of Simony.
While Thoughts, and *Ducats* will directed be:
Let Whores adorn his exemplary life,
But no lewd heinous Wife a Scandal give.
Sooth up the *Gaudy Atheiſt*, who maintains
No Law, but Senſe, and *owns no God*, but *Chance*.
Bid *Thieves* rob on, the *Boiſterous Ruffian tell*,
He may for Hire, Revenge, or Honour kill:

Bid

Bid *Strumpets* perſevere, abſolve 'em too,
And take their dues *in kind* for what you do:
Exhort the painful, and induſtrious *Bawd*
To *Diligence*, and *Labour* in her *Trade*:
Nor think her innocent Vocation ill,
Whoſe incomes do's the ſacred Treaſure fill:
Let Griping Uſurers Extortion uſe,
No *Rapine*, *Falſhood*, *Perjury* refuſe,
Stick at no Crime, *which covetous Popes would ſcarce*
Act to enrich themſelves, and *Baſtard-Heirs*:
A ſmall Bequeſt to th' *Church* can all *attone*,
Wipes off all ſcores, and *Heav'n*, and *all's their own.*
Be theſe your *Doctrine*, theſe the *truths you preach*,
But no forbidden *Bible* come in reach:
Your Cheats, and *Artifices* to *Impeach.*
Leſt thence Lay-Fools *Pernitious knowledge get*,
Throw off Obedience, and your Laws forget:
Make 'em believ't a ſpell, more dreadful far,
Than *Bacon*, *Haly*, or *Albumazar.*
Happy the time, when th' unpretending Crowd
No more, than I, its Language underſtood!

When

When the worm-eaten Book, link'd to a chain,
In dust lay mouldring in the *Vatican*;
Dispis'd, neglected, and forgot, to none,
But poring *Rabbies*, or the *Sorbon* known:
Then in full pow'r our *Soveraign Prelate sway'd*,
By Kings and all the *Rabble World* Obey'd:
Here humble Monarch at his feet kneel'd down,
And beg'd the Alms, and Charity of a Crown:
There, when in *Solemn State* he pleas'd to ride,
Poor Scepter'd Slaves ran *Henchboys* by his side:
None, tho in thought, his grandeur durst Blaspheme;
Nor in their very sleep a *Treason* dream.
But since the broaching that mischievous Piece,
Each *Alderman* a *Father Lumbard* is:
And every Cit dares impudently know
More than a Council, *Pope*, and *Conclave too*.
Hence the late *Damned Frier*, and all the crew
Of former Crawling Sects their poison drew:
Hence all the Troubles, Plagues, Rebellions breed,
We've felt, or feel, or may hereafter dread:

Where-

Wherefore enjoyn, that no Lay-coxcomb dare
About him that unlawful Weapon wear;
But charge him chiefly not to touch at all
The dang'rous Works of that old *Lollard*, *Paul*;
That arrant *Wickliffiſt*, from whom our Foes
Take all their Batt'ries to attack our Cauſe;
Would he in his firſt years had Martyr'd been,
Never *Damaſcus*, nor the Viſion ſeen;
Then he our Party was, ſtout, vigorous,
And fierce in chace of Heretieks, like us:
Till he at length, by th' Enemies ſeduc'd,
Forſook us, and the hoſtile ſide eſpous'd.

Had not the mighty *Julian* miſt his aims,
Theſe holy Shreds had all conſum'd in flames:
But ſince th' Immortal Lumber ſtill endures,
In ſpight of all his induſtry, and ours;
Take care at leaſt it may not come abroad,
To taint with catching Hereſie the Crowd:
Let them be ſtill kept low in ſence, they'l pay
The more reſpect, more readily obey.

Pray that kind Heav'n would on their hearts dif-
A bounteous, and abundant Ignorance, (ſpenſe
That they may never ſwerve, nor turn awry
From ſound, and Orthodox Stupidity.

But theſe are obvious things, eaſie to know,
Common to every *Monk*, as well as you:
Greater Affairs, and more important wait
To be diſcuſs'd, and call for our debate:
Matters, that depth require, and well befit
Th' Addreſs, and Conduct of a *Jeſuit*.
How Kingdoms are embroil'd, what ſhakes a (Throne,
How the firſt ſeeds of Diſcontent are ſown
To ſpring up in Rebellion; how are ſet
The ſecret ſnares, that circumvent a State:
How bubled Monarchs are at firſt beguil'd,
Trepann'd, and gull'd, at laſt depos'd, and kill'd.

When ſome proud Prince, a Rebel to our
For diſbelieving Holy Church's Creed, (Head,
And *Peter-pence*, is Heretick decreed;

And

And by a solemn, and unquestion'd Pow'r
To Death, and Hell, and You deliv'd o're:
Chuse first some dext'rous Rogue, well try'd, and known
(Such by Confession your Familiars grown)
Let him by Art, and Nature fitted be
For any great, and gallant Villany,
Practis'd in every Sin, each kind of Vice,
Which deepest Casuists in their searches miss,
Watchful as Jealousie, wary as Fear,
Fiercer than Lust, and bolder than Despair,
But close, as plotting Feinds in Council are.
To him, in firmest Oaths of Silence bound,
The worth, and merit of the Deed propound:
Tell of whole Reams of Pardon, new come o're,
Indies of Gold, and Blessings, endless store:
Choice of Preferments, if he overcome,
And if he fail, undoubted Maryrdom:
And Bills for Sums in Heav'n, to be drawn
On Factors there, and at first sight paid down.

With Arts, and Promiſes, like theſe, allure,
And make him to your great deſign ſecure.
And here to know the ſundry ways to kill,
Is worth the *Genius* of a *Machiavel:*
Dull *Northern* Brains, in theſe deep Arts unbred,
Know nought but to cut Throats, or knock o'th' (Head,
No ſlight of Murder of the ſubt'leſt ſhape,
Your buſie ſearch, and obſervation ſcape:
Legerdemain of Killing, that dives in,
And Juggling ſteals away a Life unſeen:
How gawdy Fate may be in Preſents ſent,
And creep inſenſibly by Touch, or Scent:
How Ribbands, Gloves, or Saddle-Pomel may
An unperceiv'd, but certain Death convey;
Above the reach of Antidotes, above the Pow'r
Of the ſam'd *Pontick Mountebank* to cure.
What e're is known to quaint *Italian* ſpite,
In ſtudied Pois'ning skill'd, and exquiſite:
What e're great *Borgias* or his *Sire* could boaſt,
Which the Expence of half the Conclave coſt.

Thus

Thus may the business be in secret done,
Nor Authors, nor the Accessaries known,
And the slurr'd guilt with ease on others thrown.
But if ill Fortune should your Plot betray,
And leave you to the rage of Foes a prey;
Let none his Crime by weak confession own,
Nor shame the Church, while he'd himself attone.
Let varnish'd Guile, and feign'd Hypocrisies,
Pretended Holiness, and useful Lies,
Your well-dissembled Villany disguise.
A thousand wily Turns, and Doubles try,
To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry:
Cog, sham, outface, deny, equivocate,
Into a thousand shapes your selves translate:
Remember what the crafty *Spartan* taught,
Children with Rattles, Men with Oaths are caught:
Forswear upon the Rack, and if you fall,
Let this great comfort make amends for all,
Those whom they damn for Rogues, next Age shall
Made Advocates i'th Church's Litany. (see

Who ever with bold Tongue, or Pen ſhall dare
Againſt your Arts, and Practices declare;
What Fool ſhall e're preſumptuouſly oppoſe,
Your Holy Cheats, and godly Frauds diſcloſe;
Pronounce him Heretick, Firebrand of Hell,
Turk, *Jew*, Fiend, Miſcreant, Pagan, Infidel;
A thouſand blacker Names, worſe Calumnies,
All Wit can think, and pregnant Spite deviſe:
Strike home, gaſh deep, no Lies, nor Slanders ſpare;
A Wound, tho cur'd, yet leaves behind a Scar.

Thoſe, whom your Wit, and Reaſon can't decry,
Make ſcandalous with Loads of Infamy:
Make *Luther* Monſter, by a Fiend begot,
Brought forth with Wings, and Tail, and Cloven Foot:
Make Whoredom, Inceſt, worſt of vice, and ſhame,
Pollute, and foul his Manners, Life, and Name.
Tell how ſtrange Storms uſher'd his fatal end,
And Hell's black Troops did for his Soul contend.

Much more I had to ſay; but now grown faint,
And ſtrength, and Spirits for the Subject want:

Be these great Mysteries, I here unfold,
Amongst your Order's Institutes enroll'd:
Preserve them sacred, close and unreveal'd;
As ancient *Rome* her *Sybil*'s Books conceal'd.
Let no bold Heretick with sawcy eye
Into the hidden unseen Archives pry;
Lest the malicious flouting Rascals turn
Our Church to Laughter, Raillery, and Scorn.
Let never Rack, or Torture, Pain, or Fear,
From your firm Breasts th' important Secrets tear.
If any treach'rous Brother of your own
Shall to th' World divulge, & make them known,
Let him by worst of Deaths his Guilt attone.
Should but his Thoughts, or Dreams suspected be,
Let him for safety, and prevention die;
And learn i'th' Grave the Art of Secresie.

But one thing more, and then with joy I go,
Nor as a longer stay of Fate below:

Give me again once more your plighted Faith,
And let each ſeal it with his dying breath:
As the great *Carthaginian* heretofore
The bloody reeking Altar touch'd, and ſwore
Eternal Enmity to th' *Roman* Pow'r:
Swear you (and let the Fates confirm the ſame)
An endleſs Hatred to the *Luth'ran* Name:
Vow never to admit, or League, or Peace,
Or Truce, or Commerſe with the curſed Race:
Now, through all Age, when Time, or Place ſoe're
Shall give you pow'r, wage an immortal War:
Like *Theban* Feuds, let yours your ſelves ſurvive,
And in your very Duſt, and Aſhes live.
Like mine, be your laſt Gaſp their Curſe.——*At this*
They kneel, and all the Sacred Volumn kiſs;
Vowing to ſend each year an Hecatomb
Of Huguenots, *an Off'ring to his Tomb.*
In vain he would continue;——Abrupt Death
A Period puts, and ſtops his impious Breath:

In

In broken Accents he is scarce allow'd
To faulter out his Blessing on the Crowd,
Amen *is eccho'd by Infernal Howl,*
And scrambling Spirits seize his parting Soul.

SATYR

SATYR IV.

S. Ignatius *his Image brought in, discovering the Rogueries of the* Jesuits, *and ridiculous Superstition of the* Church of *Rome.*

ONce I was common Wood, a shapeless Log,
Thrown out a Pissing-post for ev'ry Dog:
The Workman yet in doubt, what course to take;
Whether I'd best a Saint, or Hog-trough make,
After debate resolv'd me for a Saint,
And thus fam'd *Loyola* I represent:
And well I may resemble him, for he
As stupid was, as much a Block as I.
My right Leg maim'd, at halt I seem to stand;
To tell the Wounds at *Pampelune* sustein'd.

My

My Sword, and Soldiers Armour here had been,
But they may in *Monserrats* Church be seen:
Those there to *blessed Virgin* I laid down
For Cassock, Surfingle, and shaven Crown,
The spiritual Garb, in which I now am shown:
With due Accoutrements, and fit disguise
I might for Centinel of Corn suffice:
As once the well-hung *God* of old stood guard,
And the invading Crows from Forage fear'd.
Now on my head the Birds their Relicks leave,
And Spiders in my mouth their Arras weave:
And persecuted Rats oft find in me
A Refuge, and religious Sanctuary.
But you profaner *Heretiks*, who e're
The *Inquisition*, and its vengeance fear,
I charge, stand off, at peril come not near:
None at twelve score untruss, break wind, or piss;
He enters *Fox* his Lists, that dare transgress:

For I'm by Holy Church in Rev'rence had,
And all good Cath'lick Folk implore my aid.
These Pictures, which you see, my Story give,
The Acts, and Monuments of me alive:
That Frame, wherein with Pilgrims weeds I stand,
Contains my Travels to the *Holy Land.*
This me, and my Decemvirate at *Rome,*
When I for Grant of my great Order come.
There with Devotion rapt, I hang in Air,
With Dove (like *Mah'met's*) whisp'ring in my ear.
Here *Virgin* in Galesh of Clouds descends,
To be my safeguard from assaulting Fiends.
Those Tables by, and Crutches of the lame,
My great Atchievements since my death proclaim:
Pox, Ague, Dropsie, Palsie, Stone, and Gout,
Legions of Maladies by me cast out,
More than the *College* know, or ever fill
Quacks Wiping-paper, and the Weekly Bill.

What

What *Peter*'s ſhadow did of old, the ſame
Is fancied done by my all-powerful Name;
For which ſome wear't about their Necks, and Arms,
To guard from Dangers, Sickneſſes, and Harms;
And ſome on Wombs the barren to relieve,
A Miracle, I better did alive.
Oft I by crafty *Jeſuit* am taught
Wonders to do, and many a Juggling Feat.
Sometimes with Chafing-diſh behind me put,
I ſweat like Clapt Debauch in Hot-Houſe ſhut,
And drip like any Spitchcock'd *Huguenot:*
Sometimes by ſecret Springs I learn to ſtir,
As Paſte-board Saints dance by mirac'lous Wire:
Then I *Tradeſcant*'s Rarities out-do,
Sands Waterworks, and *German* Clockwork too,
Or any choice Device at *Barthol'mew.*
Sometimes I utter Oracles, by Prieſt
Inſtead of a Familiar poſſeſt.

The

The Church I vindicate, *Luther* confute,
And cauſe amazement in the gaping Rout.
Such holy Cheats, ſuch *Hocus* Tricks, as theſe,
For Miracles amongſt the Rabble paſs.
By this in their eſteem I daily grow,
In Wealth inrich'd, increas'd in Vot'ries too.
This draws each year vaſt Numbers to my Tomb,
More than in Pigrimage to *Mecca* come.
This brings each week new Preſents to my Shrine,
And makes it thoſe of *India* Gods out-ſhine.
This gives a Chalice, that a Golden Croſs,
Another maſſie Candleſticks beſtows,
Some Alterſcloaths of coſtly work, and price
Phuſh, Tiſſue, Ermin, Silks of nobleſt Dies,
The *Birth*, and *Paſſion* in Embroideries:
Some Jewels, rich as thoſe, th' *Ægyptian* Punk
In Jellies to her *Roman* Stallion drunk,

Some

Some offer gorgeous Robes, which ſerve to wear
When I on Holy days in ſtate appear;
When I'm in pomp on high Proceſſions ſhown,
Like Pageants of Lord May'r, or *Skimmington*.
Lucullus could not ſuch a Wardrobe boaſt,
Leſs thoſe of Popes at their Election coſt;
Leſs thoſe, which *Sicily*'s Tyrant heretofore
From Plunder'd Gods, and *Jove*'s own Shoulders tore.

Hither, as to ſome Fair, the Rabble come,
To barter for the Merchandize of *Rome*;
Where Prieſts, like Mountebanks, on Stage appear,
T'expoſe the Frip'ry of their hallow'd Ware:
This is the Lab'ratory of their Trade,
The Shop, where all their ſtaple Drugs are made;
Preſcriptions, and Receipts to bring in Gain,
All from the Church Diſpenſatories ta'en,
The Pope's Elixir, Holy Water here,
Which they with Chymick Art diſtill'd prepare:

Choice

Choice above *Goddard's* Drops, and all the Trash
Of Modern Quacks; this is that Soveraign Wash
For fetching Spots, and Morphew from the Face,
And scowring dirty Cloaths, and Consciences.
One drop of this, if us'd, had pow'r to fray
The Legion from the Hogs of *Gadara:*
This would have silenc'd quite the *Wiltshire Drum*,
And made the prating Fiend of *Mascon* dumb.
That Vessel consecrated Oyl contains,
Kept Sacred, as the fam'd *Ampoulle of France*;
Which some profaner *Hereticks* would use
For liquoring Wheels of Jacks, of Boots, and Shooes:
This make the Chrism, which mix'd with Snot of Priests,
Anoint young Cath'licks for the Church's lists;
And when they're crost, confest, and die; by this
Their lanching Souls slide off to endless Bliss:
As *Lapland* Saints, when they on Broomsticks fly,
By help of Magick Unctions mount the Sky.

You

Yon Altar-Pix of Gold is the Abode,
And ſafe Repoſitory of their God.
A Croſs is fix'd upon't the Feinds to fright,
And Flies which would the Deity beſhite;
And Mice, which oft might unprepar'd receive.
And to lewd Scoffers cauſe of Scandal give.
Here are perform'd the Conjurings and Spells,
For Chriſtning Saints, and Hawks, and Carriers Bells;
For hallowing Shreds, and Grains, and Salts, and Bawms,
Shrines, Croſſes, Medals, Shells, and Waxen Lambs:
Of wondrous Virtue all (you muſt believe)
And from all ſorts of Ill preſervative;
From Plague, Infection, Thunder, Storm, and Hail,
Love, Grief, Want, Debt, Sin, and the Devil and all.
Here Beads are bleſt, and *Pater noſters* fram'd,
(By ſome the Tallies of Devotion nam'd)
Which of their Pray'rs, and Oraiſons keep tale,
Leſt they, and Heav'n ſhould in the reck'ning fail.

Here Sacred Lights, the Altars graceful Pride,
Are by Prieſts breath perfum'd and Sanctified;
Made ſome of Wax, of *Her'ticks* Tallow ſome,
A Gift, which *Iriſh Emma* ſent to *Rome*:
For which great Merit worthily (we're told)
She's now amongſt her Country-Saints inroll'd.
Here holy Banners are reſerv'd in ſtore,
And Flags, ſuch as the fam'd *Armado* bore:
And hallow'd Swords, and Daggers kept for uſe,
When reſty Kings the Papal Yoke refuſe:
And conſecrated Rats-bane, to be laid
For *Her'tick* Vermin, which the Church invade.
But that which brings in moſt of Wealth and Gain,
Does beſt the Prieſts ſwoln Tripes, and Purſes ſtrain;
Here they each Week their conſtant Auctions hold
Of Reliques, which by Candles Inch are ſold:
Saints by the dozen here are ſet to ſale,
Like Mortals wrought in Gingerbread on Stall.

Hither

Hither are loads from emptied Channels brought,
And Voiders of the Worms from *Sextons* bought;
Which ſerve for Retail through the World to vent,
Such as of late were to the *Savoy* ſent:
Hair from the Skulls of dying Strumpets ſhorn,
And Felons Bones from rifled Gibbets torn;
Like thoſe which ſome old Hag at midnight ſteals,
For Witchcrafts, Amulets, and Charms, and Spells,
Are paſt for Sacred to the Cheap'ning Rout;
And worn on Fingers, Breaſts, and Ears about.
This boaſts a Scrap of me, and that a Bit
Of good St. *George*, St. *Patrick*, or St. *Kit*.
Theſe Locks S. *Bridget*'s were, and thoſe S. *Clare*'s;
Some for S. *Catharine*'s go, and ſome for *her*'s
That wip'd her *Saviour*'s feet, waſh'd with her tears.
Here you may ſee my wounded Leg, and here
Thoſe which to *China* bore the great *Xavier*.

Here may you the grand *Traitor*'s Halter ſee,
Some call't the Arms of the Society:
Here is his Lanthorn too, but *Faux* his not,
That was embezl'd by the *Huguenot*.
Here *Garnet*'s Straws, and *Becket*'s Bones, and Hair,
For murd'ring whom, ſome Tails are ſaid to wear;
As learned *Capgrave* does record their fate,
And faithful *Britiſh* Hiſtories relate.
Thoſe are S. *Laurence* Coals expos'd to view,
Strangely preſerv'd, and kept alive till now.
That's the fam'd *Wildefortis* wondrous Beard,
For which her Maidenhead the Tyrant ſpar'd.
Yon is the *Baptiſt*'s Coat, and one of's Heads,
The reſt are ſhewn in many a place beſides;
And of his Teeth as many Sets there are,
As on their Belts ſix Operators wear.
Here Bleſſed *Mary*'s Milk, not yet turn'd ſour,
Renown'd (like Aſs's) for its healing pow'r,
Ten *Holland* Kine ſcarce in a year give more.

Here

Here is her *Manteau*, and a Smock of hers,
Fellow to that, which once reliev'd *Poictiers*:
Beſides her *Husbands* Utenſils of Trade,
Wherewith ſome prove, that Images were made.
Here is the Soldiers Spear, and Paſſion-Nails,
Whoſe quantity would ſerve for building *Pauls*:
Chips, ſome from Holy Croſs, from *Tyburn* ſome,
Honour'd by many a *Jeſuit*'s Martyrdom:
All held of ſpecial, and Mirac'lous Pow'r,
Not *Tabor* more approv'd for Agu's cure:
Here Shooes, which once perhaps at *Newgate* hung,
Angled their Charity, that paſs'd along,
Now for S. *Peter*'s go, and th' Office bear
For Prieſts, they did for leſſer Villains there.
Theſe are the Fathers Implements, and Tools,
Their gawdy Trangums for inveigling Fools:
Theſe ſerve for Baits the ſimple to enſnare,
Like Children ſpirited with Toys at Fair.

Nor are they half the Artifices yet,
By which the Vulgar they delude, and cheat:
Which ſhould I undertake, much eaſier I,
Much ſooner might compute what Sins there be
Wip'd off, and pardon'd at a *Jubilee*.
What Bribes enrich the *Datary* each year,
Or Vices treated on by *Eſcobar*:
How many Whores in *Rome* profeſs the Trade,
Or greater numbers by Confeſſion made.
One undertakes by Scale of Miles to tell
The Bounds, Dimenſions, and Extent of Hell;
How far, and wide th' Infernal Monarch Reigns,
How many *German* Leagues his Realm contains:
Who are his Miniſters, pretends to know,
And all their ſeveral Offices below:
How many Chaudrons he each year expends
In Coals for roaſting *Huguenots*, and Feinds:

And

And with as much exactneſs ſtates the caſe,
As if h'ad been Surveyor of the place.
Another frights the Rout with ruful Stories,
Of Wild *Chimæra's*, *Limbo's*, *Purgatories*,
And bloated Souls in ſmoaky durance hung,
Like a *Weſtphalia* Gammon, or Neats Tongue,
To be redeem'd with Maſſes, and a Song.
A good round Sum muſt the Deliv'rance buy,
For none may there ſwear out on poverty.
Your rich, and bounteous Shades are only eas'd,
No *Fleet*, or *Kings-Bench* Ghoſts are thence releas'd.
A third, the wicked, and debauch'd to pleaſe,
Cries up the vertue of Indulgences,
And all the rates of Vices does aſſeſs;
What price they in the *holy Chamber* bear,
And Cuſtoms for each Sin imported there:
How you at beſt advantages may buy
Patents for Sacrilege, and Simony.

What Tax is in the Leach'ry-Office laid
On Panders, Bawds, and Whores, that ply the Trade:
What coſts a Rape, or Inceſt, and how cheap
You may an Harlot, or an Ingle keep;
How eaſie Murder may afforded be
For one, two, three, or a whole Family;
But not of *Her'ticks*; there no Pardon lacks,
'Tis one o'th' Church's meritorious Acts.
For venial Trifles, leſs and ſlighter Faults,
They ne're deſerve the trouble of your thoughts.
Ten *Ave Maries* mumbled to the Croſs
Clear ſcores of twice ten thouſand ſuch as thoſe:
Some are at ſound of chriſten'd Bell forgiven,
And ſome by ſquirt of Holy Water driven:
Others by Anthems plaid are charm'd away,
As Men cure Bites of the *Tarantula*.
But nothing with the Crowd does more enhance
The value of theſe holy *Charlatans*,

Than

Than when the Wonders of the Maſs they veiw,
Where ſpiritual Jugglers their chief Maſt'ry ſhew:
Hey Jingo, Sirs! What's this? 'tis Bread you ſee;
Preſto be gone! 'tis now a Deity.
Two grains of Dough, with Croſs, and ſtamp of Prieſt,
And five ſmall words pronounc'd, make up their *Chriſt.*
To this they all fall down, this all adore,
And ſtrait devour, what they ador'd before;
Down goes the tiny *Saviour* at a bit,
To be digeſted, and at length beſhit:
From Altar to Cloſe-Stool, or Jakes preferr'd,
Firſt Wafer, then a God, and then a—— next
'Tis this, that does the aſtoniſh'd Rout amuſe,
And Reverence to ſhaven Crown infuſe:
To ſee a ſilly, ſinful, mortal Wight
His Maker make, create the Infinite.
None boggles at th' impoſſibility;
Alas, 'tis wondrous Heavenly Myſtery!

None

None dares the mighty God-maker blaſpheme,
Nor his moſt open Crimes, and Vices blame:
Saw he thoſe hands that held his God before,
Strait grope himſelf, and by and by a Whore:
Should they his aged Father kill, or worſe,
His Siſters, Daughters, Wife, himſelf too force.
And here I might (if I but durſt) reveal
What pranks are plaid in the Confeſſional:
How haunted Virgins have been diſpoſſeſt,
And Devils were caſt out, to let in Prieſt:
What Fathers act with Novices alone,
And what to Punks in ſhrievings Seats is done;
Who thither flock to Ghoſtly Confeſſor,
To clear old debts, and tick with Heav'n for more.
(X) Oft have I ſeen theſe hallow'd Altars ſtain'd
With Rapes, thoſe Pews with Buggeries profan'd:
Not great *Cellier*, nor any greater Bawd,
Of note, and long experience in the Trade,
Has more, and fouler Scenes of Luſt ſuvey'd.

(X) The Scaffold, &c.

But

But I these dang'rous Truths forbear to tell,
For fear I should the Inquisition feel.
Should I tell all their countless Knaveries,
Their Cheats, and Shams, and Forgeries, and Lies.
Their Cringings, Crossings, Censings, Sprinklings, Chrisms,
Their Conjurings, and Spells, and Exorcisms;
Their Motly Habits, Maniples, and Stoles,
Albs, Ammits, Rochets, Chimers, Hoods, and Cowls.
Should I tell all their several Services,
Their Trentals, Masses, Dirges, Rosaries;
Their solemn Pomps, their Pageants, and Parades,
Their holy Masks, and spiritual Cavalcades,
With thousand Antick Tricks, and Gambols more;
'Twould swell the sum to such a mighty score,
That I at length should more volum'nous grow,
Than *Crabb*, or *Surius*, lying *Fox*, or *Stow*.
Believe what e're I have related here,
As true, as if 'twere spoke from Porph'ry Chair.

If

If I have feign'd in ought, or broach'd a Lie,
Let worſt of Fates attend me, let me be
Piſt on by Porter, Groom, and Oyſter-whore,
Or find my Grave in Jakes, and Common-ſhore:
Or make next Bonfire for the *Powder-Plot*,
The ſport of every ſneering *Huguenot*.
There like a Martyr'd Pope in Flames expire,
And no kind Catholick dare quench the Fire.

TO THE READER.

This had never seen the light, but that the Publisher does propose gain to himself by't; and interest you know governs the world. It cannot Aude I am sure, do much hurt, for that there are but few will understand it; and for the more ingenious, I hope, they will make better use of it

T. A.

A SATYR AGAINST VERTUE

A POEM: supposed to be spoken by a Town-Hector.

1680

PINDARIQUE

in imitation of Mr Cowley

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, & carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.——Juven. Sat.

ODE.

cf Cowley "Ode upon his Majestie's Return"

I.

NOW Curses on you all! ye vertuous Fools,
Who think to fetter free-born souls,
And tie 'em to dull Morality, and rules.
The Sagarite be damn'd, and all the Crew
Of learned Idiots, who his steps pursue;
And those more silly Proselytes, whom his fond precepts drew.
Oh! had his Ethicks been with their wild Author drown'd,
Or a like Fate with those lost Writings found,

Which

Which that grand Plagiary doom'd to fire,
And made by unjuſt Flames expire:
They ne're had then ſeduc'd Mortality,
Ne're laſted to debauch the World with their lewd Pedantry.
But damn'd, and more (if Hell can do't) be that thrice curſed name,
Who e're the Rudiments of Law deſign'd;
Who e're did the firſt Model of Religion frame,
And by that double Vaſſalage enthrall'd Mankind,
By nought before, but their own Pow'r, or Will confin'd:
Now quite abridg'd of all their Primitive Liberty,
And ſlaves to each capricious Monarch's Tyranny.
More happy Brutes! who the great Rule of Senſe obſerve,
And ne're from their firſt Charter ſwerve.
Happy! whoſe lives are meerly to enjoy,
And feel no ſtings of Sin, which may their bliſs annoy.
Still unconcern'd at Epithets of ill, or good,
Diſtinctions, unadult'rate Nature never underſtood.

2.

Hence hated Virtue from our goodly Iſle,
No more our joys beguile;
No more with thy loath'd preſence plague our happy ſtate,
Thou enemy to all that's brisk, or gay, or brave or great.
Be gone with all thy pious meagre Train,
To ſome unfruitful, unfrequented Land,
And there an Empire gain,
And there extend thy rigorous command:
There where illib'ral Nature's niggardiſe
Has ſet a Tax on Vice.
Where the lean barren Region does enhance
The worth of dear Intemperance,
And for each pleaſurable ſin exacts exciſe.
We (thanks to Fate) more cheaply can offend,
And want no tempting Luxuries,
No good convenient ſinning opportunities;
Which Nature's bounty could beſtow, or Heaven's kindneſs lend.

Go follow that nice Goddeſs to the Skies,
Who heretofore diſguſted at increaſing Vice,
Diſlik'd the World, and thought it too profane,
And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne're return'd again.
Hence to thoſe Airy Manſions rove,
Converſe with Saints, and holy folks above;
Thoſe may thy preſence woo,
Whoſe lazy eaſe affords them nothing elſe to do:
Where haughty ſcornful I,
And my great Friends will ne're vouchſafe thee company.
Thou'rt now an hard, unpracticable good,
Too difficult for fleſh and blood:
Were I all ſoul, like them, perhaps I'd learn to practiſe thee.

3.

Vertue! thou ſolemn grave impertinence,
Abhorr'd by all the Men of Wit, and Senſe:

cf: Cowley The Complaint - V. 2
Business! the grave impertinence:

Thou

Thou damn'd Fatigue that clogst life's journey here,
Though thou no weight of wealth or profit bear;
Thou pulling fond Green-sickness of the mind!
That mak'st us prove to our own selves unkind,
Whereby we Coals, and Dirt for diet chuse,
And, Pleasure's better food refuse.
Curst Jilt! that lead'st deluded Mortals on,
Till they too late perceive themselves undone,
Chous'd by a Dowry in reversion.
The greatest Votary, thou e'er could'st boast,
(Pity so brave a Soul was on thy service lost;
What Wonders he in wickedness had done,
Whom thy weak pow'r could so inspire alone?)
Tho long with fond amours he courted thee,
Yet dying, did recant his vain Idolatry:
At length, though late, he did repent with shame,
Forc'd to confess thee nothing, but an empty name.

So was that Lecher gull'd, whose haughty love
Design'd a Rape on the Queen Regent of the Gods above:
When he a Goddess thought he had in chace
He found a gaudy vapour in the place,
And with thin Air beguil'd his starv'd embrace.
Idly he spent his vigour, spent his blood,
And tyr'd himself t' oblige an unperforming Cloud.

4.

If Humane kind to thee e're Worship paid;
They were by ignorance misled,
That only them devout, and thee a Goddess made.
Known haply in the Worlds rude untaught infancy,
Before it had out-grown its childish innocence,
Before it had arriv'd at sense,
Or reach'd the Man-hood, and discretion of Debauchery;
Known in those antient goodly duller times,
When crafty Pagans had engross'd all crimes:
When

When Christian Fools were obstinately good,
Nor yet their Gospel-freedom understood.
Tame easie Fops! who could so prodigally bleed,
To be thought Saints, and dye a Calendar with
with red:
No prudent Heathen e're seduc'd could be,
To suffer Martyrdom for thee:
Only that arrant Ass whom the false Oracle call'd
Wise
(No wonder if the Devil utter'd lies)
That sniveling Puritan, who spite of all the
mode
Would be unfashionably good,
And exercis'd his whining gifts to rail at Vice:
Him all the Wits of *Athens* damn'd,
And justly with Lampoons defam'd:
But when the mad Fanatick, could not silenc'd
be
From broaching dang'rous Divinity;
The wise Republick made him for prevention die,
And sent him to the Gods, and better com-
pany.

5.

Let fumbling Age be grave, and wiſe,
And Vertue's poor contemn'd *Idea* prize,
Who never knew, or now are paſt the ſweets of Vice;
While we whoſe active pulſes beat
With luſty youth, and vigorous heat,
Can all their Beards, and Morals too deſpiſe,
Whiſe my plump veins are fill'd with luſt and blood;
Let not one thought of her intrude,
Or dare appoach my breſt,
But know 'tis all poſſeſt
By a more welcome gueſt:
And know, I have not yet the leiſure to be good.
If ever unkind deſtiny
Shall force long life on me;
If e're I muſt the curſe of dotage bear;
Perhaps I'll dedicate thoſe dregs of Time to her,
And come with Crutches her moſt humble Votary.

When

When ſprightly Vice retreats from hence,
And quits the ruins of decayed ſenſe;
She'l ſerve to uſher in a fair pretence,
And varniſh with her name a well-diſſembled impotence,
When Ptiſick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palſies ſeize,
And all the Bill of Maladies, Bills
Which Heaven to puniſh over-living Mortals ſends;
Then let her enter with the numerous infirmities,
Her ſelf the greateſt plague, which wrinkles, and grey hairs attends.

6.

Tell me, ye Venerable Sots, who court her moſt,
What ſmall advantage can ſhe boaſt,
Which her great Rival hath not in a greater ſtore ingroſt.
Her boaſted calm, and peace of mind
In Wine, and Company we better find,
Find it with Pleaſure too combin'd.

In mighty Wine, where we our ſenſes ſteep,

And Lull our Cares, and Conſciences aſleep:

But why do I that wild *Chimera* name?

Conſcience! that giddy airy Dream,

Which does from brain ſick heads, or ill-digeſting ſtomachs ſteam.

Conſcience! the vain fantaſtick fear

Of puniſhments, we know not when, nor where:

Project of crafty Stateſmen to ſupport weak Law,

Whereby they ſlaviſh Spirits awe,

And daſtard Souls to forc'd obedience draw.

Grand Wheadle! which our Gown'd Impoſtors uſe,

The poor unthinking Rabble to abuſe.

Scarecrow! to fright from the forbidden fruit of Vice,

Their own beloved Paradiſe:

Let thoſe vile Canters wickedneſs decry,

Whoſe Mercenary tongues take pay
For what they ſay;
And yet commend in practice what their words deny,
While we diſcerning Heads, who farther pry,
Their holy Cheats deſie
And ſcorn their Frauds, and ſcorn their ſanctified Cajoulery.

7.

None but dull unbred Fools diſcredit Vice,
Who act their wickedneſs with an ill grace;
Such their profeſſion ſcandalize,
And juſtly forfeit all that praiſe;
All that eſteem, that credit, and applauſe,
Which we by our wiſe menage from a ſin can raiſe.
A true, and brave tranſgreſſor ought
To ſin with the ſame height of ſpirit, *Ceſar* fought:
Mean-ſoul'd offenders now no honours gain,
Only debauches of the nobler ſtrain.
Vice well improv'd yields bliſs, and fame beſide,
And ſome for ſinning have been deifi'd.

Thus the lewd Gods of old did move,
By these brave methods to the seats above.
Ev'n *Jove* himself, the Sovereign Deity,
Father and King of all th' immortal Progeny,
Ascended to that high Degree;
By crimes above the reach of weak Mortality.
He Heav'n one large Seraglio made,
Each Goddess turn'd a glorious Punk o'th trade;
And all that Sacred place
Was fill'd with Bastard Gods of his own race:
Almighty Lech'ry got his first repute,
And everlasting Whoring was his chiefest Attribute.

8.

How gallant was that Wretch, whose happy guilt
A Fame upon the Ruins of a Temple built!
'Let Fools, said he, Impiety alledg,
'And urge the no great fault of Sacriledg:
'I'll set the Sacred Pile on flame,
'And in its Ashes write my lasting Name,
'My

'My name which thus ſhall be
'Deathleſs as its own Deity.
'Thus the vain-glorious *Carian* I'll out-do,
'And *Egypts* proudeſt Monarchs too;
'Thoſe laviſh Prodigals, who idly did conſume
'Their Lives, and Treaſures to erect a Tomb,
'And only great by being buried would become:
'At cheaper rates than they I'll buy renown,
'And my loud Fame ſhall all their ſilent glories drown.

So ſpake the daring Hector, ſo did Propheſie:
And ſo it prov'd: in vain did envious Spite
By fruitleſs methods try
To raze his well-built Fame, and Memory
Amongſt Poſterity:
The *Bouteſeu* can now Immortal write,
While the inglorious Founder is forgotten quite.

9.

Yet greater was that mighty Emperor;
(A greater crime befitted his high Pow'r)

Who

Who ſacrific'd a City to a Jeſt,

And ſhew'd he knew the grand intrigues of humor beſt:

He made all *Rome* a Bonefire to his Fame,

And ſung, and play'd, and danc'd amidſt the Flame;

Bravely begun! yet pity there he ſtay'd,

One ſtep to Glory more he ſhould have made:

He ſhould have heav'd the noble frolick higher,

Aud made the People on that Fun'ral pile expire

Or providently with their blood put out the Fire.

Had this been done,

The utmoſt pitch of glory he had won:

No greater Monument could be

To conſecrate him to eternity,

Nor ſhould there need another Herald of his praiſe, but me.

10.

And thou, yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our Iſle,

Whom baffled Hell eſteems its chiefeſt Foyl;

'Twere

'Twere injury ſhould I omit thy name
Whoſe Action merits all the breath of Fame.
Methinks, I ſee the trembling ſhades below
Around in humble reverence bow;
Doubtful they ſeem, whether to pay their Loyalty
To their dread Monarch, or to thee:
No wonder he(grown jealous of thy fear'd ſucceſs)
Envy'd Mankind the honour of thy wickedneſs,
And ſpoil'd that brave attempt, which muſt have made his grandeur leſs.
How e're regret not, mighty Ghoſt,
Thy Plot by treach'rous fortune croſt,
Nor think thy well deſerved glory loſt.
Thou the full praiſe of Villany ſhalt ever ſhare,
And all will judge thy Act, compleat enough, when thou could'ſt dare,
So thy great Maſter far'd, whoſe high diſdain
Contemn'd that Heaven, where he could not Reign,
When he with bold Ambition ſtrove
T' uſurp the Throne above,
And led againſt the Deity an armed Train,
Though

Tho from his vaſt deſigns he fell,
O're-power'd by his Almighty Foe,
Yet gain'd he Victory in his overthrow:
He gain'd ſufficient Triumph, that he durſt Rebel;
And 'twas ſome pleaſure to be thought the great'ſt in Hell.

II.

Tell me, you great Triumvirate, what ſhall I do
To be illuſtrious as you?
Let your examples move me with a gen'rous fire,
Let them into my daring thoughts inſpire
Somewhat compleatly wicked, ſome vaſt Gyant-crime,
Unknown, unheard, unthought of by all paſt and preſent time.
'Tis done, 'tis done; Methinks, I feel the pow'rful charms,
And a new heat of ſin my ſpirit warms;
I travel with a glorious miſchief, for whoſe birth,
My Soul's too narrow, and weak Fate too feeble to bring forth.

Let

Let the unpitied Vulgar tamely go,
And ſtock for company, the wild Plantations down below:
Such their vile Souls for viler Barter ſell,
Scarce worth the damning, or their room in Hell.
We are his Grandees, and expect as much preferment there,
For our good Service, as on Earth we ſhare.
In them ſin is but a meer privative of good,
The frailty, and defect of fleſh and blood:
In us 'tis a perfection, who profeſs
A ſtudied, and elaborate wickedneſs:
Weare the great *Royal Society* of Vice,
Whoſe Talents are to make diſcoveries,
And advance Sin like other Arts, and Sciences.
'Tis I the bold *Columbus* only I,
Who muſt new Worlds in Vice deſcry,
And fix the pillars of unpaſſable iniquity.

12.

How ſneaking was the firſt debauch that ſin'd
Who for ſo ſmall a Crime ſold humane kind!

Who

How undeſerving that high place,
To be thought Parent of our ſin and race,
Who by low guilt our Nature doubly did debaſe!
Unworthy was he to be thought
Father of the great firſt born *Cain*, which he begot;
The noble *Cain*, whoſe bold and gallant act
Proclaim'd him of more high extract:
Unworthy me,
And all the braver part of his Poſterity.
Had the juſt Fates deſign'd me in his ſtead;
I'd done ſome great, and unexampled deed:
A deed, which ſhould decry
The Stoicks dull Equality,
And ſhew that ſin admits tranſcendency:
A deed, wherein the Tempter ſhould not ſhare
Above what Heav'n could puniſh, and above what he could dare.
For greater crimes than his I would have fell,
And acted ſomewhat, which might merit more than Hell.

preceding Poem

An Apology for the foregoing Ode, by way of Epilogue. to be annexed.

MY part is done, and you'l, I hope, excuſe
Th' extravagance of a repenting Muſe,
Pardon what e're ſhe hath too boldly ſaid,
She only acted here in Maſquerade.
For the ſlight Arguments ſhe did produce,
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce.
So we Buffoons in Princely dreſs expoſe,
Not to be gay, but more ridiculous.
When ſhe an Hector for her Subject had,
She thought ſhe muſt be Termagant, and mad:
That made her ſpeak like a lewd Punk o'th' Town,
Who by converſe with Bullies wicked grown,
Has learn'd the Mode to cry all Virtue down.
But now the Vizard's off; ſhe changes Scene,
And turns a modeſt civil Girl agen.

Our

Our Poet has a different taſte of Wit,
Nor will to common Vogue himſelf ſubmit.
Let ſome admire the Fops whoſe Talents lie
In venting dull inſipid Blaſphemy;
He ſwears he cannot with thoſe terms diſpenſe,
Nor will be damn'd for the repute of ſenſe.
Wit's name was never to profaneneſs due,
For then you ſee he could be witty too:
He could Lampoon the State, and Libel Kings,
But that he's Loyal, and knows better things,
Than Fame, whoſe guilty Birth from Treaſon ſprings.
He likes not Wit, which can't a Licence claim,
To which the Author dares not ſet his Name.
Wit ſhould be open, court each Reader's eye,
Not lurk in ſly unprinted privacy.
But Crim'nal Writers like dull Birds of Night,
For weakneſs, or for ſhame avoid the light;
May ſuch a Jury for their Audience have,
And from the Bench, not Pit, their doom receive.

May they the Tow'r for their due merits ſhare,
And a juſt wreath of Hemp, not Laurel wear:
He could be Bawdy too, and nick the times,
In what they dearly love; Damn'd placket Rhimes,
Such as our Nobles write———
Whoſe nauſeous Poetry can reach no higher
Than what the Codpiece, or its God inſpire.
So lewd, they ſpend at quill, you'd juſtly think
They wrote with ſomething naſtier than Ink.
But he ſtill thought that little Wit, or none,
Which a juſt modeſty muſt never own,
And a meer Reader with a Bluſh attone.
If Ribauldry deſerv'd the praiſe of Wit,
He muſt reſign to each illit'rate Citt,
And Prentices, and Car-men challenge it.
Ev'n they too can be ſmart, and witty there;
For all men on that Subject Poets are.
Henceforth he vows, if ever more he find
Himſelf to the baſe itch of Verſe inclin'd;

If e're he's given up ſo far to write;
He never means to make his end delight:
Should he do ſo; he muſt deſpair ſucceſs:
For he's not now debauch'd enough to pleaſe,
And muſt be damn'd for want of Wickedneſs.
He'l therefore uſe his Wit another way,
And next the uglineſs of Vice diſplay.
Tho againſt Vertue once he drew his Pen,
He'l ne're for ought, but her defence agen.
Had he a Genius, and Poetick rage,
Great as the Vices of this guilty Age.
Were he all Gall, and arm'd with ſtore of ſpight;
'Twere worth his pains to undertake to write;
To noble Satyr he'd direct his aim,
And by't Mankind, and Poetry reclaim,
He'd ſhoot his Quills juſt like a Porcupine
At Vice, and make them ſtab in every Line,
The world ſhould learn to bluſh,——

And dread the Vengeance of his pointed Wit,
Which worse than their own Conſciences ſhould more fright,
And all ſhould think him Heav'ns juſt Plague, deſign'd
To viſit for the ſins of lewd Mankind.

THE PASSION OF BYBLIS IN *Ovid's* Metamorphosis Imitated in English.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh*, 1685.

THE PASSION OF BYBLIS

IN

THE
Paſſion of Byblis
OUT OF
Ovid's Metamorphoſis, *B.* 9. *F.* 11.

Beginning at

Byblis in exemplo eſt, ut ament conceſſa puellæ.

And ending with

——*Modumque*
Exit, & infelix committit ſæpe repelli.

YOU heedleſs Maids, whoſe young and tender hearts
Unwounded yet, have ſcap'd the fatal darts;
Let the ſad tale of wretched *Byblis* move,
And learn by her to ſhun forbidden Love;

Not all the plenty, all the bright reſort
Of gallant Youth, that grac'd the *Carian Court*,
Could charm the haughty Nymph's diſdainful heart,
Or from a Brother's guilty Love divert;
Caunus ſhe lov'd, not as a Siſter ought,
But Honour, Blood, and Shame alike forgot:
Caunus alone takes up her Thoughts and Eyes,
For him alone ſhe wiſhes, grieves and ſighs.

At firſt her new-born Paſſion owns no name,
A glim'ring Spark ſcarce kindling into flame;
She thinks it no offence, if from his Lip
She ſnatch an harmleſs bliſs, if her fond clip
With looſe embraces oft his Neck ſurround,
And love is yet in debts of Nature drown'd.

But Love at length grows naughty by degrees,
And now ſhe likes, and ſtrives her ſelf to pleaſe:
Well-dreſt ſhe comes, & arms her Eyes with darts,
Her Smiles with charms, and all the ſtudied arts
Which practis'd Love can teach to vanquiſh hearts.

Indu-

Induſtrious now, ſhe labours to be fair,
And envies all, whoever fairer are.
Yet knows ſhe not, ſhe loves, but ſtill does grow,
Inſenſibly the thing, ſhe does not know:
Strict honour yet her check'd deſires does bind,
And modeſt thoughts, on this ſide wiſh confin'd:
Only within ſhe ſooths her pleaſing flames,
And now, the hated terms of Blood diſclaims:
Brother ſounds harſh; ſhe the unpleaſing word
Strives to forget, and oftner calls him *Lord:*
And when the name of *Siſter* grates her ear,
Could wiſh't unſaid, and rather *Byblis* hear.
Nor dare ſhe yet with waking thoughts admit
A wanton hope: but when returning night
With Sleep's ſoft gentle ſpell her Senſes charms,
Kind fancy often brings him to her Arms:
In them ſhe oft does the lov'd Shadow ſeem
To graſp, and joys, yet bluſhes too in Dream.
She wakes, and long in wonder ſilent lies,
And thinks on her late pleaſing Extaſies:

Now

Now likes, and now abhors her guilty flame,
By turns abandon'd to her Love, and Shame:
At length her ſtruggling thoughts an utt'rance find,
And vent the wild diſorders of her mind.
" Ah me! (ſhe cries) kind Heaven avert! what means
" This boading form, that nightly rides my dreams?
" Grant 'em untrue! why ſhould lewd hope divine?
" Ah! why was this too charming Viſion ſeen?
" 'Tis true, by the moſt envious wretch, that ſees,
" He's own'd all fair, and lovely, own'd a prize,
" Worthy the conqueſt of the brighteſt eyes:
" A prize that wou'd my high'ſt Ambition fill,
" All I could wiſh;—but he's my brother ſtill!
" That cruel word for ever muſt disjoyn,
" Nor can I hope, but thus, to have him mine.
" Since then I waking never muſt poſſeſs;
" Let me in ſleep at leaſt enjoy the bliſs,
" And ſure nice Vertue can't forbid me this:

" Kind

" Kind ſleep does no malicious ſpies admit,
" Yet yields a lively ſemblance of delight:
" Gods! what a ſcene of joy was that! how faſt
" I claſp'd the Viſion to my panting breaſt!
" With what fierce bounds I ſprung to meet my
" bliſs,
" While my rapt ſoul flew out in every kiſs!
" Till breathleſs, faint, and fofily ſunk away,
" I all diſſolv'd in reeking pleaſures lay!
" How ſweet is the remembrance yet! though
night
" Too haſty fled, drove on by envious light.
" O that we might the Laws of Nature break!
" How well would *Caunus* me an Husband make!
" How well to Wife might he his *Byblis* take!
" Wou'd God! in all things we had partners bin
" Beſides our Parents, and our fatal Kin:
" Wou'd thou wert nobler, I more meanly born,
" Then guiltleſs I'd deſpair'd, and ſuffer'd ſcorn:
" Happy that Maid unknown, whoe're ſhall prove
" So bleſt, ſo envied to deſerve thy love.

" Un-

" Unhappy me! whom the ſame womb did joyn,
" Which now forbids me ever to be thine:
" Curſt fate! that we alone in that agree,
" By which we ever muſt divided be.
" And muſt we be? what meant my Viſion then?
" Are they, and all their dear preſages vain?
" Have Dreams no credit, but with eaſie love?
" Or do they hit ſometimes, and faithful prove?
" The Gods forbid! yet thoſe whom I invoke,
" Have lov'd like me, have their own Siſters took:
" Great *Saturn*, and his greater Off-ſpring *Jove*,
" Both ſtock'd their Heaven with Inceſtuous love:
" Gods have their priviledge: why do I ſtrive
" To ſtrain my Hopes to their Prerogative?
" No, let me baniſh this forbidden fire,
" Or quench it with my Blood, and with't expire:
" Unſtain'd in honour, and unhurt in fame,
" Let the Grave bury my Love, and Shame:
" But when at my laſt hour I gaſping lie,
" Let only my kind *Murderer* be by:

Let

" Let him, while I breath out my ſoul in ſighs,
" Or gaz't away, look on with pitying eyes:
" Let him (for ſure he can't deny me this)
" Seal my cold Lips with one dear parting Kiſs.
" Beſides, 'twere vain ſhould I alone agree
" To what anothers Will muſt ratifie;
" Cou'd I be ſo abandon'd to conſent;
" What I have paſs for good and innocent,
" He may perhaps as worſt of Crimes reſent.
" Yet we amongſt our Race examples find
" Of Brothers, who have been to Siſters kind:
" Fam'd *Canace* cou'd thus ſucceſsful prove,
" Cou'd Crown her wiſhes in a Brother's love.
" But whence cou'd I theſe inſtances produce?
" How came I witty to my ruin thus?
" Whither will this mad frenzy hurry on?
" Hence, hence, you naughty flames, far hence be gone,
" Nor let me e're the ſhameful Paſſion own.

" And

" And yet ſhou'd he addreſs, I ſhou'd forgive,
" I fear, I fear, I ſhou'd his ſuit receive:
" Shall therefore I, who cou'd not love diſown
" Offer'd by him, not mine to make him known?
" And canſt thou ſpeak? can thy bold tongue declare?
" Yes, Love ſhall force:——and now methinks I dare.
" But leſt fond modeſty at length refuſe,
" I will ſome ſure, and better method chuſe:
" A Letter ſhall my ſecret flames diſcloſe,
" And hide my Bluſhes, but reveal their cauſe.
This takes, and 'tis reſolv'd as ſoon as ſaid,
With this ſhe rais'd her ſelf upon her bed,
And propping with her hand her leaning head:
" Happen what will (ſays ſhe) I'll make him know
" What pains, what raging pains I undergo:
" Ah me! I rave! what tempeſts ſhake my breaſt?
" And where? O where will this diſtraction reſt?
Trembling, her Thoughts endite, and oft her Eye
Looks back for fear of conſcious ſpies too nigh:

One hand her Paper, t'other holds her Pen,
And Tears supply that Ink her Lines must drain.
Now she begins, now stops, and stopping frames
New doubts, now writes, and now her writing damns.
She writes, defaces, alters, likes, and blames:
Oft throws in haste her Pen, and Paper by,
Then takes 'em up again as hastily:
Unsteddy her resolves, fickle, and vain,
No sooner made, but strait unmade again:
What her desires would have, she does not know,
Displeas'd with all, what e're she goes to do:
At once contending, shame, and hope, and fear,
Wrack her tost mind, and in her looks appear.
Sister was wrote; but soon misguiding doubt
Recalls it, and the guilty word blots out.
Again she pauses, and again begins,
At length her Pen drops out these hasty Lines.

"Kind

" Kind health, which you, and only you, can grant;
" Which, if deny'd, she must for ever want;
" To you your Lover sends: ah! blushing Shame
" In silence bids her Paper hide her name:
" Wou'd God the fatal Message might be done
" Without annexing it, nor *Byblis* known,
" E're blest success her hopes, and wishes crown.
" And had I now my smother'd grief conceal'd,
" It might by tokens past have been reveal'd:
" A thousand proofs were ready to impart
" The inward anguish of my wounded heart:
" Oft, as your sight a sudden blush did raise,
" My blood came up to meet you at my face:
" Oft (if you call to mind) my longing Eyes
" Betray'd in looks my souls too thin disguise:
" Think how their Tears, think how my heaving Breast
" Oft in deep sighs some cause unknown confest:
" Think how these Arms did oft with fierce embrace,

" Eager

" Eager as my deſires, about you preſs:
" Theſe Lips too, when they cou'd ſo happy prove,
" (Had you but mark'd) with cloſe warm kiſſes ſtrove
" To whiſper ſomething more than Siſters Love.
" And yet, though rankling grief my mind diſtreſt,
" Tho raging flames within burn up my breaſt,
" Long time I did the mighty pain endure,
" Long ſtrove to bring the fierce diſeaſe to cure:
" Witneſs, ye cruel Pow'rs, who did inſpire
" This ſtrange, this fatal, this reſiſtleſs fire,
" Witneſs, what pains (for you alone can know)
" This helpleſs wretch to quench't did undergo:
" A thouſand Racks, and Martyrdoms, and more
" Than a weak Virgin can be thought, I bore:
" O'rematch'd in pow'r at laſt, I'm forc'd to yield,
" And to the conqu'ring God reſign the field:
" To you, dear cauſe of all, I make addreſs,
" From you with humble pray'rs I beg redreſs:

" You rule alone my arbitrary fate,
" And life, and death on your diſpoſal wait:
" Ordain, as you think fit; deny, or grant,
" Yet know no ſtranger is your ſuppliant.
" But ſhe, who, tho to you by Blood allied
" In neareſt bonds, in nearer wou'd be tied.
" Let doting age debate of Law, and Right,
" And gravely ſtate the bounds of juſt, and fit;
" Whoſe Wiſdom's but their Envy, to deſtroy
" And bar thoſe pleaſures, which they can't enjoy:
" Our blooming years, more ſprightly, and more gay,
" By Nature we're deſign'd for love and play:
" Youth knows no check, but leaps weak Vertu's fence,
" And briskly hunts the noble chaſe of Senſe;
" Without dull thinking we enjoyment trace,
" And call that lawful, whatſoe're does pleaſe.
" Nor will our guilt want inſtances alone,
" 'Tis what the glorious Gods above have done:

" Let's

" Let's follow where thoſe great examples went,
" Nor think that Sin, where Heaven's a precedent.
" Let neither awe of Fathers frowns, nor ſhame
" For ought that can be told by blabbing fame
" Nor any gaſtlier fantom, fear can frame,
" Frighten or ſtop us in our way to bliſs,
" But boldly let us ruſh on happineſs:
" Where glorious hazards ſhall enhanſe delight,
" And that, that makes it dangerous, make it great:
" Relation too, which does our fault increaſe,
" Will ſerve that fault the better to diſguiſe?
" That lets us now in private often meet
" Bleſs'd opportunities for ſtoln delight:
" In publick often we embrace, and kiſs,
" And fear no jealous, no ſuſpecting eyes.
" How little more remains for me to crave!
" How little more for you to give! O ſave
" A wretched Maid undone by Love, and you,
" Who does in tears, and dying accents ſue;

"Who bleeds that Paſſion, ſhe had ne're reveal'd,
"If not by Love, Almighty Love compell'd:
"Nor ever let her mournful Tomb complain,
"*Here* Byblis *lies, kill'd by your cold diſdain.*
Here forc'd to end, for want of room, not will
To add, her lines the crowded Margin fill,
Nor ſpace allow for more: ſhe trembling, folds
The Paper, which her ſhameful Meſſage holds;
And ſealing, as ſhe wept with boading fear,
She wet her Signet with a falling Tear.
This done, a truſty Meſſenger ſhe call'd,
And in kind words the whiſper'd Errand told:
"Go, carry this with faithful care, ſhe ſaid,
"To my dear,—there ſhe paus'd a while, and ſtaid,
And by and by—*Brother*—was heard to add:
As ſhe deliver'd it with her commands,
The Letter fell from out her trembling hands,
Diſmay'd with the ill *Omen*, ſhe anew
Doubted ſucceſs, and held, yet bad him go.

He goes, and after quick admiſſion got
To *Caunus* hands the fatal ſecret brought:
Soon as the doubtful Youth a glance had caſt
On the firſt lines, and gueſt by them the reſt,
Strait horror, and amazement fill'd his breaſt:
Impatient with his rage, he could not ſtay
To ſee the end, but threw't half read away:
Scarce could his hands the trembling wretch forbear,
Nor did his tongue thoſe angry threatnings ſpare: these
" Fly hence, nor longer my chaf'd fury truſt,
" Thou curſed Pander of deteſted Luſt;
" Fly quickly hence, and to thy ſwiftneſs owe
" Thy life, a forfeit to my vengeance due:
" Which, had not danger of my Honour croſt,
" Thou'dſt paid by this, and been ſent back a Ghoſt,
He the rough orders ſtrait obeys, and bears
The killing news to wretched *Byblis* ears;
Like ſtriking Thunder the fierce tidings ſtun,
And to her heart quicker than lightning run:

The frighted blood forſakes her ghaſtly face,
And a ſhort death doth every Member ſeize:
But ſoon as ſenſe returns, her frenzy too
Returns, and in theſe words breaks forth anew.
" And juſtly ſerv'd;—for why did fooliſh I
" Conſent to make this raſh diſcovery?
" Why did I thus in haſty lines reveal
" That dang'rous ſecret, Honour wou'd conceal?
" I ſhou'd have firſt with art diſguis'd the hook,
" And ſeen how well the gawdy bait had took,
" And found him hung at leaſt before I ſtrook:
" From ſhore I ſhou'd have firſt deſcri'd the wind
" Whether 'twould prove to my adventure kind,
" E're I to untry'd Seas my ſelf reſign'd:
" Now daſh'd on Rocks, unable to retire,
" I muſt i'th wreck of all my hopes expire,
" And was not I by tokens plain enough
" Fore-warn'd to quit my inauſpicious Love?
" Did not the Fates my ill ſucceſs foretell,
" When from my hands th' unhappy Letter fell?

" So

" So ſhould my Hopes have done, and my deſign,
" That, or the day ſhould then have alter'd been;
" But rather the unlucky day; when Heaven
" Such ominous proofs of its diſlike had given:
" And ſo it had, had not mad Paſſion ſway'd,
" And Reaſon been by blinder Love miſled.
" Beſides (alas!) I ſhou'd my ſelf have gone,
" Nor made my Pen a proxy to my Tongue;
" Much more I cou'd have ſpoke, much more have told,
" Than a ſhort Letter's narrow room would hold:
" He might have ſeen my looks, my wiſhing Eyes
" My melting Tears, and heard my begging Sighs;
" About his Neck I could have flung my Arms,
" And been all over Love, all over Charms;
" Graſp'd, and hung on his Knees, and there have dyed,
" There breath'd my gaſping Soul out, if denied:
" This and ten thouſand things I might have done
" To make my Paſſion with advantage known;

" Which if they each could not have bent his mind,
" Yet ſurely all had forc'd him to be kind.
" Perhaps he, whom I ſent, was too in fault,
" Nor rightly tim'd his Meſſage, as he ought;
" I fear he went in ſome ill-choſen hour,
" When cloudy weather made his temper lour.
" Not thoſe calm ſeaſons of the mind, which prove,
" The fitteſt to receive the ſeeds of Love;
" Theſe things have ruin'd me; for doubtleſs he
" Is made of humane fleſh, and blood, like me;
" He ſuck'd no Tygreſs ſure, nor Mountain Bear,
" Nor does his Breaſt relentleſs Marble wear.
" He muſt, he ſhall conſent, again I'll try,
" And try again, if he again deny:
" No ſcorn, no harſh repulſe, or rough defeat
" Shall ever my deſire, or hopes rebate.
" My earneſt ſuits ſhall never give him reſt,
" While Life, and Love more durable, ſhall laſt:
" Alive I'll preſs, till breath in pray'rs be loſt,
" And after come a kind beſeeching Ghoſt.

" For,

" For, if I might, what I have done, recall,
" The first point were, not to have don't at all;
" But since 'tis done, the second to be gain'd
" Is now to have, what I have sought, attain'd:
" For he, though I should now my wishes quit,
" Can never my unchast attempts forget:
" Should I desist, 'twill be believ'd that I
" By slightly asking, taught him to deny;
" Or that I tempted him with wily fraud,
" And snares for his unwary honour laid:
" Or, what I sent (and the belief were just)
" Were not th' efforts of Love, but shameful Lust.
" In fine, I now dare any thing that's ill;
" I've writ, I have solicited, my will
" Has been debauch'd; and shou'd I thus give out,
" I cannot chast, and innocent be thought:
" Much there is wanting still to be fulfill'd,
" Much to my wish, but little to my guilt.

She ſpoke; but ſuch is her unſetled mind,
It ſhifts from thought to thought, like veering wind,
Now to this point, and now to that inclin'd:
What ſhe could wiſh had unattempted been:
She ſtrait is eager to attempt agen:
What ſhe repents, ſhe acts; and now lets looſe
The reins to Love, nor any bounds allows,
Repulſe upon repulſe unmov'd ſhe bears,
And ſtill ſues on, while ſhe her ſuit deſpairs.

A SA-

1681 ed.

A

SATYR

Upon a WOMAN, who by her Falſhood and Scorn was the Death of my Friend.

Written in the Year, 1678

NO ſhe ſhall ne're eſcape, if Gods there be,
Unleſs they perjur'd grow, and falſe as ſhe;
Though no ſtrange Judgment yet the Murd'reſs ſeize
To puniſh her, and quit the partial Skies:
Though no revenging lightning yet has flaſht
From thence, that might her criminal beauties blaſt:
Tho they in their old luſtre ſtill prevail,
By no diſeaſe, nor guilt it ſelf made pale.

Guilt

Guilt, which ſhould blackeſt *Moors* themſelves but own,

Would make through all their night new bluſhes dawn:

Though that kind ſoul, who now augments the bleſt,

Thither too ſoon by her unkindneſs chas'd.

(Where may it be her ſmall'ſt, and lighteſt doom,

(For that's not half my curſe) never to come)

Though he, when prompted by the high'ſt deſpair,

Ne're mention'd her without an Hymn, or Prayer,

And could by all her ſcorn be forc'd no more

Than Martyrs to revile what they adore.

Who, had he curſt her with his dying breath;

Had done but juſt, and Heaven had forgave:

Tho ill-made Law no Sentence has ordain'd

For her, no Statute has her Guilt arraign'd.

(For Hangmen, Womens Scorn, and Doctors skill,

All by a licenc'd way of murder kill.)

Tho

Tho ſhe from Juſtice of all theſe go free
And boaſt perhaps in her ſucceſs, and cry,
'Twas but a little harmleſs perjury:
Yet think ſhe not, ſhe ſtill ſecure ſhall prove,
Or that none dare avenge an injur'd Love:
I riſe in Judgement, am to be to her
Both Witneſs, Judge, and Executioner:
Arm'd with dire Satyr, and reſentful ſpite,
I come to haunt her with the ghoſts of Wit.
My Ink unbid ſtarts out, and flies on her,
Like blood upon ſome touching murderer;
And ſhou'd that fail, rather than want, I wou'd,
Like Haggs, to curſe her, write in my own blood.
Ye ſpightful pow'rs (if any there can be,
That boaſt a worſe, and keener ſpite than I)
Aſſiſt with Malice, and your mighty aid
My ſworn Revenge, and help me Rhime her dead:
Grant I may fix ſuch brands of Infamy,
So plain, ſo deeply grav'd on her, that ſhe,

Her

Her Skill, Patches, nor Paint, all joyn'd can hide,
And which ſhall laſting as her Soul abide:
Grant my ſtrong hate may ſuch ſtrong poiſon caſt,
That every breath may taint, and rot, and blaſt,
Till one large Gangrene quite o'reſpread her fame
With foul contagion; till her odious name,
Spit at, and curſt by every mouth like mine,
Be terror to her ſelf, and all her line.
Vileſt of that viler Sex, who damn'd us all!
Ordain'd to cauſe, and plague us for our fall!
WOMAN! nay worſe! for ſhe can nought be ſaid,
But Mummy by ſome Dev'l inhabited:
Not made in Heaven's Mint, but baſe coin'd,
She wears an humane image ſtampt on Fiend;
And whoſo Marriage would with her contract,
Is Witch by Law, and that a meer compact:
Her Soul (if any Soul in her there be)
By Hell was breath'd into her in a lye,
And its whole ſtock of falſhood there was lent,
As if hereafter to be true it meant:

Bawd

Bawd Nature taught her jilting, when she made
And by her maker design'd her for the trade:
Hence 'twas she daub'd her with a painted Face,
That she at once might better cheat, and please:
All those gay charming looks, that court the eye,
Are but an ambush to hide treachery;
Mischief adorn'd with pomp, and smooth disguise,
A painted skin stuff'd full of guile and lyes;
Within a gawdy Case, a nasty Soul,
Like T——of quality in a gilt Close-stool:
Such on a Cloud those flatt'ring colours are,
Which only serve to dress a Tempest fair.
So Men upon this Earth's fair surface dwell,
Within are Fiends, and at the center Hell:
Court-promises, the Leagues, which Statesmen make
With more convenience, and more ease to break,
The Faith of a Jesuit in allegiance swears,
Or a Town-jilt to keeping Coxcombs bears,
Are firm and certain all compar'd with hers:

Early

Early in falſhood, at her Font ſhe lied,
And ſhould'ev'n then for Perjury been tried:
Her Conſcience ſtretch'd, and open as the Stews,
But laughs at Oaths, and plays with ſolemn Vows.
And at her mouth ſwallows down perjur'd breath,
More glib than bits of Lechery beneath:
Leſs ſerious known, when ſhe doth moſt proteſt,
Than thoughts of arranteſt Buffoons in jeſt:
More cheap, than the vile mercenarieſt Squire,
That plies for Half-crown Fees at *Weſtminſter*,
And trades in ſtaple-Oaths, and Swears to hire:
Leſs Guilt than hers, leſs breach of Oath and Word
Has ſtood aloft, and ſook'd through Penance board;
And he that truſts her in a Death-bed Prayer,
Has Faith to merit and ſave any thing, but her.
But ſince her Guilt deſcription does out-go;
I'll try if it out-ſtrip my Curſes too;

Curſes

Curſes, which may they equal my juſt hate,
My wiſh, and her deſert, be each ſo great,
Each heard like Pray'rs, and Heaven make 'em fate.

Firſt, for her Beauties, which the Miſchief brought,
May ſhe affected, they be borrow'd thought,
By her own hand, not that of Nature wrought:
Her Credit, Honour, Portion, Health, and thoſe
Prove light, and frail, as her broke Faith and Vows.
Some baſe unnam'd Diſeaſe, her Carkaſs foul,
And make her Body ugly, as her Soul.
Cankers, and Ulcers eat her, till ſhe be,
Shun'd like Infection, loath'd like Infamy.
Strength quite expir'd, may ſhe alone retain
The ſnuff of Life, may that unquench'd remain,
As in the damn'd, to keep her freſh for pain:
Hot Luſt light on her, and the plague of Pride
On that, this ever ſcorn'd, as that denied:
Ach, Anguiſh, horror, grief, diſhonour, ſhame
Purſue at once her body, ſoul, and fame:

If e're the Devil-love muſt enter her
(For nothing ſure but Fiends can enter there)
May ſhe a juſt and true tormenter find,
And that like an ill-conſcience rack her mind:
Be ſome Diſeas'd, and ugly wretch her fate,
She doom'd to love of one, whom all elſe hate.
May he hate her, and may her deſtiny
Be to deſpair, and yet love on, and die;
Or to invent ſome wittier puniſhment,
May he, to plague her, out of ſpite conſent;
May the old fumbler, though diſabled quite,
Have ſtrength to give her Claps, but no delight:
May he of her unjuſtly jealous be
For one that's worſe, and uglier far than he:
May's Impotence balk, and torment her luſt,
Yet ſcarcely her to dreams, or wiſhes truſt;
Forc'd to be chaſt, may ſhe ſuſpected be,
Share none o'th' Pleaſure, all the Infamy.

In

In fine, that I all curſes may compleat
(For I've but curs'd in jeſt, rallied yet)
Whate're the Sex deſerves, or feels, or fears,
May all thoſe plagues be hers, and only hers;
Whate're great Favourites turn'd out of doors,
Scorn'd Lovers, bilk'd and diſappointed Whores,
Or loſing Gameſters vent, what Curſes e're
Are ſpoke by ſinners raving in deſpair:
All thoſe fall on her, as they're all her due,
Till ſpite can't think, nor Heav'n inflict anew:
May then (for once I will be kind, and pray)
No madneſs take her uſe of Senſe away;
But may ſhe in full ſtrength of Reaſon be,
To feel, and underſtand her miſery;
Plagu'd ſo, till ſhe think damning a releaſe,
And humbly pray to go to Hell for eaſe:
Yet may not all theſe ſuff'rings here attone
Her ſin, and may ſhe ſtill go ſinning on,

Tick up in Perjury, and run o'th Score,
Till on her Soul she can get trust no more:
Then may she Stupid, and Repentless die,
And Heav'n it self forgive no more than I,
But so be damn'd of meer necessity.

FINIS.

SOME NEW
PIECES
Never before Publiſh'd.

By the Author of the
Satyrs upon the Jeſuites.

——————— Nos otia vitæ
Solamur cantu, ventoſaque gaudia famæ
Quærimus.——————Stat. Syly.

LONDON:
Printed by *M. C.* for *Jo. Hindmarſh*,
Bookſeller to his Royal Highneſs, at
the Black Bull in *Cornhil*, 1684.

SOME NEW

PIECES

Never before Publish'd.

By the Author of the

Satyrs upon the Jesuites.

18-81

ADVERTISEMENT.

BEing to appear anew in the World, it may be expected, that I ſhould ſay ſomething concerning theſe enſuing Trifles, which I ſhall endeavour to do with as much briefneſs, as I did before what I laſt publiſhed in this kind.

I doubt not but the Reader will think me guilty of an high preſumption in adventuring upon a Tranſlation of The Art of Poetry, *after two ſuch great Hands as have gone before me in the ſame attempts: I need not acquaint him, that I mean* Ben Johnſon, *and the Earl of* Roſcommon, *the one being of ſo eſtabliſh'd an Authority, that whatever he did is held as Sacred, the other having lately performed it with ſuch admirable ſucceſs, as almoſt cuts off all hope in any after Pretenders of ever coming up to what he has done. Howbeit, when I let him know, that it was a Task impoſed upon me, and not what I voluntarily engaged in; I hope he will be the more favourable in his Cenſures. I would indeed very willingly have wav'd the undertaking upon the forementioned account, and urged it as a reaſon for my declining the ſame, but it would not be allowed as ſufficient to excuſe me therefrom. Wherefore, being prevailed upon to make an Eſſay, I fell to thinking of ſome courſe, whereby I might ſerve my ſelf of the Advantages, which thoſe that went before me, have either not*

minded, or ſcrupulouſly abridged themſelves of. This I ſoon imagined was to be effected by putting Horace *into a more modern dreſs, than hitherto he has appeared in, that is by making him ſpeak, as if he were living, and writing now. I therefore reſolved to alter the Scene from* Rome *to* London, *and to make uſe of* Engliſh *names of Men, Places, and Cuſtoms, where the Parallel would decently permit, which I conceived would give a kind of new Air to the Poem, and render it more agreeable to the relliſh of the preſent Age.*

With theſe Conſiderations I ſet upon the Work, and purſued it accordingly. I have not, I acknowledg, been over-nice in keeping to the words of the Original, for that were to tranſgreſs a Rule therein contained. Nevertheleſs I have been religiouſly ſtrict to its ſenſe, and expreſs'd it in as plain, and intelligible a manner, as the Subject would bear. Where I may be thought to have varied from it (which is not above once or twice, and in Paſſages not much material) the skilful Reader will perceive 'twas neceſſary for carrying on my propoſed deſign, and the Author himſelf, were he again alive, would (I believe) forgive me. I have been careful to avoid ſtiffneſs, and made it my endeavour to hit (as near as I could) the eaſie and familiar way of writing, which is peculiar to Horace *in his Epiſtles, and was his proper Talent above any of mankind. After all, 'tis humbly ſubmitted to the judgment of the truly knowing, how I have acquitted my ſelf herein. Let the ſucceſs be what it will, I ſhall not however wholly repent of my undertaking, being (I reckon)*

reckon) *in ſome meaſure recompenced for my pains by the advantage I have reaped of fixing theſe admirable Rules of Senſe ſo well in my memory.*

The Satyr *and* Odes *of the Author, which follow next in order, I have tranſlated after the ſame libertine way. In them alſo I labour'd under the diſadvantages of coming after other perſons. The* Satyr *had been made into a Scene by* Ben Johnſon, *in a Play of his, called the* Poetaſter. *After I had finiſhed my imitation thereof, I came to learn, that it had been done likewiſe by* Dr. Sprat, *and ſince I have had the ſight of it amongſt the Printed Tranſlations of* Horace's *Works. The* Odes *are there done too, but not ſo excellently well, as, to diſcourage any farther endeavours. If theſe of mine meet with good entertainment in the world, I may perhaps find leiſure to attempt ſome other of them, which at preſent ſuffer as much from their Tranſlaters, as the Pſalms of* David *from* Sternhold *and* Hopkins.

The two ſacred Odes *I deſigned not to have made publick now, foraſmuch as they might ſeem unfit to appear among Subjects of this nature, and were intended to come forth apart hereafter in company of others of their own kind. But, having ſuffer'd Copies of them to ſtraggle abroad in Manuſcript, and remembring the Fate of ſome other Pieces of mine, which have formerly ſtoln into the Preſs without my leave, or knowledg, and be expoſed to the world abominably falſe and uncorrect; to prevent the ſame misfortune likely enough to befal theſe, I have been perſuaded to yield my conſent to their Publiſhing*

amongſt the reſt. Nor is the Printing of ſuch Miſcellanies altogether ſo unpreſidented, but that it may be ſeen in the Editions of Dr. Donne, *and Mr.* Cowley's *Works, whether done by their own appointment, or the ſole direction of the Stationers, I am not able to determine.*

As for the two Eſſays out of Greek, *they were occaſioned by a report, that ſome perſons found fault with the roughneſs of my Satyrs formerly publiſhed, tho, upon what ground they ſhould do it, I could be glad to be informed. Unleſs I am miſtaken, there are not many Lines but will endure the reading without ſhocking any Hearer, that is not too nice, and cenſorious. I confeſs, I did not ſo much mind the Cadence, as the Senſe and expreſſiveneſs of my words, and therefore choſe not thoſe, which were beſt diſpoſed to placing themſelves in Rhyme, but rather the moſt keen, and tuant, as being the moſt ſutable to my Argument. And certainly no one that pretends to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral Colours of Poetry, would expect that* Juvenal, *when he is laſhing of Vice and Villany, ſhould flow ſo ſmoothly, as* Ovid, *or* Tibullus, *when they are deſcribing Amours and Gallantries, and have nothing to diſturb and ruffle the evenneſs of their Stile.*

'Howbeit, to ſhew that the way I took, was out of choice, not want of judgment, and that my Genius is not wholly uncapable of performing upon more gay and agreeable Subjects, if my humour inclined me to exerciſe it, I have pitch'd upon theſe two, which the greateſt men of ſenſe have allowed to be ſome of the ſofteſt and tendereſt of all Antiquity. Nay, if we

will

will believe Rapine, one of the best Criticks which these latter Ages have produced; they have no other fault, than that they are too exquisitely delicate for the Character of Pastoral, which should not seem too laboured, and whose chief beauty is an unaffected air of plainness and simplicity.

That, which laments the Death of Adonis has been attempted in Latine by several great Masters, namely, Vulcanius, Douza, and Monsieur le Fevre. The last of them has done it Paraphrastically, but left good part of the Poem toward the latter end untouch'd, perhaps because he thought it not so capable of Ornament, as the rest. Him I chiefly chose to follow, as being most agreeable to my way of translating, and where I was at a loss for want of his guidance, I was content to steer by my own Fancy.

The Translation of that upon Bion was begun by another Hand, as far as the first fifteen Verses, but who was the Author I could never yet learn. I have been told that they were done by the Earl of Rochester; but I could not well believe it, both because he seldom medled with such Subjects, and more especially by reason of an uncorrect line, or two to be found amongst them, at their first coming to my hands, which never us'd to flow from his excellent Pen. Conceiving it to be in the Original, a piece of as much Art, Grace, and Tenderness, as perhaps was ever offered to the Ashes of a Poet, I thought fit to dedicate it to the memory of that incomparable Person, of whom nothing can be said, or thought so choice and curious, which his Deserts do not surmount. If it be thought mean to have borrowed the sense of another to praise him

in,

in, yet at leaſt it argues at the ſame time a value and reverence, that I durſt not think any thing of my own good enough for his Commendation.

This is all, which I judg material to be ſaid of theſe following Reſveries. As for what others are to be found in the parcel, I reckon them not worth mentioning in particular, but leave them wholly open and unguarded to the mercy of the Reader; let him make his Attaques how, and where he pleaſe.

HO-

HORACE
His ART of
POETRY,
Imitated in *English*.

Addreſs'd by way of Letter to a Friend.

SHould ſome ill Painter in a wild deſign
To a mans Head an Horſes ſhoulders joyn,
Or Fiſhes Tail to a fair Womans Waiſt,
Or draw the Limbs of many a different Beaſt,
Ill match'd, and with as motly Feathers dreſt;
If you by chance were to paſs by his Shop;
Could you forbear from laughing at the Fop,
And not believe him whimſical, or mad?
Credit me, Sir, that Book is quite as bad,

As worthy laughter, which throughout is fill'd
With monstrous inconsistencies, more vain, and wild
Than sick mens Dreams, whose neither head, nor tail,
Nor any parts in due proportion fall.
But 'twill be said, *None ever did deny*
Painters and Poets their free liberty
Of feigning any thing: We grant it true,
And the same privilege crave and allow:
But to mix natures clearly opposite,
To make the Serpent and the Dove unite,
Or Lambs from savage Tygers seek defence,
Shocks Reason, and the Rules of common Sense.

Some, who would have us think they meant to treat
At first on Arguments of greatest weight,
Are p[illegible], when here and there a glittering line
Does through the mass of their coarse rubbish shine:
In gay digressions they delight to rove,
Describing here a Temple, there a Grove,
A Vale enamel'd o're with pleasant streams,
A painted Rainbow, or the gliding *Thames*.

But

But how does this relate to their design?
Though good elsewhere, 'tis here but foisted in.
A common Dawber may perhaps have skill
To paint a Tavern Sign, or Landskip well:
But what is this to drawing of a Fight,
A Wrack, a Storm, or the *last Judgment* right?
When the fair Model, and Foundation shews,
That you some great *Escurial* would produce,
How comes it dwindled to a Cottage thus?
In fine, whatever work you mean to frame,
Be uniform, and every where the same.
Most Poets, Sir, ('tis easie to observe)
Into the worst of faults are apt to swerve
Through a false hope of reaching excellence:
Avoiding length, we often cramp our Sense,
And make't obscure; oft, when we'd have our stile
Easie, and flowing, lose its force the while:
Some, striving to surmount the common slight,
Soar up in airy Bombast out of sight.
Others, who fear to a bold pitch to trust
Themselves, flag low, and humbly sweep the dust:

And many fond of seeming marvellous.
While they too carelesly transgress the Laws
Of likelihood, most odd *Chimeras* feign,
Dolphins in Woods, and Boars upon the Main.
Thus they, who would take aim, but want the skill,
Miss always, and shoot wide, or narrow still.
One of the meanest Workmen in the Town
Can imitate the Nails, or Hair in Stone,
And to the life enough perhaps, who yet
Wants mastery to make the Work complete;
Troth, Sir, if 'twere my fancy to compose,
Rather than be this bungling wretch, I'd choose
To wear a crooked and unsightly Nose
Mongst other handsom features of a Face
Which only would set off my uglines.
Be sure all you that undertake to write,
To chuse a Subject for your Genius fit:
Try long and often what your Talents are;
What is the burthen, which your parts will bear,
And where they'l fail: he that discerns with skill
To cull his Argument, and matter well,
Will

Will never be to seek for Eloquence
To dress, or method to dispose his Sense.
They the chief Art, and Grace in order show
(If I may claim any pretence to know)
Who time discreetly what's to be discours'd,
What should be said at last, and what at first:
Some passages at present may be heard,
Others till afterward are best deferr'd:
Verse, which disdains the Laws of History,
Speaks things not as they are, but ought to be:
Whoever will in Poetry excel,
Must learn, and use this hidden secret well.
'Tis next to be observ'd, that care is due,
And sparingness in framing words anew:
You shew your mast'ry, if you have the knack
So to make use of what known word you take,
To give't a newer sense: if there be need
For some uncommon matter to be said;
Pow'r of inventing terms may be allow'd,
Which *Chaucer* and his Age ne're understood:

Provided always, as 'twas said before,
We seldom, and discreetly use that pow'r.
Words new and forein may be best brought in,
If borrow'd from a Language near akin:
Why should the peevish Criticks now forbid
To *Lee*, and *Dryden*, what was not deny'd
To *Shakespear*, *Ben*, and *Fletcher* heretofore,
For which they praise, and commendation bore?
If *Spencer*'s Muse be justly so ador'd
For that rich copiousness, wherewith he stor'd
Our Native Tongue; for Gods sake why should I
Straight be thought arrogant; if modestly
I claim and use the self-same liberty?
This the just Right of Poets ever was,
And will be still, to coin what words they please,
Well fitted to the present Age, and Place,
Words with the Leaves of Trees a semblance hold
In this respect, where every year the old
Fall off, and new ones in their places grow:
Death is the Fate of all things here below:

Nature

Nature her self by Art has changes felt,
The *Tangier* Mole (by our great *Monarch* built)
Like a vast Bulwark in the Ocean set,
From Pyrates and from Storms defends our Fleet:
Fens every day are drain'd, and Men now Plow,
And Sow, and Reap, where they before might Row,
And Rivers have been taught by *Middleton*
From their old course within new Banks to run,
And pay their useful Tribute to the Town.
If Mans and Natures works submit to Fate,
Much less must words expect a lasting date:
Many which we approve for currant now,
In the next Age out of request shall grow:
And others which are now thrown out of doors,
Shall be reviv'd, and come again in force, (draw,
If custom please: from whence their vogue they
Which of our Speech is the sole Judg, and Law.
Homer first shew'd us in Heroick strains
To write of Wars, of Battles and Campaigns,
Kings and great Leaders, mighty in Renown,
And him we still for our chief Pattern own,

Soft

Soft Elegy, design'd for grief, and tears,
Was first devis'd to grace some mournful Herse:
Since to a brisker note 'tis taught to move,
And cloaths our gayest Passions, Joy, and Love.
But, who was first Inventer of the kind,
Criticks have sought, but never yet could find.
Gods, Heroes, Warriors, and the lofty praise
Of peaceful Conquerors in *Pisa*'s Race,
The Mirth and Joys, which Love and Wine produce,
With other wanton sallies of a Muse,
The stately Ode does for its Subjects choose.
Archilochus to vent his Gall and spite,
In keen Iambicks first was known to write:
Dramatick Authors us'd this sort of Verse
On all the *Greek* and *Roman* Theaters,
As for Discourse and Conversation fit,
And apt'st to drown the noises of the Pit,
If I discern not the true stile and air,
Nor how to give the proper Character

To every kind of work; how dare I claim,
And challenge to my self a Poets Name?
And why had I with awkard modesty,
Rather than learn, always unskilful be?
Volpone and *Morose* will not admit
Of *Catiline*'s high strains, nor is it fit
To make *Sejanus* on the Stage appear
In the low dress, which Comick persons wear.
What e're the Subject be, on which you write,
Give each thing its due place, and time aright:
Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her stile,
And angry *Chremes* is allow'd to swell,
And Tragedy alike sometimes has leave
To throw off Majesty, when 'tis to grieve:
Peleus and *Telephus* in misery,
Lay their big words, and blust'ring language by,
If they expect to make their Audience cry.
'Tis not enough to have your Plays succeed;
That they be elegant: they must not need

Those

Thoſe warm and moving touches which impart
A kind concernment to each Hearers heart,
And raviſh it which way they pleaſe with art.
Where Joy and Sorrow put on good diſguiſe,
Ours with the perſons looks ſtraight ſympathize:
Would'ſt have me weep? thy ſelf muſt firſt begin:
Then, *Telephus*, to pity I incline,
And think thy eaſe, and all thy ſuffrings mine;
But if thou'rt made to act thy part amiſs,
I can't forbear to ſleep, or laugh, or hiſs,
Let words expreſs the looks, which ſpeakers wear;
Sad, fit a mournful, and dejected air;
The paſſionate muſt huff, and ſtorm, and rave;
The gay be pleaſant, and the ſerious grave.
For Nature works, and moulds our Frame within,
To take all manner of Impreſſions in.
Now makes us hot, and ready to take fire,
Now hope, now joy, now ſorrow does inſpire,
And all theſe paſſions in our face appear,
Of which the Tongue is ſole interpreter:

But

But he whose words, and Fortunes do not suit,
By Pit and Gall'ry both, is hooted out.
Observe what Characters your persons fit,
Whether the Master speak, or *Todelet:*
Whether a man, that's elderly in growth,
Or a brisk Hotspur in his boiling youth:
A roaring Bully, or a shirking Cheat,
A Court-bred Lady, or a tawdry Cit:
A prating Gossip, or a jilting Whore,
A travell'd Merchant, or an home spun Boor:
Spaniard, or *French*, *Italian*, *Dutch*, or *Dane*;
Native of *Turky*, *India*, or *Japan*.
Either from History your persons take,
Or let them nothing inconsistent speak:
If you bring great *Achilles* on the Stage,
Let him be fierce and brave, all heat and rage,
Inflexible, and head-strong to all Laws,
But those, which Arms and his own will impose.
Cruel *Medea* must no pity have,
Ixion must be treacherous, *Ino* grieve,
Io must wander, and *Orestes* rave;

But

But if you dare to tread in paths unknown,
And boldly ſtart new perſons of your own;
Be ſure to make them in one ſtrain agree,
And let the end like the beginning be.

'Tis difficult for Writers to ſucceed
On Arguments, which none before have tri'd:
The *Iliad*, or the *Odyſſee* with eaſe
Will better furniſh Subjects for your Plays,
Than that you ſhould your own Invention truſt,
And broach unheard-of things your ſelf the firſt.
In copying others works, to make them paſs,
And ſeem your own, let theſe few Rules take place:
When you ſome of their Story repreſent,
Take care that you new Epiſodes invent:
Be not too nice the Authors words to trace,
But vary all with a freſh air, and grace;
Nor ſuch ſtrict rules of imitation chooſe,
Which you muſt ſtill be tied to follow cloſe;
Or forc'd to a retreat for want of room,
Give over, and ridiculous become.

Do not like that affected Fool begin,
King Priam's *Fate, and* Troy's *fam'd War, I sing.*
What will this mighty Promiser produce?
You look for Mountains, and out creeps a Mouse.
How short is this of *Homer*'s fine Address,
And Art, who ne're says any thing amiss?
Muse, speak the man, Who since Troy's *laying waste*
Into such numerous Dangers has been cast,
So many Towns, and various People past:
He does not lavish at a blaze his Fire,
To glare a while, and in a Snuff expire:
But modesty at first conceals his light,
In dazling wonders, then breaks forth to sight;
Surprizes you with Miracles all o're,
Makes dreadful *Scylla* and *Charybdis* roar,
Cyclops, and bloudy *Lestrygons* devour:
Nor does he time in long Preambles spend,
Describing *Meleager*'s ruful end,
When he's of *Diomed*'s return to treat;
Nor when he would the *Trojan* War relate,
The Tale of brooding *Leda*'s Eggs repeat.

But

l. 139. nascatur ridiculus mus

But ſtill to the deſign'd event haſtes on,
And at firſt daſh, as if before 'twere known,
Embarques you in the middle of the Plot,
And what is unimprovable leaves out,
And mixes Truth and Fiction skilfully,
That nothing in the whole may diſagree.

Who e're you are, that ſet your ſelves to write,
If you expect to have your Audience ſit
Till the fifth Act be done, and Curtain fall;
Mind what Inſtructions I ſhall further tell:
Our Guiſe, and Manners alter with our Age,
And ſuch they muſt be brought upon the Stage.

A Child, who newly has to Speech attain'd,
And now can go without the Nurſes hand,
To play with thoſe of his own growth is pleas'd,
Suddenly angry, and as ſoon appeas'd,
Fond of new Trifles, and as quickly cloy'd,
And loaths next hour what he the laſt enjoy'd.

The beardleſs Youth from Pedagogue got looſe,
Does Dogs and Horſes for his pleaſures chooſe;

Yield

Yielding, and ſoft to every print of vice,
Reſty to thoſe who would his faults chaſtiſe,
Careleſs of Profit, of expences vain,
Haughty, and eager his deſires t' obtain.
And ſwift to quit the ſame deſires again.

Thoſe, who to manly years, and ſenſe are grown,
Seek Wealth and Friendſhip, Honour and Renown:
And are diſcreet, and fearful how to act
What after they muſt alter and correct.

Diſeaſes, Ills, and Troubles numberleſs
Attend old Men, and with their Age increaſe:
In painful toil they ſpend their wretched years,
Still heaping Wealth, and with that wealth new cares:
Fond to poſſeſs, and fearful to enjoy,
Slow, and ſuſpicious in their managry,
Full of Delays, and Hopes, lovers of eaſe,
Greedy of life, moroſe, and hard to pleaſe,
Envious at Pleaſures of the young and gay,
Where they themſelves now want a ſtock to play;
Ill natur'd Cenſors of the preſent Age,
And what has paſt ſince they have quit the Stage:

But loud Admirers of Queen *Besse's* time,
And what was done when they were in their prime.
Thus, what our tide of flowing years brings in,
Still with our ebb of life goes out agen:
The humors of Fourscore will never hit
One of Fifteen, nor a Boy's part befit
A full-grown man: it shews no mean Address,
If you the tempers of each Age express.
Some things are best to act, others to tell;
Those by the ear convey'd, do not so well,
Nor half so movingly affect the mind,
As what we to our eyes presented find.
Yet there are many things, which should not come
In view, nor pass beyond the Tiring Room:
Which, after in expressive Language told,
Shall please the Audience more, than to behold:
Let not *Medea* shew her fatal rage,
And cut her Childrens Throats upon the Stage:
Nor *Oedipus* tear out his eye-balls there,
Nor bloudy *Atreus* his dire Feast prepare:

Cadmus,

Cadmus, nor *Progne* their odd changes take,
This to a Bird, the other to a Snake:
Whatever ſo incredible you ſhow,
Shocks my Belief, and ſtraight does nauſeous grow.

Five Acts, no more, nor leſs, your Play muſt have,
If you'l an handſom Third Days ſhare receive.
Let not a God be ſummon'd to attend
On a ſlight errand, nor on Wire deſcend,
Unleſs th' importance of the Plot engage;
And let but Three at once ſpeak on the Stage.

Be ſure to make the *Chorus* ſtill promote
The chief Intrigue and buſineſs of the Plot:
Betwixt the Acts there muſt be nothing Sung,
Which does not to the main Deſign belong:
The praiſes of the Good muſt here be told,
The Paſſions curb'd, and foes of Vice extoll'd:
Here Thrift and Temperance, and wholeſome Laws,
Strict Juſtice, and the gentle calms of Peace
Muſt have their Commendations, and Applauſe:

And Prayers muſt be ſent to Heaven to guide
Blind Fortunes bleſſings to the juſter ſide,
To raiſe the Poor, and lower proſp'rous Pride.

At firſt the Muſick of our Stage was rude,
Whilſt in the *Cock-Pit* and *Black Friers* it ſtood:
And this might pleaſe enough in former Reigns,
A thrifty, thin, and baſhful Audience:
When *Buſſy d' Ambois* and his Fuſtian took,
And men were raviſh'd with Queen *Gordobuc*.
But ſince our Monarch by kind Heaven ſent,
Brought back the Arts with him from Baniſhment,
And by his gentle influence gave increaſe
To all the harmleſs Luxuries of peace:
Favour'd by him, our Stage has flouriſh'd too,
And every day in outward ſplendor grew:
In Muſick, Song, and Dance of every kind,
And all the grace of Action 'tis refin'd;
And ſince that Opera's at length came in,
Our Players have ſo well improv'd the Scene
With gallantry of Habit, and Machine,

As

As makes our Theater in Glory vie
With the beſt Ages of Antiquity:
And mighty *Roſcius* were he living now,
Would envy both our Stage, and Acting too.

Thoſe, who did firſt in Tragedy eſſay
(When a vile Goat was all the Poets day)
Us'd to allay their Subjects gravity
With enterludes of Mirth, and Raillery:
Here they brought rough, and naked Satyrs in,
Whoſe Farce-like Geſture, Motion, Speech, and Meen
Reſemble thoſe of modern *Harlequin.*
Becauſe ſuch antick Tricks, and odd grimace,
After their drunken Feaſts on Holidays,
The giddy and hot-headed Rout would pleaſe:
As the wild Feats of *Merry Andrews* now
Divert the ſenſleſs Crowd at *Bartholmew.*

But he, that would in this Mock-way excel,
And exerciſe the Art of Railing well,
Had need with diligence obſerve this Rule
In turning ſerious things to ridicule:

If he an Hero, or a God bring in,
With Kingly Robes and Scepter lately ſeen,
Let them not ſpeak, like Burleſque Characters,
The wit of *Billingſgate* and *Temple-ſtairs*:
Nor, while they of thoſe meanneſſes beware,
In tearing lines of *Bajazet* appear.
Majeſtick Tragedy as much diſdains
To condeſcend to low, and trivial ſtrains:
As a Court-Lady thinks her ſelf diſgrac'd
To Dance with Dowdies at a May-pole-Feaſt.

If in this kind you will attempt to write,
You muſt no broad and clowniſh words admit:
Nor muſt you ſo confound your Characters,
As not to mind what perſon 'tis appears.
Take a known Subject, and invent it well,
And let your ſtile be ſmooth and natural:
Though others think it eaſie to attain,
They'l find it hard, and imitate in vain:
So much does method and connexion grace
The common'ſt things, the plaineſt matters raiſe.

In my opinion 'tis abſurd and odd,
To make wild Satyrs, coming from the Wood,
Speak the fine Language of the *Park* and *Mall*,
As if they had their Training at *Whitehall*:
Yet, tho I would not have their Words too quaint,
Much leſs can I allow them impudent:
For men of Breeding, and of Quality
Muſt needs be ſhock'd with fulſom Ribaldry:
Which, though it paſs the Footboy and the Cit,
Is always nauſeous to the Box, and Pit.

There are but few, who have ſuch skilful ears
To judg of artleſs, and ill-meaſured Verſe.
This till of late was hardly underſtood,
And ſtill, there's too much liberty allow'd.
But will you therefore be ſo much a fool
To write at random, and neglect a Rule?
Or, while your faults are ſet to general view,
Hope all men ſhould be blind, or pardon you?
Who would not ſuch fool-hardineſs condemn,
Where, tho perchance you may eſcape from blame,
Yet praiſe you never can expect, or claim?

Therefore be ſure your ſtudy to apply
To the great patterns of Antiquity:
Ne're lay the Greeks and Romans out of ſight,
Ply them by day, and think on them by night.
Rough hobbling numbers were allow'd for Rhime,
And clench for deep conceit in former time:
With too much patience (not to call it worſe)
Both were applauded in our Anceſtors:
If you, or I have ſenſe to judg aright
Betwixt a Quibble, and true ſterling Wit:
Or ear enough to give the difference
Of ſweet well-ſounding Verſe from doggrel ſtrains.

Theſpis ('tis ſaid) did Tragedy deviſe,
Unknown before, and rude at its firſt riſe:
In Carts the Gypſie Actors ſtrowl'd about,
With faces ſmear'd with Lees of Wine and Soot,
And through the Towns amus'd the wondring rout
Till *Æſchylus* appearing to the Age,
Contriv'd a Play-houſe, and convenient Stage.

Found

Found out the uſe of Vizards, and a Dreſs
(An handſomer, and more gentile Diſguiſe)
And taught the Actors with a ſtately Air,
And Meen to ſpeak, and Tread, and whatſoe're
Gave Port, and grandeur to the Theater.

Next this ſucceeded ancient Comedy,
With good applauſe, till too much liberty
Uſurp'd by Writers had debauch'd the Stage,
And made it grow the Grievance of the Age:
No merit was ſecure, no perſon free
From its licentious Buffoonery:
Till for redreſs the Magiſtrate was fain
By Law thoſe Inſolencies to reſtrain.

Our Authors in each kind their praiſe may claim,
Who leave no paths untrod, that lead to fame:
And well they merit it, who ſcorn'd to be
So much the Vaſſals of Antiquity,
As thoſe, who know no better than to cloy
With the old muſty Tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*:
But boldly the dull beaten track forſook,
And Subjects from our Country-ſtory took.

Nor

Nor would our Nation less in Wit appear,
Than in its great performances of War;
Were there encouragements to bribe our care,
Would we to file, and finish spare the pains,
And add but justness to our manly sense.
But, Sir, let nothing tempt you to bely
Your skill, and judgment, by mean flattery:
Never pretend to like a piece of Wit,
But what, you're certain, is correctly writ:
But what has stood all Tests, and is allow'd
By all to be unquestionably good.
Because some wild Enthusiasts there be
Who bar the Rules of Art in Poetry,
Would have it rapture all, and scarce admit
A man of sober sense to be a Wit;
Others by this conceit have been misled
So much, that they're grown insufferably mad:
The Sots affect to be retir'd alone,
Court Solitude and Conversation shun,
In dirty Cloaths, and a wild Garb appear,
And scarce are brought to cut their Nails and Hair.

And hope to purchace credit and eſteem,
When they, like *Cromwel's Porter*, frantick ſeem,
Strange! that the very height of Lunacy,
Beyond the cure of *Allen*, e're ſhould be
A mark of the Elect in Poetry.
How much an Aſs am I that us'd to Bleed,
And take a Purge each Spring to clear my Head?
None otherwiſe would be ſo good as I,
At lofty ſtrains, and rants of Poetry:)
But, faith, I am not yet ſo fond of Fame,
To loſe my Reaſon for a Poets name.
Tho I my ſelf am not diſpos'd to write;
In others I may ſerve to ſharpen Wit:
Acquaint them what a Poet's duty is,
And how he ſhall perform it with ſucceſs:
Whence the materials for his work are ſought,
And how with skilful Art they muſt be wrought:
And ſhew what is and is not decency,
And where his faults and excellencies lie.
Good ſenſe muſt be the certain ſtandard ſtill
To all that will pretend to writing well:

If

If you'l arrive at that, you needs muſt be
Well vers'd and grounded in Philoſophy:
Then chooſe a Subject, which you throughly know,
And words unſought thereon will eaſie flow.
Whoe're will write, muſt diligently mind
The ſeveral ſorts and ranks of humane kind:
He that has learnt, what to his Country's due,
What we to Parents, Friends, and Kindred owe,
What charge a Stateſman, or a Judg does bear,
And what the parts of a Commander are;
Will never be at loſs (he may be ſure)
To give each perſon their due portraiture.
Take humane life for your original,
Keep but your Draughts to that, you'l never fail.
Sometimes in Plays, though elſe but badly writ
With nought of Force, or Grace, of Art, or Wit,
Some one well humour'd Character we meet,
That takes us more than all the empty Scenes,
And jingling toys of more elaborate Pens.
Greece had command of Language, Wit and Senſe,
For cultivating which ſhe ſpar'd no pains:

Glory

Glory her ſole deſign, and all her aim
Was how to gain here ſelf immortal Fame:
Our *Engliſh* Youth another way are bred,
They're fitted for a Prentiſhip, and Trade,
And *Wingate*'s all the Authors, which they've read.
The Boy has been a year at Writing-School,
Has learnt Diviſion, and the Golden Rule;
Scholar enough! cries the old doting Fool,
I'll hold a Piece, he'l prove an Alderman,
And come to ſit at Church with's Furs and Chain.
This is the top deſign, the only praiſe,
And ſole ambition of the booby Race:
While this baſe ſpirit in the Age does reign,
And men might nought but Wealth and ſordid gain,
Can we expect or hope it ſhould bring forth
A work in Poetry of any worth,
Fit for the learned *Bodley* to admit
Among its Sacred Monuments of Wit?
A Poet ſhould inform us, or divert,
But joyning both he ſhews his chiefeſt Art:

What.

Whatever Precepts you pretend to give,
Be ſure to lay them down both clear and brief:
By that they're eaſier far to apprehend,
By this more faithfully preſerv'd in mind:
All things ſuperfluous are apt to cloy
The Judgment, and ſurcharge the Memory.
Let whatſoe'r of Fiction you bring in,
Be ſo like **Truth**, to ſeem at leaſt akin:
Do not improbabilities conceive,
And hope to ram them into my belief:
Ne're make a Witch upon the Stage appear,
Riding enchanted Broomſtick through the Air:
Nor Canibal a living Infant ſpew,
Which he had murther'd, and devour'd but now.
The graver ſort diſlike all Poetry,
Which does not (as they call it) edifie:
And youthful ſparks as much that Wit diſpiſe,
Which is not ſtrew'd with pleaſant Gaieties.
But he, that has the knack of mingling well
What is of uſe with what's agreeable,

That

That knows at once how to inſtruct and pleaſe,
Is juſtly crown'd by all mens ſuffrages:
Theſe are the works, which valued every where,
Enrich *Paul's Church-yard* and the Stationer:
Theſe admiration through all Nations claim,
And through all Ages ſpread their Author's Fame.
Yet there are faults wherewith we ought to bear;
An Inſtrument may ſometimes chance to jar
In the beſt hand, in ſpight of all its care:
Nor have I known that skilful Marks-man yet
So fortunate, who never miſt the White.
But where I many excellencies find,
I'm not ſo nicely critical to mind
Each ſlight miſtake an Author may produce,
Which humane frailty juſtly may excuſe.
Yet he, who having oft been taught to mend
A Fault, will ſtill purſue it to the end,
Is like that ſcraping Fool, who the ſame Note
Is ever playing. and is ever out,

And

And silly as that bubble every whit,
Who at the self-same blot is always hit.
When such a lewd incorrigible sot
Lucks by meer chance upon some happy thought;
Among such filthy trash, I vex to see't,
And wonder how (the Devil!) he came by't.
In works of bulk and length we now and then
May grant an Author to be overseen:
Homer himself, how sacred e're he is,
Yet claims not a pretence to Faultlesness.
Poems with Pictures a resemblance bear;
Some (best at distance) shun a view too near:
Others are bolder, and stand off to sight;
These love the shade, those choose the clearest light,
And dare the survey of the skilfull'st eyes:
Some once, and some ten thousand times will please.
Sir, though your self so much of knowledg own
In these affairs, that you can learn of none,
Yet mind this certain truth which I lay down:
Most Callings else do difference allow,
Where ordinary Parts, and Skill may do:

I've known Phyſicians, who reſpect might claim,
Tho they ne're roſe to *Willis* his great fame:
And there are Preachers who have great renown.
Yet ne're come up to *Sprat*, or *Tillotſon*:
And Counſellors, or Pleaders in the Hall
May have eſteem, and practice, tho they fall
Far ſhort of ſmooth-tongu'd *Finch* in Eloquence,
Tho they want *Selden*'s Learning, *Vaughan*'s ſenſe;
But Verſe alone does of no mean admit,
Who e're will pleaſe, muſt pleaſe us to the height:
He muſt a *Cowley* or a *Fleckno* be,
For there's no ſecond Rate in Poetry:
A dull inſipid Writer none can bear,
In every place he is the publick jeer,
And Lumber of the Shops and Stationer.
No man that underſtands to make a Feaſt,
With a coarſe Deſſert will offend his Gueſt,
Or bring ill Muſick in to grate the ear,
Becauſe 'tis what the entertain might ſpare:
'Tis the ſame caſe with thoſe that deal in Wit,
Whoſe main deſign and end ſhould be delight:

They muſt by this ſame ſentence ſtand, or fall,
Be highly excellent, or not at all.
In all things elſe, ſave only Poetry,
Men ſhew ſome ſigns of common modeſty:
You'l hardly find a Fencer ſo unwiſe,
Who at *Bear-garden* e're will fight a Prize,
Not having learnt before: nor at a Wake
One, that wants skill and ſtrength, the Girdle take,
Or be ſo vain the pond'rous Weight to ſling,
For fear they ſhould be hiſs'd out of the Ring.
Yet every Coxcomb will pretend to Verſe,
And write in ſpight of nature, and his Stars:
All ſorts of Subjects challenge at this time
The Liberty, and Property of Rhime.
The Sot of honour, fond of being great
By ſomething elſe than Title, and Eſtate,
As if a Patent gave him claim to ſenſe,
Or 'twere entail'd with an Inheritance,
Believes a caſt of Foot-boys, and a ſet
Of *Flanders* muſt advance him to a Wit.

But you who have the judgment to deſcry
Where you excel, which way your Talents lie,
I'm ſure, will never be induc'd to ſtrain
Your Genius, or attempt againſt your vein.
Yet (this let me adviſe) if e're you write,
Let none of your compoſures ſee the light,
Till they've been throughly weigh'd, and paſt the Teſt
Of all thoſe Judges who are thought the beſt:
While in your Desk they're lock'd up from the Preſs,
You've power to correct them as you pleaſe:
But when they once come forth to view of all,
Your Faults are Chronicled, and paſt recall.
Orpheus the firſt of the inſpired Train,
By force of powerful numbers did reſtrain
Mankind from rage, and bloudy cruelty,
And taught the barbarous world civility,
Hence roſe the Fiction, which the Poets fram'd,
That Lions were by's tuneful Magick tam'd,

And Tygers, charm'd by his harmonious lays,
Grew gentle, and laid by their savageness:
Hence that, which of *Amphion* too they tell,
The pow'r of whose miraculous Lute could call
The well-plac'd stones into the *Theban* Wall.
Wondrous were the effects of primitive Verse,
Which setled and reform'd the Universe:
This did all things to their due ends reduce,
To publick, private, sacred, civil use:
Marriage for weighty causes was ordain'd,
That bridled lust, and lawless Love restrain'd:
Cities with Walls, and Rampiers were inclos'd,
And property with wholsom Laws dispos'd:
And bounds were fix'd of Equity and Right,
To guard weak Innocence from wrongful might.
Hence Poets have been held a sacred name,
And plac'd with first Rates in the Lists of Fame.
Next these, great *Homer* to the world appear'd,
Around the Globe his loud alarms were heard,
Which all the brave to war-like action fir'd:

And *Hesiod* after him with useful skill
Gave Lessons to instruct the Plough-mans toil.
Verse was the language of the gods of old,
In which their sacred Oracles were told:
In Verse were the first rules of vertue taught,
And Doctrine thence, as now from Pulpits sought:
By Verse some have the love of Princes gain'd,
Who oft vouchsafe so to be entertain'd,
And with a Muse their weighty cares unbend.
Then think it no disparagement, dear Sir,
To own your self a Member of that Quire,
Whom Kings esteem, and Heaven does inspire.
Concerning Poets there has been contest,
Whether they're made by Art, or Nature best:
But if I may presume in this Affair,
Amongst the rest my judgment to declare,
No Art without a Genius will avail,
And Parts without the help of Art will fail:
But both Ingredients joyntly must unite
To make the happy Character complete.

None at *New-market* ever won the Prize,
But us'd his Airings, and his Exercise,
His Courses and his Diets long before,
And Wine, and Women for a time forbore:
Nor is there any Singing-man, we know,
Of good Repute in either *Chappel* now,
But was a Learner once (he'l freely own)
And by long Practice to that Skill has grown:
But each conceited Dunce, without pretence
To the least grain of Learning, Parts, or sense,
Or any thing but harden'd impudence,
Sets up for Poetry, and dares engage
With all the topping Writers of the Age:
" *Why should not he put in amongst the rest?*
" *Damn him! he scorns to come behind the best:*
" *Declares himself a Wit, and vows to draw*
" *On the next man, who e're disowns him so.*
Scriblers of Quality who have Estate,
To gain applauding Fools at any rate,
Practise as many tricks as Shop-keepers
To force a Trade, and put off naughty wares:

Some

Some hire the Houſe their Follies to expoſe,
And are at charge to be ridiculous:
Others with Wine, and Ordinaries treat
A needy Rabble to cry up their Wit:
'Tis ſtrange, that ſuch ſhould the true diff'rence find
Betwixt a ſpunging Knave and faithful Friend.
Take heed how you e're proſtitute your ſenſe
To ſuch a fawning crew of Sycophants:
All ſigns of being pleas'd the Rogues will feign,
Wonder, and bleſs themſelves at every line,
Swearing, "*'Tis ſoft! 'tis charming! 'tis Divine!*
Here they'l look pale, as if ſurpriz'd, and there
In a diſguiſe of grief ſqueeze out a tear:
Oft ſeem tranſported with a ſudden joy,
Stamp and lift up their hands in extaſie:
But, if by chance your back once turn'd appear,
You'l have 'em ſtrait put out their tongues in jeer,
Or point, or gibe you with a ſcornful ſneer.
As they who truly grieve at Funerals, ſhew
Leſs outward ſorrow than hir'd mourners do;

So true Admirers leſs concernment wear
Before your face than the ſham Flatterer.
They tell of Kings, who never would admit
A Confident, or boſom-Favourite,
Till ſtore of Wine had made his ſecrets float,
And by that means they'd found his temper out:
'Twere well if Poets knew ſome way like this,
How to diſcern their friends from enemies.
Had you conſulted learned *Ben* of old,
He would your faults impartially have told:
" *This Verſe correction wants* (he would have ſaid)
" *And ſo does this*: If you replied, you had
To little purpoſe ſeveral trials made;
He preſently would bid you ſtrike a daſh
On all, and put in better in the place:
But if he found you once a ſtubborn ſot,
That would not be corrected in a fault;
He would no more his pains and counſel ſpend
On an abandon'd Fool that ſcorn'd to mend;

But bid you in the Devils name go on,
And hug your dear impertinence alone.

A truſty knowing Friend will boldly dare
To give his ſenſe and judgment, whereſoe're
He ſees a Fault: " *Here, Sir, good faith, you're low,*
" *And muſt ſome heightning on the place beſtow:*
" *There, if you mind, the Rhime is harſh, and rough,*
" *And ſhould be ſoft'ned to go ſmoothlier off:*
" *Your ſtrokes are here of Varniſh left too bare,*
" *Your Colours there too thick laid on appear:*
" *Your Metaphor is coarſe, that Phraſe not pure,*
" *This Word improper, and that ſenſe obſcure.*
In fine, you'l find him a ſtrict Cenſurer,
That will not your leaſt negligences ſpare
Through a vain fear of diſobliging you:
They are but ſlight, and trivial things, 'tis true:
Yet theſe ſame Trifles (take a Poets word)
Matter of high importance will afford,

When e're by means of them you come to be
Expos'd to Laughter, Scorn, and Infamy.
Not thoſe with *Lord have mercy* on their doors,
Venom of Adders, or infected Whores,
Are dreaded worſe by men of ſenſe, and Wit,
Than a mad Scribler in his raving fit:
Like Dog, whoſe tail is pegg'd into a bone,
The hooting Rabble all about the Town,
Purſue the Cur, aund pelt him up and down.
Should this poor Frantick, as he paſs'd along,
Intent on's Rhiming work amidſt the throng,
Into *Fleet-Ditch*, or ſome deep Cellar fall,
And till he rent his throat for ſuccour bawl,
No one would lend an helping hand at call:
For who (the Plague!) could gueſs at his deſign,
Whether he did not for the nonce drop in?
I'd tell you, Sir, but queſtionleſs you've heard
Of the odd end of a *Sicilian* Bard:
Fond to be deem'd a god, this fool (it ſeems)
In's fit leapt headlong into *Ætna*'s Flames.

Troth,

Troth, I could be content an Act might paſs,
Such Poets ſhould have leave, when e're they pleaſe,
To die, and rid us of our Grievances,
A God's name let 'em hang, or drown, or chooſe
What other way they will themſelves diſpoſe,
Why ſhould we life againſt their wills impoſe?
Might that ſame fool I mention'd, now revive,
He would not be reclaim'd, I dare believe,
But ſoon be playing his old freaks again,
And ſtill the ſame capricious hopes retain.
'Tis hard to gueſs, and harder to alledg
Whether for Parricide, or Sacriledg,
Or ſome more ſtrange, unknown, and horrid crime,
Done in their own, or their Fore-fathers time,
Theſe ſcribling Wretches have been damn'd to Rhime:
But certain 'tis, for ſuch a crack-braind Race
Bedlam, or *Hogsdon* is the fitteſt place:
Without their Keepers you had better chooſe
To meet the Lions of the *Tower* broke looſe,

Than

Than theſe wild ſavage Rhymers in the ſtreet,
Who with their Verſes worry all they meet:
In vain you would releaſe your ſelf; ſo cloſe
The Leeches cleave, that there's no getting looſe.
Remorſleſs they to no entreaties yield,
Till you are with inhumane non-ſenſe kill'd.

An

An Imitation of HORACE:

Book I. Satyr IX.

Written in *June*, 1681.

Iham fortè viâ ſacrâ, &c.

AS I was walking in the *Mall* of late,
Alone, and muſing on I know not what;
Comes a familiar Fop, whom hardly I
Knew by his name, and rudely ſeizes me:
Dear Sir, I'm mighty glad to meet with you:
And pray, how have you done this Age, or two?
"*Well I thank God* (ſaid I) *as times are now:*
"*I wiſh the ſame to you.* And ſo paſs'd on,
Hoping with this the Coxcomb would be gone.

But

But when I ſaw I could not thus get free;
I ask'd, what buſineſs elſe he had with me?
Sir (anſwered he) *If Learning, Parts, or Senſe*
Merit your friendſhip; I have juſt pretence.
" *I honour you* (ſaid I) *upon that ſcore,*
" *And ſhall be glad to ſerve you to my power.*
Mean time, wild to get looſe, I try all ways
To ſhake him off: Sometimes I walk apace,
Sometimes ſtand ſtill: I frown, I chafe, I fret,
Shrug, turn my back, as in the *Baigno*, ſweat:
And ſhew all kind of ſigns to make him gueſs
At my impatience, and uneaſineſs.
" *Happy the folk in* Newgate! (whiſper'd I)
" *Who, tho in Chains are from this torment free:*
" *Wou'd I were like rough* Manly *in the Play,*
" *To ſend Impertinents with kicks away.!*
He all the while baits me with tedious chat,
Speaks much about the drought, and how the rate
Of Hay is rais'd, and what it now goes at:
Tells me of a new Comet at the *Hague*,
Portending God knows what, a Dearth, or Plague:

Names

Wycherley - The Plain Dealer.

Names every Wench, that paſſes through the Park,
How much ſhe is allow'd, and who the Spark,
That keeps her: points, who lately got a Clap,
And who at the *Groom-Porters* had ill hap
Three nights ago in play with ſuch a Lord:
When he obſerv'd, I minded not a word,
And did no anſwer to his traſh afford;
Sir, I perceive you ſtand on Thorns (ſaid he)
And fain would part: but, faith, it muſt not be:
Come, let us take a Bottle. (I cried) "*No;*
"*Sir, I am in a Courſe, and dare not now.*"
Then tell me whether you deſire to go:
I'll wait upon you." "*Oh! Sir,'tis too far:*
"*I viſit croſs the Water: therefore ſpare*
"*Your needleſs trouble.*" *Trouble! Sir,'tis none:*
'Tis more by half to leave you here alone.
I have no preſent buſineſs to attend,
At leaſt which I'll not quit for ſuch a Friend:
Tell me not of the diſtance: for I vow,
I'll cut the Line, double the Cape for you,

Good

Good faith, I will not leave you: make no words;
Go you to Lambeth *? Is it to my* Lords *?*
His Steward I moſt intimately know,
Have often drunk with his Comptroller too."
By this I found my Wheadle would not paſs,
But rather ſerv'd my ſuff'rings to increaſe:
And ſeeing 'twas in vain to vex, or fret,
I patiently ſubmitted to my Fate.
Strait he begins again: *Sir, if you knew*
My worth but half ſo throughly as I do;
I'm ſure, you would not value any Friend
You have, like me: but that I won't commend
My ſelf, and my own Talents; I might tell
How many ways to wonder I excel.
None has a greater gift in Poetry,
Or writes more Verſes with more eaſe than I:
I'm grown the envy of the men of Wit,
I kill'd ev'n Rocheſter *with grief, and ſpight:*
Next for the Dancing part I all ſurpaſs,
St. Andrew *never mov'd with ſuch a grace:*

=Andre

And

And 'tis well known, when e're I ſing, or ſet,
Humphreys, nor Blow *could ever match me yet.*
Here I got room to interrupt: "*Have you*
"*A Mother, Sir, or Kindred living now?*
Not one: they are all dead." "*Troth, ſo I gueſt:*
"*The happier they* (ſaid I) *who are at reſt.*
"*Poor I am only left unmurder'd yet:*
"*Haſte, I beſeech you, and diſpatch me quite:*
"*For I am well convinc'd, my time is come:*
"*When I was young, a Gypſie told my doom:*
This Lad (ſaid ſhe, and look'd upon my hand)
Shall not by Sword, or Poyſon come to's end,
Nor by the Fever, Dropſie, Gout, or Stone;
But he ſhall die by an eternal Tongue:
Therefore, when he's grown up, if he be wiſe,
Let him avoid great Talkers, I adviſe.
By this time we were got to *Weſtminſter*;
Where he by chance a Trial had to hear,
And, if he were not there, his Cauſe muſt fall:
Sir, if you love me, ſtep into the Hall

For one half hour, "*The Devil take me now,*
"(Said I) *if I know any thing of Law:*
"*Besides I told you whither I'm to go.*"
Hereat he made a ſtand, pull'd down his Hat
Over his eyes, and mus'd in deep debate:
"*I'm in a ſtraight* (ſaid he) *what I ſhall do:*
Whether forſake my buſineſs, Sir, or you."
"*Be by all means* (ſay I) *No* (ſays my Sot)
I fear you'l take it ill, If I ſhould do't:
I'm ſure, you will. "*Not I, by all that's good.*
But I've more breeding, than to be ſo rude.
"Pray, don't neglect your own concerns for me:
"*Your Cauſe good Sir! My Cauſe be damn'd* (ſays he)
I value't leſs than your dear Company."
With this he came up to me, and would lead
The way; I ſneaking after hung my head.

Next he begins to plague me with the *Plot*,
Asks, whether I were known to *Oats* or not?
"*Not I, thank Heaven! I no Prieſt have been:*
"*Have never* Doway, *nor St.* Omers *ſeen,*

What

What think you, Sir; will they Fitz-Harris *try?*
Will he die, think you? Yes, most certainly.
I mean, be hang'd. "*Would thou wert so* (with'd I.)
Religion came in next; tho he'd no more
Than the *French* King, his Punk, or Confessor.
Oh! the sad times, if once the King should die!
Sir, are you not afraid of Popery?
" *No more than my Superiors: why should I?*
" *I've no Estate in Abby-Lands to lose,*
But Fire, and Faggot, Sir, how like you those?
" *Come* Inquisition, *any thing* (thought I)
" *So Heav'n would bless me to get rid of thee:*
" *But 'tis some comfort, that my Hell is here:*
" *I need no punishment hereafter fear.*

Scarce had I thought, but he falls on anew
How stands it, Sir, betwixt his Grace, and you?
" *Sir, he's a man of sense above the Crowd,*
" *And shuns the Converse of a Multitude.*
Ay, Sir, (Says he) *you're happy, who are near*
His Grace, and have the favour of his ear:

But let me tell you, if you'l recommend
This person here, your point will soon be gain'd.
Gad, Sir, I'll die, if my own single Wit
Don't Fob his Minions, and displace 'em quite.
And make your self his only Favourite.
*" No, you are out abundantly (*said I*)*
" We live not, as you think: no Family
" Throughout the whole three Kingdoms is more free
" From those ill Customs, which are us'd to swarm
" In great mens houses; none e're does me harm,
" Because more Learned, or more Rich, than I:
" But each man keeps his Place, and his Degree.
*'Tis mighty strange (*says he*) what you relate,*
" But nothing truer, take my word for that.
You make me long to be admitted too
Amongst his Creatures: Sir, I beg, that you
Will stand my Friend: Your Interest is such,
You may prevail, I'm sure, you can do much.
He's one, that may be won upon, I've heard,
Tho at the first approach access be hard.

I'll

I'll spare no trouble of my own, or Friends,
No coſt in Fees, and Bribes to gain my ends:
I'll ſeek all opportunities to meet
With him, accoſt him in the very ſtreet:
Hang on his Coach, and wait upon him home,
Fawn, Scrape and Cringe to him, nay, to his Groom.
Faith, Sir, this muſt be done, If we'll be great:
Preferment comes not at a cheaper rate.

While at this Savage rate he worried me;
By chance a Doctor, my dear Friend came by,
That knew the Fellow's humour paſſing well:
Glad of the ſight, I joyn him; we ſtand ſtill:
Whence came you, Sir? and whither go you now?
And ſuch like queſtions paſs'd betwixt us two:
Strait I begin to pull him by the ſleeve,
Nod, wink upon him, touch my Noſe, and give
A thouſand hints, to let him know, that I
Needed his help for my delivery:
He, naughty Wag, with an Arch fleering ſmile
Seems ignorant of what I mean the while:

I grow ſtark wild with rage. " *Sir, ſaid not you,*
" *You'd ſomewhat to diſcourſe, not long ago,*
" *With me in private? I remember't well:*
Some other time, be ſure, I will not fail:
Now I am in great haſte upon my word:
A Meſſenger came for me from a Lord,
That's in a bad condition, like to die.
" *Oh! Sir, he can't be in a worſe, than I:*
" *Therefore for God's ſake do not ſtir from hence.*
Sweet Sir! your pardon: 'tis of conſequence:
I hope you're kinder than to preſs my ſtay,
Which may be Heav'n knows what out of my way.
This ſaid, he left me to my murderer:
Seeing no hopes of my relief appear;
" *Confounded be the Stars* (ſaid I) *that ſway'd*
" *This fatal day! would I had kept my Bed*
" *With ſickneſs, rather than been viſited*
" *With this worſe Plague! what ill have I e're done*
" *To pull this curſe, this heavy Judgment down?*
While I was thus lamenting my ill hap,
Comes aid at length: a brace of Bailiffs clap

The

The Rascal on the back: "*Here take your Fees,*
"*Kind Gentlemen* (said I) *for my release.*
He would have had me Bail. "*Excuse me, Sir,*
"*I've made a Vow ne're to be Surety more:*
"*My Father was undone by't heretofore.*
Thus I got off, and bless'd the Fates that he
Was Pris'ner made, I set at liberty.

Paraphraſe upon

HORACE.

Book I. Ode XXXI.

Quid dedicatum poſcit Apollinem
Vates? &c. ——

1.

WHat does the Poet's modeſt Wiſh require?
What Boon does he of gracious Heav'n deſire?
Not the large Corps of *Eſham*'s goodly Soil,
Which tire the Mower's, and the Reaper's toil;
Not the ſoft Flocks, on hilly *Cotſwold* fed,
Nor *Lemſter* Fields with living Fleeces clad:
He does not ask the Grounds, where gentle *Thames*,
Or *Severn* ſpread their fat'ning Streams.

Where

Where they with wanton windings play,
And eat their widen'd Banks insensibly away:
He does not ask the Wealth of *Lombard-street*,
Which Consciences, and Souls are pawn'd to get,
Nor those exhaustless Mines of Gold,
Which *Guinny* and *Peru* in their rich bosoms hold.

2.

Let those that live in the *Canary* Isles,
On which indulgent Nature ever smiles,
Take pleasure in their plenteous Vintages,
And from the juicy Grape its racy Liquor press:
Let wealthy Merchants, when they Dine,
Run o're their costly names of Wine,
Their Chests of *Florence*, and their *Mont-Alchine*.
Their *Mants*, *Champagns*, *Chablees*, *Frontiniacks* tell,
Their Aums of *Hock*, of *Backrag* and *Mosello*:
He envies not their Luxury
Which they with so much pains, and danger buy:

For

For which so many Storms, and Wrecks they bear,
For which they pass the *Streights* so oft each year,
And scape so narrowly the Bondage of *Argier*.

3.

He wants no *Cyprus* Birds, nor *Ortolans*,
Nor Dainties fetch'd from far to please his Sense,
Cheap wholsom Herbs content his frugal Board.
The food of unfain Innocence,
Which the mean'st Village Garden does afford.
Grant him, kind Heav'n, the sum of his desires,
What Nature, not what Luxury requires:
Heavenly does a Competency claim,
And, when he has it, wit to use the same:
Grant him sound Health, impair'd by no Disease,
Nor by his own Excess:
Let him in strength of Mind, and Body live,
But not his Reason, nor his Sense survive:

His

His Age (if Age he e're must live to see)
Let it from want, Contempt, and Care be free.
But not from Mirth, and the delights of Poetry,
Grant him but this, he's amply satisfi'd,
And scorns whatever Fate can give beside.

Paraphrase upon

HORACE.

Book II. Ode XIV.

Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.

1.

ALas! dear Friend, alas! time haſtes away,
Nor is it in our pow'r to bribe its ſtay:
The rolling years with conſtant motion run,
Lo! while I ſpeak, the preſent minute's gone,
And following hours urge the foregoing on.
'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Power,
'Tis not thy Piety can thee ſecure:
They're all too feeble to withſtand
Grey Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidleſs end.

When

When once thy fatal Glass is run,
When once thy utmost Thread is spun,
Twill then be fruitless to expect Reprieve:
Could'st thou ten thousand Kingdoms give
In purchase for each hour of longer life,
They would not buy one gasp of breath,
Not move one jot inexorable Death.

2.

All the vast stock of humane Progeny,
Which now like swarms of Insects crawl
Upon the Surface of Earth's spacious Ball,
Must quit this Hillock of Mortality,
And in its Bowels buried lie.
The mightiest King, and proudest Potentate,
In spight of all his Pomp, and all his State,
Must pay this necessary Tribute unto Fate.
The busie, restless *Monarch* of the times, which now
Keeps such a pother, and so much ado
To fill Gazettes alive,
And after in some lying Annal to survive;

Ev'n

Louis XIV

Ev'n He, ev'n that great mortal Man muſt die,
And ſtink, and rot as well as thou, and I,
As well as the poor tatter'd Wretch, that begs his bread,
And is with ſcraps out of the common Basket fed.

3.

In vain from dangers of the bloudy Field we keep,
In vain we eſcape
The ſultry *Line*, and ſtormy *Cape*,
And all the treacheries of the faithleſs Deep:
In vain for health to forein Countries we repair,
And change our *Engliſh* for *Mompellier* Air,
In hope to leave our fears of dying there:
In vain with coſtly far-fetch'd Drugs we ſtrive
To keep the waſting vital Lamp alive;
In vain on Doctors feeble Art rely;
Againſt reſiſtleſs Death there is no remedy:
Both we, and they for all their skill muſt die,
And fill alike the Bedrols of Mortality.

4.

Thou muſt, thou muſt reſign to Fate, my Friend,
And leave thy Houſe, thy Wife, and Family behind:
Thou muſt thy fair, and goodly Mannors leave,
Of theſe thy Trees thou ſhalt not with thee take,
Save juſt as much as will thy Coffin make:
Nor wilt thou be allow'd of all thy Land, to have,
But the ſmall pittance of a ſix-foot Grave.
Then ſhall thy prodigal young Heir
Laviſh the Wealth, which thou for many a year
Haſt hoarded up with ſo much pains and care:
Then ſhall he drain thy Cellars of their Stores,
Kept ſacred now as vaults of buried Anceſtors:
Shall ſet th' enlarged Butts at liberty,
Which there cloſe Pris'ners under durance lie,
And waſh theſe ſtately Floors with better Wine
Than that of conſecrated Prelates when they dine.

The

The PRAISE of HOMER.

ODE.

I.

HAil God of Verſe! pardon that thus I take in vain
Thy ſacred, everlaſting Name,
And in unhallow'd Lines blaſpheme:
Pardon that with ſtrange Fire thy Altars I profane.
Hail thou! to whom we mortal Bards our Faith ſubmit,
Whom we acknowledg our ſole Text, and holy Writ:
None other Judg infallible we own,
But Thee, who art the Canon of authentick Wit alone.

Thou

Thou art the unexhauſted Ocean, whence
Sprung firſt, and ſtill do flow th' eternal Rills of ſenſe:
To none but Thee our Art Divine we owe;
From whom it had its Riſe, and full Perfection too.
Thou art the mighty Bank, that ever do'ſt ſupply
Throughout the world the whole Poetick Company:
With thy vaſt ſtock alone they traffick for a name,
And ſend their glorious Ventures out to all the Coaſts of Fame,

2.

How trulier blind was dull Antiquity,
Who faſten'd that unjuſt Reproach on Thee?
Who can the ſenſleſs Tale believe?
Who can to the falſe Legend credit give?
Or think thou wantedſt ſight, by whom all others ſee?
What Land, or Region, how remote ſoe're,
Does not ſo well deſcrib'd in thy great Draughts appear,

That each thy native Country ſeems to be,
And each t'have been ſurvey'd, and meaſur'd out
By thee?
Whatever Earth does in her pregnant Bowels bear,
Or on her fruitful Surface wear;
What e're the ſpacious Fields of Air contain,
Or far extended Territories of the Main;
Is by thy skilful Pencil ſo exactly ſhown,
We ſcarce diſcern where thou, or Nature beſt has drawn,
Nor is thy quick all-piercing Eye
Or check'd, or bounded here:
But farther does ſurpaſs, and farther does deſcry:
Beyond the Travels of the Sun, and Year.
Beyond this glorious Scene of ſtarry Tapeſtry,
Where the vaſt Purliews of the Sky,
And boundleſs waſte of Nature lies,
Thy Voyages thou mak'ſt, and bold Diſcoveries.
What there the Gods in Parliament debate,
What Votes, or Acts i'th' Heav'nly Houſes paſs,
By Thee ſo well communicated was;

'As

As if thou'dſt been of that Cabal of State,
As if Thou hadſt been ſworn the Privy-Counſellor of Fate.

3.

What Chief, who does thy Warrior's great Exploits ſurvey,
Will not aſpire to Deeds as great as they?
What generous Readers would he not inſpire
With the ſame gallant Heat, the ſame ambitious Fire?
Methinks from *Ida*'s top with noble Joy I view
The warlike Squadrons by his daring Conduct led;
I ſee th' immortal Hoſt engaging on his ſide,
And him the bluſhing Gods out-do.
Where e're he does his dreadful Standards bear,
Horror ſtalks in the Van, and Slaughter in the Rere.
Whole Swarths of Enemies his Sword does mow,
And Limbs of mangled Chiefs his paſſage ſtrow,
And flouds of reeking Gore the Field o're-flow:

While Heavn's dread Monarch from his Throne of State,
With high concern upon the Fight looks down,
And wrinkles his Majeſtick Brow into a Frown,
To ſee bold Man, like him, diſtribute Fate.

4.

While the great *Macedonian* Youth in Non-age grew,
Not yet by Charter of his years ſet free
From Guardians, and their ſlaviſh tyranny,
No Tutor, but the Budg Philoſophers he knew:
And well enough the grave, and uſeful Tools
Might ſerve to read him Lectures, and to pleaſe
With unintelligible Jargon of the Schools,
And airy Terms and Notions of the Colleges:
They might the Art of Prating, and of Brawling teach,
And ſome inſipid Homilies of Vertue preach:
But when the mighty Pupil had outgrown
Their muſty Diſcipline, when manlier Thoughts poſſeſs'd
His generous Princely Breaſt,

Now

Now ripe for Empire, and a Crown,
And fill'd with lust of Honour, and Renown;
He then learnt to contemn
The despicable things, the men of Flegm:
Strait he to the dull Pedants gave release,
And a more noble Master strait took place:
Thou, who the *Grecian* Warriour so could'st praise,
As might in him just envy raise,
Who (one would think) had been himself too high
To envy any thing of all Mortality,
'Twas thou that taught'st him Lessons loftier far,
The Art of Reigning, and the Art of War:
And wondrous was the Progress, which he made,
While he the Acts of thy great Pattern read:
The World too narrow for his boundless Conquests grew,
He Conquer'd one, and wish'd, and wept for new:
From thence he did those Miracles produce,
And Fought, and Vanquish'd by the Conduct of a Muse.

5.

No wonder rival Nations quarrell'd for thy Birth,
A Prize of greater and of higher worth
Than that which led whole *Greece*, and *Aſia* forth,
Than that, for which thy mighty Hero fought,
And *Troy* with ten years War, and its Deſtruction bought.
Well did they think it noble to have bore that Name,
Which the whole world would with ambition claim:
Well did they Temples raiſe
To Thee, at whom Nature her ſelf ſtood in amaze,
A work, ſhe never tried to mend, nor cou'd,
In which miſtaking Man, by chance ſhe form'd a God.
How gladly would our willing *Iſle* reſign
Her fabulous *Arthur*, and her boaſted *Conſtantine*,
And half her Worthies of the *Norman* Line,
And quit the honour of their Births to be enſur'd to Thine?
How juſtly might it the wiſe choice approve,
Prouder in this than *Crete* to have brought forth Almighty *Jove*?

6. Un-

6.

Unhappy we, thy *Britiſh* Off-ſpring here,
Who ſtrive by thy great Model Monuments to rear:
In vain for worthleſs Fame we toil,
That's pent in the ſtrait limits of a narrow *Iſle*:
In vain our Force, and Art we ſpend
With noble labours to enrich our Land,
Which none beyond our Shores vouchſafe to underſtand.
Be the fair ſtructure ne'r ſo well deſign'd,
The parts with ne'r ſo much proportion joyn'd;
Yet foreign Bards (ſuch is their Pride, or Prejudice)
All the choice Workmanſhip for the Materials ſake deſpiſe.
But happier thou thy Genius didſt diſpence
In Language univerſal as thy ſenſe:
All the rich Bullion, which thy Soveraign Stamp does wear
On every Coaſt of Wit does equal value bear,
Allow'd by all, and currant every where.

No Nation yet has been so barbarous found,
Where thy transcendent Worth was not renown'd.
Throughout the World thou art with Wonder read,
Where ever Learning does its Commerce spread,
Where ever Fame with all her Tongues can speak,
Where ever the bright God of Wit does his vast
Journies take,

7.

Happy above Mankind that envied Name,
Which Fate ordain'd to be thy glorious Theme:
What greater Gift could bounteous Heaven bestow
On its chief Favourite below?
What nobler Trophy could his high Deserts be fit,
Than these thy vast erected Pyramids of Wit?
Not Statutes cast in solid Brass,
Nor those, which Art in breathing Marble does express,
Can boast an equal Life, or lastingness

With

With their well-poliſh'd Images, which claim
A Nich in thy Majeſtick Monuments of Fame.
Here their embalm'd incorruptible memories
Can proudeſt *Louvres*, and *Eſcurials* deſpiſe,
And all the needleſs helps of *Ægypts* coſtly Vanities.
No Blaſts of Heaven, or Ruine of the Spheres,
Not all the waſhing Tides of rolling years,
Nor the whole Race of batt'ring time ſhall e're wear out
The great Inſcriptions, which thy Hand has wrought,
Here thou, and they ſhall live, and bear an endleſs date,
Firm, as enroll'd in the eternal Regiſter of Fate.
For ever curſt be that mad *Emperour*,
(And curſs'd enough he is be ſure)
May future Poets on his hated Name
Shed all their Gall, and fouleſt Infamy,
And may it here ſtand branded with eternal ſhame,
Who thought thy Works could mortal be,
And ſought the glorious Fabrick to deſtroy:

In

In this (could Fate permit it to be done)
His damned *Successor* he had out-gone,
Who *Rome* and all its Palaces in Ashes laid,
And the great Ruins with a savage Joy survey'd:
He burnt but what might be re-built and richer made.

But had the impious Wish succeeded here,
'T had raiz'd what Age, nor Art could e're repair.
Not that vast universal Flame,
Which at the final Doom
This beauteous Work of Nature must consume,
And Heav'n and all its Glories in one Urn entomb,
Will burn a nobler, or more lasting Frame:
As firm, and strong as that it shall endure,
Through all the Injuries of Time secure,
Nor die, till the whole world its Funeral Pile become.

TWO

Two Paſtorals out of the Greek.

BION.

A Paſtoral, in Imitation of the Greek *of* Moſchus, *bewailing the Death of the Earl of* Rochester. (1680)

MOurn all ye Groves, in darker ſhades be ſeen,
Let Groans be heard, where gentle Winds have been:
Ye *Albion* Rivers, weep your Fountains dry,
And all ye Plants your moiſture ſpend, and die:
Ye melancholy Flowers, which once were Men,
Lament, until you be transform'd agen:
Let every Roſe pale as the Lilly be,
And Winter Froſt ſeize the Anemone:

But

But thou, O *Hyacinth*, more vigorous grow
In mournful Letters thy ſad glory ſhow,
Enlarge thy grief, and flouriſh in thy wo:
For *Bion*, the beloved *Bion*'s dead,
His voice is gone, his tuneful breath is fled.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Mourn ye ſweet Nightingales in the thick Woods,
Tell the ſad news to all the *Britiſh* Floods:
See it to *Iſis*, and to *Cham* convey'd,
To *Thames*, to *Humber*, and to utmoſt *Tweed*:
Annd bid them waſt the bitter tidings on,
How *Bion*'s dead, how the lov'd Swain is gone,
And with him all the Art of graceful Song.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Ye gentle Swans, that haunt the Brooks, and Springs,
Pine with ſad grief, and droop your ſickly Wings:

In

In doleful notes the heavy loſs bewail,
Such as you ſing at your own Funeral,
Such as you ſung when your lov'd *Orpheus* fell.
Tell it it to all the Rivers, Hills, and Plains,
Tell it to all the *Britiſh* Nymphs and Swains,
And bid them too the diſmal tydings ſpread
Of *Bion*'s fate, of *England*'s *Orpheus* dead,

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

No more, alas! no more that lovely Swain
Charms with his tuneful Pipe the wondring Plain:
Ceaſt are thoſe Lays, ceaſt are thoſe ſprightly airs,
That woo'd our Souls into our raviſh'd Ears:
For which the liſt'ning ſtreams forgot to run,
And Trees lean'd their attentive branches down:
While the glad Hills, loth the ſweet ſounds to loſe,
Lengthen'd in Echoes every heav'nly cloſe.
Down to the melancholy Shades he's gone,
And there to *Lethe*'s Banks reports his moan:

Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now
But penſive Herds that for their Maſter low:
Stragling and comfortleſs about they rove,
Unmindful of their Paſture, and their Love.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

For thee, dear Swain, for thee, his much-lov'd Son,
Does *Phœbus* Clouds of mourning black put on:
For thee the *Satyrs* and the ruſtick *Fauns*
Sigh and lament through all the Woods and Lawns:
For thee the *Fairies* grieve, and ceaſe to dance
In ſportful Rings by night upon the Plains:
The water *Nymphs* alike thy abſence mourn,
And all their Springs to tears and ſorrow turn:
Sad *Echo* too does in deep ſilence moan,
Since thou art mute, ſince thou art ſpeechleſs grown:
She finds nought worth her pains to imitate,
Now thy ſweet breath's ſtopt by untimely fate:
Trees drop their Leaves to dreſs thy Funeral,
And all their Fruit before its *Autumn* fall:

Each

Each Flower fades, and hangs its wither'd head,
And ſcorns to thrive, or live, now thou art dead:
Their bleating Flocks no more their Udders fill,
The painful Bees neglect their wonted toil:
Alas! what boots it now their Hives to ſtore
With the rich ſpoils of every plunder'd Flower,
when thou, that waſt all ſweetneſs, art no more?

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's*
Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Ne'r did the Dolphins on the lonely Shore
In ſuch loud plaints utter their grief before:
Never in ſuch ſad Notes did *Philomel*
To the relenting Rocks her ſorrow tell:
Ne'r on the Beech did poor *Alcyone*
So weep, when ſhe her floating Lover ſaw:
Nor that dead Lover, to a Sea-fowl turn'd,
Upon thoſe Waves, where he was drown'd, ſo mourn'd:
Nor did the Bird of *Memnon* with ſuch grief
Bedew thoſe Aſhes, which late gave him life:

As

As they did now with vying grief bewail,
As they did all lament dear *Bion*'s fall.

Come all ye Muses, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

In every Wood, on every Tree, and Bush
The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingale, and Thrush,
And all the feather'd Choir, that us'd to throng
In list'ning Flocks to learn his well-tun'd Song.
Now each in the sad Consort bear a part,
And with kind Notes repay their Teachers Art:
Ye Turtles too (I charge you) here assist,
Let not your murmurs in the crowd be mist:
To the dear Swain do not ungrateful prove,
That taught you how to sing, and how to love.

Come all ye Muses, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse,

Whom hast thou left behind thee, skilful Swain,
That dares aspire to reach thy matchless strain?

Who is there after thee, that dares pretend
Rashly to take thy warbling Pipe in hand?
Thy Notes remain yet fresh in every ear,
And give us all delight, and all despair:
Pleas'd *Eccho* still does on them meditate,
And to the whistling Reeds their sounds repeat.
Pan only e're can equal thee in Song,
That task does only to great *Pan* belong:
But *Pan* himself perhaps will fear to try,
Will fear perhaps to be out-done by thee.

Come all ye Muses, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Fair *Galatea* too laments thy death,
Laments the ceasing of thy tuneful breath:
Oft she, kind Nymph, resorted heretofore
To hear thy artful measures from the shore:
Not harsh like the rude *Cyclops* were thy lays,
Whose grating sounds did her soft ears displease:
Such was the force of thy enchanting tongue,
That she for ever could have heard thy Song;

And chid the hours, that did ſo ſwiftly run,
And thought the Sun too haſty to go down,
Now does that lovely *Nereid* for thy ſake
The Sea, and all her fellow Nymphs forſake:
Penſive upon the Beach, ſhe ſits alone,
And kindly tends the Flocks from which thou'rt gone.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

With thee, ſweet *Bion*, all the grace of Song,
And all the *Muſes* boaſted Art is gone:
Mute is thy Voice, which could all hearts command,
Whoſe pow'r no Shepherdeſs could e're withſtand:
All the ſoft weeping *Loves* about thee moan,
At once their Mothers darling, and their own:
Dearer waſt thou to *Venus* than her *Loves*,
Than her charm'd Girdle, than her faithful Doves,
Than the laſt gaſping Kiſſes, which in death
Adonis gave, and with them gave his breath.

This

This, *Thames*, ah! this is now the ſecond loſs,
For which in tears thy weeping Current flows:
Spencer, the Muſes glory, went before,
He paſs'd long ſince to the *Elyſian* ſhore:
For him (they ſay) for him, thy dear-lov'd Son,
Thy Waves did long in ſobbing murmurs groan,
Long fill'd the Sea with their complaint, and moan:
But now, alas! thou do'ſt afreſh bewail,
Another Son does now thy ſorrow call:
To part with either thou alike waſt loth,
Both dear to Thee, dear to the Fountains both:
He largely drank the Rills of ſacred *Cham*,
And this no leſs of *Iſis* noblet ſtream:
He ſung of Hero's, and of hardy Knights
Far-fam'd in Battels, and renown'd Exploits:
This meddled not with bloudy Fights, and Wars,
Pan was his Song, and Shepherds harmleſs jars,
Loves peaceful combats, and its gentle cares.

Love ever was the ſubject of his Lays,
And his ſoft Lays did *Venus* ever pleaſe.

Come all ye Muſes, *come adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Thou, ſacred *Bion*, art lamented more
Than all our tuneful Bards, that dy'd before:
Old *Chaucer*, who firſt taught the uſe of Verſe,
No longer has the tribute of our tears:
Milton, whoſe Muſe with ſuch a daring flight
Led out the warring *Seraphims* to fight:
Bleſt *Cowley* too, who on the banks of *Cham*
So ſweetly ſigh'd his wrongs, and told his flame:
And *He*, whoſe Song rais'd *Cooper*'s Hill ſo high,
As made its glory with *Parnaſſus* vie:
And ſoft *Orinda*, whoſe bright ſhining name
Stands next great *Sappho*'s in the ranks of fame:
All now unwept, and unrelented paſs,
And in our grief no longer ſhare a place:

Bion alone does all our tears engross,
Our tears are all too few for *Bion*'s loss.

Come all ye Muses, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Thee all the Herdsmen mourn in gentlest Lays,
And rival one another in thy praise:
In spreading Letters they engrave thy Name
On every Bark, that's worthy of the fame:
Thy Name is warbled forth by every tongue,
Thy Name the Burthen of each Shepherds Song;
Waller, the sweet'st of living Bards, prepares
For thee his tender'st, and his mournfull'st airs,
And I, the meanest of the British Swains,
Amongst the rest offer these humble strains:
If I am reckon'd not unblest in Song,
'Tis what I ow to thy all-teaching tongue:
Some of thy Art, some of thy tuneful breath
Thou didst by Will to worthless me bequeath;

Others thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,
To me thou didst thy Pipe, and Skill vouchsafe.
Come all ye Muses, *come, adorn the* Shepherd's *Herse*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.
Alas! by what ill Fate, to man unkind,
Were we to so severe a lot design'd?
The meanest Flowers which the Gardens yield,
The vilest Weeds that flourish in the Field,
Which must e're long lie dead in Winter's Snow,
Shall spring again, again more vigorous grow:
Yon Sun, and this bright glory of the day,
Which night is hasting now to snatch away,
Shall rise anew more shining and more gay:
But wretched we must harder measure find,
The great'st, the brav'st, the witt'st of mankind,
When Death has once put out their light, in vain
Ever expect the dawn of Life again:
In the dark Grave insensible they lie,
And there sleep out endless Eternity.

There

There thou to silence ever art confin'd,
While less deserving Swains are left behind:
So please the Fates to deal with us below,
They cull out thee, and let dull *Mævius* go:
Mævius still lives; still let him live for me,
He, and his Pipe shall ne'r my envy be:
None e're that heard thy sweet, thy Artful Tongue,
Will grace their ears with his rough untun'd Song.

Come, all ye Muses, *come, adorn the Shepherd's*
Herse
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

A fierce Disease, sent by ungentle Death,
Snatch'd *Bion* hence, and stop'd his hallow'd breath:
A fatal damp put out that heav'nly fire,
That sacred heat which did his breast inspire.
Ah! what malignant ill could boast that pow'r,
Which his sweet voice's Magick could not cure?
Ah cruel Fate! how could'st thou chuse but spare?
How could'st thou exercise thy rigour here?
Would thou hadst thrown thy Dart at worthless me,
And let this dear, this valued life go free:

Better ten thousand meaner Swains had dy'd,
Than this best work of Nature been destroy'd.

Come, all ye Muses, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Ah! would kind Death alike had sent me hence;
But grief shall do the work, and save its pains:
Grief shall accomplish my desired doom,
And soon dispatch me to *Elysium*:
There, *Bion*, would I be, there gladly know,
How with thy voice thou charm'st the shades below.
Sing, Shepherd, sing one of thy strains divine,
Such as may melt the fierce *Elysian* Queen:
She once her self was pleas'd with tuneful strains,
And sung, and danc'd on the *Sicilian* Plains:
Fear not, thy Song should unsuccessful prove,
Fear not, but 'twill the pitying Goddess move;
She once was won by *Orpheus* heav'nly Lays,
And gave his fair *Eurydice* release.

And thine as pow'rful (queſtion not, dear Swain)
Shall bring thee back to theſe glad Hills again.
Ev'n I my ſelf, did I at all excel,
Would try the utmoſt of my voice and skill,
Would try to move the rigid King of Hell.

The Lamentation for ADONIS.

Imitated out of the *Greek* of *Bion* of *Smyrna*.

PASTORAL.

I Mourn *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* dead,
He's dead, and all that's lovely, with him fled:
Come all ye Loves, come hither and bemoan
The charming sweet *Adonis* dead and gone:
Rise from thy Purple Bed, and rich Alcove,
Throw off thy gay attire, great Queen of Love:
Henceforth in sad and mournful weeds appear,
And all the marks of grief, and sorrow wear,

And tear thy locks, and beat thy panting breast,
And cry, *My dear* Adonis *is deceast.*

I mourn *Adonis*, the soft Loves bemoan
The gentle sweet *Adonis* dead and gone.
On the cold Mountain lies the wretched Youth,
Kill'd by a Savage Boar's unpitying tooth:
In his white thigh the fatal stroke is found,
Nor whiter was that tooth, that gave the wound:
From the wide wound fast flows the streaming gore
And stains that skin which was all snow before:
His breath with quick short tremblings comes and goes,
And Death his fainting eyes begins to close:
From his pale lips the ruddy colour's fled,
Fled, and has left his kisses cold and dead:
Yet *Venus* never will his kisses leave,
The Goddess ever to his lips will cleave:
The kiss of her dear Youth does please her still,
But her poor Youth does not the pleasure feel:
Dead he feels not her love, feels not her grief,
Feels not her kiss, which might ev'n life retrieve.

I mourn

I mourn *Adonis* the ſad Loves bemoan
The comely fair *Adonis* dead and gone.
Deep in his Thigh, deep went the killing ſmart,
But deeper far it goes in *Venus* heart:
His faithful Dogs about the Mountain yell,
And the hard Fate of their dead Maſter tell:
The troubled Nymphs alike in doleful ſtrains
Proclaim his death through all the Fields & Plains:
But the ſad Goddeſs, moſt of all forlorn,
With love diſtracted, and with ſorrow torn,
Wild in her look, and ruful in her air,
With Garments rent, and with diſhevel'd hair,
Through Brakes, through Thickets, and through pathleſs ways,
Through Woods, through Haunts, and Dens of Savages,
Undreſt, unſhod, careleſs of Honour, Fame,
And Danger, flies, and calls on his lov'd name.
Rude Brambles, as ſhe goes, her body tear,
And her cut feet with bloud the ſtones beſmear.

She thoughtleſs of the unfelt ſmart flies on,
And fills the Woods, and Vallies with her moan,
Loudly does on the Stars and Fates complain,
And prays them give *Adonis* back again:
But he, alaſs! the wretched Youth, alas!
Lies cold, and ſtiff, extended on the graſs:
There lies he ſteep'd in gore, there lies he drown'd,
In purple ſtreams, that guſh from his own wound.
All the ſoft band of Loves their Mother mourn,
At once of beauty, and of love forlorn.
Venus has loſt her Lover, and each grace,
That ſate before in triumph in her face,
By grief chas'd thence, has now forſook the place.
That day which ſnatch'd *Adonis* from her arms,
That day bereft the Goddeſs of her charms.
The Woods and Trees in murmuring ſighs bemoan
The fate of her *Adonis* dead and gone.
The Rivers too, as if they would deplore
His death, with grief ſwell higher than before:

The

The Flowers weep in tears of dreary dew,
And by their drooping heads their sorrow shew:
But most the *Cyprian* Queen with shrieks, and groans,
Fills all the neighb'ring Hills, and Vales, and Towns:
The poor Adonis *dead!* is all her cry,
Adonis *dead!* sad *Echo* does reply.

What cruel heart would not the Queen of Love
To melting tears, and soft compassion move,
When she saw how her wretched Lover fell,
Saw his deep wound, saw it incurable?
Soon as her eyes his bleeding wounds survey'd,
With eager clips she did his Limbs invade,
And these soft, tender, mournful things she said:
" Whither, O whither sli'st thou, wretched Boy,
" Stay my *Adonis*, stay my only joy,
" O stay, unhappy Youth, at least till I
" With one kind word bespeak thee, e're thou die,
" Till I once more embrace thee, till I seal
" Upon thy dying lips my last farewel.

" Look

" Look up one minute, give one parting kiſs,
" One kiſs, dear Youth, to dry theſe flowing eyes:
" One kiſs as thy laſt Legacy I'd fain
" Preſerve, no God ſhall take it off again.
" Kiſs, while I watch thy ſwimming eye-balls roul,
" Watch thy laſt gaſp, and catch thy ſpringing ſoul.
" I'll ſuck it in, I'll hoard it in my heart,
" I with that ſacred pledg will never part,
" But thou wilt part, but thou art gone, far gone
" To the dark ſhades, and leav'ſt me here alone.
" Thou dy'ſt, but hopeleſs I muſt ſuffer life,
" Muſt pine away with eaſleſs endleſs grief:
" Why was I born a Goddeſs? why was I
" Made ſuch a wretch to want the pow'r to die?
" If I by death my ſorrows might redreſs,
" If the cold Grave could to my pains give eaſe,
" I'd gladly die, I'd rather nothing be
" Than thus condemn'd to immortality:
" In that vaſt empty void, and boundleſs waſt,
" We mind not what's to come, nor what is paſt.

" Of

" Of life, or death we know no difference,
" Nor hopes, nor fears at all affect our ſenſe:
" But thoſe who are of pleaſure once bereft,
" And muſt ſurvive, are moſt unhappy left:
" To ravenous ſorrow they are left a prey,
" Nor can they ever drive deſpair away.
" Take, cruel *Proſerpine*, take my lov'd Boy,
" Rich with my ſpoils, do thou my loſs enjoy.
" Take him relentleſs Goddeſs, for thy own,
" Never till now waſt thou my envy grown.
" Hard Fate! that thus the beſt of things muſt be
" Always the plunder of the Grave, and thee:
" The Grave, and thou now all my hopes engroſs,
" And I for ever muſt *Adonis* loſe.
" Thou'rt dead, alas! alas! my Youth, thou'rt dead,
" And with thee all my pleaſures too are fled:
" They're all like fleeting vaniſh'd dreams paſs'd o're,
" And nought but the remembrance left in ſtore
" Of taſted joys ne're to be taſted more:

" With

" With thee my *Ceſtos*, all my charms are gone,
" Thy *Venus* muſt thy abſence ever moan,
" And ſpend the tedious live-long nights alone.
" Ah! heedleſs Boy, why would'ſt thou raſhly chooſe
" Thy ſelf to dang'rous pleaſures to expoſe?
" Why would'ſt thou hunt? why would'ſt thou any more
" Venture with Dogs to chaſe the foaming Boar?
" Thou waſt all fair to mine, to humane eyes,
" But not (alas!) to thoſe wild Savages.
" One would have thought thy ſweetneſs might have charm'd
" The roughеſt kind, the fierceſt rage diſarm'd:
" Mine (I am ſure) it could; but wo is thee!
" All wear not eyes, all wear not breaſts like me.

In ſuch ſad words the Dame her grief did vent;
While the Wing'd Loves kept time with her complaint:
As many drops of Bloud as from the wound
Of ſlain *Adonis* fell upon the ground,

So many tears, and more you might have told.
That down the cheeks of weeping *Venus* rouſ'd:
Both tears, and bloud to new-born flow'rs give riſe,
Hence Roſes ſpring, and thence Anemonies.

Ceaſe, *Venus*, in the Woods to mourn thy Love,
Thou'ſt vented ſighs, thou'ſt laviſh'd tears enough:
See! Goddeſs, where a glorious bed of State
Does ready for thy dear *Adonis* wait:
This bed was once the Scene of Love, and Joy,
But now muſt bear the wretched, murder'd Boy:
There lies he, like a pale, and wither'd Flower,
Which ſome rude hand had cropt before its hour:
Yet ſmiles, and beauties ſtill live in his face,
Which death can never frighten from their place.
There let him lie upon that conſcious bed,
Where you loves myſteries ſo oft have tried:
When you've enjoy'd ſo many an happy night,
Each lengthen'd into ages of delight.
There let him lie, there heaps of Flowers ſtrow,
Roſes and Lillies ſtore upon him throw,
And myrtle Garlands laviſhly beſtow:

Pour

Pour Myrrh, and Balm, and coſtlieſt Ointments on,
Flowers are faded, Ointments worthleſs grown,
Now thy *Adonis*, now thy Youth is gone,
Who was all ſweetneſſes compriz'd in one.
In Purple wrapt, *Adonis* lies in ſtate,
A Troop of mourning Loves about him wait:
Each does ſome mark of their kind ſorrow ſhow,
One breaks his Shafts, t'other unſtrings his Bow,
A third upon his Quiver wreaks his hate,
As the ſad cauſes of his haſty fate:
This plucks his bloudy garments off, that brings
Water in Veſſels from the neighb'ring Springs,
Some waſh his Wound, ſome fan him with their Wings:
All equally their Mothers loſs bemoan,
All moan for poor *Adonis* dead and gone.
Sad *Hymen* too the fatal loſs does mourn,
His Tapers all to Funeral Tapers turn,
And all his wither'd Nuptial Garlands burn:

His gay, and airy Songs are heard no more,
But mournful Strains, that hopeleſs love deplore.
Nor do the *Graces* fail to bear a part
With wretched *Venus* in her pain and ſmart:
The poor Adonis *dead!* by turns they cry,
And ſtrive in grief the Goddeſs to out-vie.
The *Muſes* too in ſofteſt Lays bewail
The hapleſs Youth, and his fled Soul recal:
But all in vain; ——ah! numbers are too weak
To call the loſt, the dead *Adonis* back:
Not all the pow'rs of Verſe, or charms of Love
The deaf remorſleſs *Proſerpine* can move.
Ceaſe then, ſad Queen of Love, thy plaints give o're,
Till the next year reſerve thy grief in ſtore:
Reſerve thy Sighs, and tears in ſtore till then,
Then thou muſt ſigh, then thou muſt weep agen.

Paraphraſe upon the 137. *Pſalm.*

I.

Ver. 1. FAr from our pleaſant native *Paleſtine*,
Where great *Euphrates* with a mighty
current flows,
And does in watry limits *Babylon* confine,
Curſs'd *Babylon!* the cauſe, and author of our woes;
There on the Rivers ſide
Sate wretched, Captive we.
And in ſad Tears bewail'd our miſery.
Tears, whoſe vaſt ſtore increas'd the neighb'ring
Tides.
We wept, and ſtrait our grief before us brought
A thouſand diſtant Objects to our thought.
As oft as we ſurvey'd the gliding Stream,
Lov'd *Jordan* did our ſad remembrance claim:
As oft as we th' adjoyning City view'd,
Dear *Sions* razed Walls our Grief renew'd:

We thought on all the Pleaſures of our happy Land,
Late raviſh'd by a cruel Conqu'rour's hand:
We thought on every piteous, every mournful thing,
That might acceſs to our enlarged ſorrows bring;

2. Deep ſilence told the greatneſs of our Grief,
Of grief too great by Vent to find relief:
Our Harps as mute and dumb, as we,
Hung uſeleſs, and neglected by,
And now and then a broken String would lend a ſigh,
As if with us they felt a ſympathy,
And mourn'd their own, and our Captivity:
The gentle River too, as if compaſſionate grown,
As 'twould its Natives cruelty attone,
As it paſs'd by, in murmurs gave a pitying Groan.

2.

3. There the proud Conquerors, who gave us Chains,
Who all our ſuff'rings and misfortunes gave,
Did with rude Inſolence our Sorrows brave,
And with inſulting Raillery thus mock'd our Pains;

Play

Play us (ſaid they *) ſome briſk, and airy ſtrain,*
Such as your Anceſtors were wont to hear
On Shilo's *pleaſant Plain,*
Where all the Virgins met in Dances once a year:
Or one of thoſe,
Which your illuſtrious David *did compoſe,*
While he fill'd Iſrael's *happy Throne,*
Great Soldier, Poet, and Muſician all in one:
Oft (have we heard) he went with Harp in hand,
Captain of all th' harmonious Band,
And vanquiſh'd all the Quire with's ſingle skill alone:

4. Forbid it Heav'n! forbid thou great thrice-hallow'd Name,
We ſhould thy Sacred Hymns defame,
Or them with impious ears profane.
No, no, inhumane ſlaves, is this a time
(Oh cruel, and prepoſterous demand!)
When every Joy, and every Smile's a crime,
A Treaſon to our poor unhappy native Land?
Is this a time for ſprightly Airs,
When every look the Badg of ſorrow wears,

And Livery of our Miſeries,

Sad miſeries that call for all our Breath in ſighs,

And all the Tribute of our eyes,

And moiſture of our Veins our very bloud in tears?

When nought can claim our Thoughts, *Jeruſalem*, but thou,

Nought, but thy ſad Deſtruction, Fall, and Overthrow?

3.

Oh deareſt City! late our Nations juſteſt Pride!

Envy of all the wond'ring world beſide!

Oh ſacred Temple, once th' Almighty's bleſs'd abode,

Now quite forſaken by our angry God!

Shall ever diſtant time, or Place

Your firm Ideas from my Soul deface?

Shall they not ſtill take up my Breaſt

As long as that, and Life, and I ſhall laſt?

Grant

Grant Heav'n (nor ſhall my Pray'rs the Curſe withſtand)
That this my learned, skilful hand
(Which now o're all the tuneful ſtrings can boaſt command,
Which does as quick, as ready, and unerring prove,
As nature, when it would its joynts or fingers move)
Grant it forget its Art and feeling too,
When I forget to think, to wiſh, to pray for you:
6. For ever tied with Dumbneſs be my tongue,
When it ſpeaks ought that ſhall not to your Praiſe belong,
If that be not the conſtant ſubject of my Muſe, and Song.

4.

7. Remember, Heav'n, remember *Edom* on that day,
And with like ſufferings their ſpight repay,
Who made our Miſeries their cruel Mirth and Scorn,
Who laugh'd to ſee our flaming City burn,
And wiſh'd it might to Aſhes turn:

Raze,

Raze, raze it (was their curſed cry)

Raze all its ſtately Structures down,

And lay its Palaces, and Temple level with the ground,

Till Sion *buried in his diſmal Ruines lie,*

Forgot alike its Place, its Name, and Memory.

8. And thou proud *Babylon!* juſt Object of our Hate,

Thou too ſhalt feel the ſad reverſe of Fate,

Tho thou art now exalted high,

And with thy lofty head o'retop'ſt the Sky,

As if thou would'ſt the Pow'rs above defie;

Thou (if thoſe Pow'rs (and ſure they will) prove juſt,

If my Prophetick Grief can ought foreſee)

Ere long ſhalt lay that lofty head in duſt,

And bluſh in Bloud for all thy preſent Cruelty;

How loudly then ſhall we retort theſe bitter Taunts!

How gladly to the Muſick of thy Fetters dance!

5.

A day will come (oh might I ſee't!) e're long
That ſhall revenge our mighty wrong:
Then bleſs'd, for ever bleſs'd be he
Whoever ſhall return't on thee,
And grave it deep, and pay't with bloudy Uſury:
May neither aged Groans, nor Infant Cries,
Nor pitious Mothers Tears, nor raviſh'd Virgins Sighs,
Soften thy unrelenting Enemies,
Let them as thou to us inexorable prove,
Nor Age nor Sex their deaf Compaſſion move;
Rapes, Murders, Slaughters, Funerals,
And all thou durſt attempt within our *Sions* Wall,
May'ſt thou endure, and more, till joyful we
Confeſs thy ſelf out-done in artful cruelty.
Bleſs'd, yea, thrice bleſſed be that barbarous Hand
(Oh grief, that I ſuch dire Revenge commend!)
Who tears out Infants from their Mothers Womb,
And hurls them yet unborn unto their Tomb:

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd he who plucks them from their Parents Arms,

That Sanctuary from all common harms,

Who with their Skulls, and Bones ſhall pave thy Streets all o're,

And fill thy glutted Channels with their ſcatter'd Brains and Gore.

Para-

Paraphraſe upon the HYMN *of St.* AMBROSE.

ODE.

1.

TO Thee, O God, we thy juſt Praiſes ſing,
To Thee we Thy great Name rehearſe:
We are Thy Vaſſals, and this humble Tribute bring
To Thee, acknowledg'd only Lord and King,
Acknowledg'd ſole and Sovereign Monarch of the Univerſe.
All parts of this wide Univerſe adore,
Eternal Father, thy Almighty power:
The Skies, and Stars, Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea,
With all their numerous nameleſs Progeny

Con-

Confeſs, and their due Homage pay to thee;
For why? thou ſpak'ſt the Word, and mad'ſt them
all from Nothing be.
To thee all Angels, all thy glorious Court on
high,
Seraph and Cherub, the Nobility,
And whatſoever Spirits be
Of leſſer Honour, leſs Degree;
To Thee in heav'nly Lays
They ſing loud Anthems of immortal Praiſe:
Still Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hoſts they cry,
This is their bus'neſs, this their ſole employ,
And thus they ſpend their long and bleſt Eternity.

2.

Farther than Natures utmoſt ſhores and limits
ſtretch
The ſtreams of thy unbounded Glory reach;
Beyond the ſtraits of ſcanty Time, and Place,
Beyond the ebbs and flows of matter's narrow
Seas
They reach, and fill the Ocean of Eternity and
Space.

In-

Infus'd like ſome vaſt mighty ſoul,

Thon do'ſt inform and actuate this ſpacious whole:

Thy unſeen hand does the well-joynted Frame ſuſtain,

Which elſe would to its primitive Nothing ſhrink again.

But moſt thou do'ſt thy Majeſty diſplay

In the bright Realms of everlaſting Day:

There is Thy reſidence, there do'ſt Thou reign,

There on a State of dazling Luſtre ſit,

There ſhine in Robes of pure refined Light;

Where Sun's coarſe Rays are but a Foil and Stain,

And refuſe Stars the ſweepings of thy glorious Train.

3.

There all Thy Family of menial Saints,

Huge Colonies of bleſs'd Inhabitants,

Which Death through countleſs Ages has tranſplanted hence,

Now on Thy Throne for ever wait,

And fill the large Retinue of thy heav'nly State.

There

There reverend Prophets ſtand, a pompous goodly ſhow,

Of old thy Envoys extraordinary here,

Who brought thy ſacred Embaſſies of Peace and War,

That to th' obedient, this the rebel world below.

By them the mighty Twelve have their abode,

Companions once of the Incarnate ſuff'ring God,

Partakers now of all his Triumphs there,

As they on earth did in his Miſeries ſhare.

Of Martyrs next a crown'd and glorious Quire,

Illuſtrious Heroes, who have gain'd

Through dangers, and Red Seas of Bloud the Promis'd Land,

And paſs'd through Ordeal Flames to the Eternity in Fire.

There all make up the Conſort of thy Praiſe,

To Thee they ſing (and never ceaſe)

Loud Hymns, and Hallelujah's of Applauſe:

An Angel-Laureat does the Senſe and Strains compoſe,

Senſe far above the reach of mortal Verſe,
Strains far above the reach of mortal ears,
And all, a Muſe unglorified can fancy, or rehearſe.

4.

Nor is this Conſort only kept above,
Nor is it to the Bleſs'd alone confin'd;
But Earth, and all thy Faithful here are joyn'd,
And ſtrive to vie with them in Duty and in Love:
And, tho they cannot equal Notes and Meaſures raiſe,
Strive to return th' imperfect Ecchoes of thy Praiſe.

They through all Nations own thy glorious Name,
And every where the great Three One proclaim,
Thee, Father of the World, and Us, and Him,
Who muſt Mankind, whom Thou didſt make, Redeem,
Thee, bleſſed Saviour, the ador'd, true, only Son
To man debas'd, to reſcue Man undone:

⊗ cf: Cowley, Davideis, Bk I – p. 11 –

And Thee, Eternal, Holy Power,
Who do'ſt by Grace exalted Man reſtore
To all, he loſt by the old Fall, and Sin before:
You bleſs'd and glorious Trinity,
Riddle to baffled Knowledg and Philoſophy,
Which cannot conprehend the mighty Myſtery
Of numerous One, and the unnumber'd Three
Vaſt topleſs Pile of Wonders! at whoſe ſight
Reaſon it ſelf turns giddy with the height,
Above the flutt'ring pitch of humane Wit,
And all, but the ſtrong wings of Faith, that Eagle's towring flight.

5.

Bleſs'd Jeſu! how ſhall we enough adore,
Or thy unbounded Love, or thy unbounded Pow'r?
Thou art the Prince of Heav'n, thou are the Almighty's Heir,
Thou art th' Eternal Off-ſpring of th' Eternal Sire:
Hail thou the Worlds Redeemer! whom to free
From bonds of Death and endleſs miſery,

Thou

Thou thought'ſt it no diſdain to be
Inhabiter in low mortality:
Th' Almighty thought it no diſdain
To dwell in the pure Virgins ſpotleſs Womb,
There did the boundleſs Godhead, and whole Heav'n find room,
And a ſmall point the Circle of Infinity contain.
Hail Ranſom of Mankind, all-great, all-good!
Who didſt attone us with thy Bloud,
Thy ſelf the Offering, Altar, Prieſt, and God:
Thy ſelf didſt die to be our glorious Bail
From Death's Arreſts, and the eternal Flaming Jail:
Thy ſelf thou gav'ſt th' ineſtimable Price,
To Purchaſe and Redeem our morgag'd Heav'n and Happineſs.
Thither, when thy great Work on Earth had end,
When Death it ſelf was ſlain and dead,
And Hell with all its Powers captive led,
Thou didſt again triumphantly Aſcend:

There do'ſt Thou now by Thy great Father ſit on high,

With equal Glory, equal Majeſty,

Joynt-Ruler of the everlaſting Monarchy.

6.

Again from thence thou ſhalt with greater triumph come,

When the laſt Trumpet ſounds the general Doom:

And (lo!) thou com'ſt, and (lo!) the direful ſound does make

Through Deaths wide Realm Mortality awake:

And (lo) they all appear

At Thy Dread Bar,

And all receive th' unalterable Sentence there.

Affrighted Nature trembles at the diſmal Day,

And ſhrinks for fear, and vaniſhes away:

Both that, and Time breath out their laſt, and now they die,

And now are ſwallow'd up and loſt in vaſt Eternity.

Mercy,

Mercy, O mercy, angry God!

Stop, ſtop thy flaming Wrath, too fierce to be with-
ſtood,

And quench it with the Deluge of thy Bloud;

Thy precious Bloud which was ſo freely ſpilt

To waſh us from the ſtains of Sin and Guilt:

O write us with it in the Book of Fate

Amongſt thy Choſen, and Predeſtinate,

Free Denizens of Heav'n, of the Immortal State.

7.

Guide us, O Saviour! guide thy Church below,

Both Way, and Star, Compaſs, and Pilot Thou:

Do thou this frail and tottering Veſſel ſteer

Through Life's tempeſtuous Ocean here,

Through all the toſſing Waves of Fear,

And dang'rous Rocks of black Deſpair.

Safe under Thee we ſhall to the wiſh'd Haven move,

And reach the undiſcover'd Lands of Bliſs above.

Thus low (behold!) to thy great Name we bow,

And thus we ever wiſh to grow:

Conſtant, as Time does thy fix'd Laws obey,
To Thee our Worſhip and our Thanks we pay:
With theſe we wake the chearful Light,
With theſe we Sleep, and Reſt invite;
And thus we ſpend our Breath, and thus we ſpend our Days,
And never ceaſe to Sing, and never ceaſe to Praiſe.

8.

While thus each Breaſt, and Mouth, and Ear
Are filled with thy Praiſe, and Love, and Fear,
Let never Sin get room, or entrance there:
Vouchſafe, O Lord, through this and all our days
To guard us with Thy pow'rful Grace:
Within our hearts let no uſurping Luſt be found,
No rebel Paſſion tumult raiſe,
To break thy Laws, or break our Peace,
But ſet thy Watch of Angels on the Place,
And keep the Tempter ſtill from that forbidden ground.

Ever,

Ever, O Lord, to us thy mercies grant,
Never, O Lord, let us thy mercies want,
Ne're want Thy Favour, Bounty, Liberality,
But let them ever on us be,
Conſtant as our own Hope and Truſt on Thee:
On Thee we all our Hope and Truſt repoſe;
O never leave us to our Foes,
Never, O Lord, deſert our Cauſe:
Thus aided and upheld by Thee,
We'll fear no Danger, Death, nor Miſery;
Fearleſs we thus will ſtand a falling world
With cruſhing Ruins all about us hurl'd,
And face wide gaping Hell, & all its ſlighted Pow'rs defie.

A Letter from the Country to a Friend in Town, giving an Account of the Author's Inclinations to Poetry.

Written in July, 1678.

AS to that *Poet* (if so great a one, as he,
May suffer in comparison with me)
When heretofore in *Scythian* exile pent,
To which he by ungrateful *Rome* was sent.
If a kind Paper from his Country came,
And wore subscrib'd some known, and faithful Name;
That like a pow'rful Cordial, did infuse
New life into his speechless gasping Muse,
And strait his Genius, which before did seem
Bound up in Ice, and frozen as the Clime,
By its warm force, and friendly influence thaw'd,
Dissolv'd apace, and in soft numbers flow'd:

Such

Such welcome here, dear Sir, your Letter had
With me ſhut up in cloſe conſtraint as bad:
Not eager Lovers, held in long ſuſpence,
With warmer Joy, and a more tender ſenſe
Meet thoſe kind Lines, which all their wiſhes bleſs
And Sign, and Seal deliver'd Happineſs:
My grateful Thoughts ſo throng to get abroad,
They over-run each other in the crowd:
To you with haſty flight they take their way,
And hardly for the dreſs of words will ſtay.

Yet pardon, if this only fault I find,
That while you praiſe too much, you are leſs kind:
Conſider, Sir, 'tis ill and dang'rous thus
To over-lay a young and tender Muſe:
Praiſe, the fine Diet, which we're apt to love,
If given to exceſs, does hurtful prove:
Where it does weak, diſtemper'd Stomachs meet
That ſurfeits, which ſhould nouriſhment create.
Your rich Perfumes ſuch fragrancy diſpenſe,
Their ſweetneſs overcomes, and palls my ſenſe;

On my weak head you heap so many Bays,
I sink beneath 'em, quite oppress'd with Praise,
And a resembling fate with him receive,
Who in too kind a triumph found his Grave,
Smother'd with Garlands, which Applauders gave.

To you these Praises justlier all belong,
By alienating which, your self you wrong:
Whom better can such commendations fit
Than you, who so well teach and practise Wit?
Verse, the great boast of drudging Fools, from some,
May most of Scriblers with much straining come:
They void 'em dribling, and in pain they write,
As if they had a Strangury of Wit:
Your Pen uncall'd they readily obey,
And scorn your Ink should flow so fast as they:
Each strain of yours so easie does appear,
Each such a graceful negligence does wear,
As shews you have none, and yet want no care.
None of your serious pains or time they cost,
But what thrown by, you can afford for lost:

If

If ſuch the fruits of your looſe leiſure be,
Your careleſs minutes yield ſuch Poetry;
We gueſs what proofs your Genius would impart,
Did it employ you, as it does divert:
But happy you, more prudent, and more wiſe,
With better aims have fix'd your noble choice.
While ſilly I all thriving Arts refuſe,
And all my hopes, and all my vigour loſe,
In ſervice on that worſt of Jilts, a Muſe,
For gainful buſineſs court ignoble eaſe,
And in gay Triſles waſt my ill-ſpent days.

Little I thought, my deareſt Friend, that you
Would thus contribute to my Ruine too:
O're-run with filthy Poetry, and Rhyme,
The preſent reigning evil of the time,
I lack'd, and (well I did my ſelf aſſure)
From your kind hand I ſhould receive a cure:
When (lo!) inſtead of healing Remedies,
You cheriſh, and encourage the Diſeaſe:
Inhumane you help the Diſtemper on,
Which was before but too inveterate grown.

As a kind looker on, who int'reſt ſhares,
Tho not in's ſtake, yet in his hopes and fears,
Would to his Friend a puſhing Gameſter do,
Recall his Elbow when he haſtes to throw;
Such a wiſe courſe you ſhould have took with me.
A raſh and vent'ring fool in Poetry.
Poets are Cullies, whom Rook Fame draws in,
And wheadles with deluding hopes to win:
But, when they hit, and moſt ſucceſsful are,
They ſcarce come off with a bare ſaving ſhare.
Oft (I remember) did wiſe Friends diſſuade,
And bid me quit the trifling barren Trade.
Oft have I tried (Heav'n knows) to mortifie
This vile, and wicked luſt of Poetry:
But ſtill unconquer'd it remains within,
Fix'd as an Habit, or ſome darling Sin.
In vain I better ſtudies there would ſow,
Often I've tried, but none will thrive, or grow:
All my beſt thoughts, when I'd moſt ſerious be,
Are never from its foul infection free:

Nay

Nay (God forgive me) when I ſay my Prayers,
I ſcarce can help polluting them with Verſe:
That fabulous *Wretch* of old revers'd I ſeem, Midas
Who turn whate're I touch to Droſs and Rhyme.
Oft to divert the wild Caprice, I try
If Sovereign Wiſdom and Philoſophy
Rightly applied, will give a remedy:
Strait the great *Stagyrite* I take in hand, Ariſtotle
Seek Nature, and my Self to underſtand:
Much I reflect on his vaſt Worth and Fame,
And much my low, and groveling aims condemn,
And quarrel, that my ill-pack'd Fate ſhould be
This vain, this worthleſs thing call'd Poetry:
But when I find this unregarded Toy The Poetic
Could his important Thoughts, and Pains employ,
By reading there I am but more undone,
And meet that danger, which I went to ſhun.
Oft when ill Humour, Shagrin, Diſcontent
Give leiſure my wild Follies to reſent,
I thus againſt my ſelf my Paſſion vent.

Enough

" Enough, mad rhiming Sot, enough for ſhame,
" Give o're, and all thy Quills to Tooth-picks Damn;
" Didſt ever thou the Altar rob, or worſe,
" Kill the Prieſt there, and Maids receiving force?
" What elſe could merit this ſo heavy Curſe?
" The greateſt Curſe, I can, I wiſh on him,
" If there be any greater than to rhime)
" Who firſt did of the lewd invention think,
" Firſt made two lines with ſounds reſembling clink,
" And, ſwerving from the eaſie paths of Proſe,
" Fetters, and Chains did on free Senſe impoſe:
" Curſs'd too be all the fools, who ſince have went
" Miſled in ſteps of that ill Preſident:
" Want be entail'd their lot: —— and on I go;
Wreaking my ſpight on all the jingling Crew:
Scarce the beloved *Cowley* ſcapes, tho I
Might ſooner my own curſes fear, than he:
And thus reſolv'd againſt the ſcribling vein,
I deeply ſwear never to write again.

But

But when bad Company and Wine conſpire
To kindle, and renew the fooliſh Fire,
Straitways relaps'd, I feel the raving fit
Return, and ſtrait I all my Oaths forget:
The Spirit, which I thought caſt out before,
Enters again with ſtronger force, and power,
Worſe than at firſt, and tyrannizes more.
No ſober good advice will then prevail,
Nor from the raging Frenzy me recal:
Cool Reaſon's dictates me no more can move
Than men in Drink, in *Bedlam*, or in Love:
Deaf to all means which might moſt proper ſeem
Towards my cure, I run ſtark mad in Rhime:
A ſad poor haunted wretch, whom nothing leſs
Than Prayers of the Church can diſpoſſeſs.
Sometimes, after a tedious day half ſpent,
When Fancy long has hunted on cold Scent,
Tir'd in the dull, and fruitleſs chaſe of Thought,
Deſpairing I grow weary, and give out:
As a dry Lecher pump'd of all my ſtore,
I loath the thing, 'cauſe I can do't no more:

But

But, when I once begin to find again,
Recruits of matter in my pregnant Brain,
Again more eager I the haunt purſue,
And with freſh vigour the lov'd ſport renew:
Tickled with ſome ſtrange pleaſure, which I find,
And think a ſecreſie to all mankind,
I pleaſe my ſelf with the vain, falſe delight,
And count none happy, but the Fops that write.

'Tis endleſs, Sir, to tell the many ways,
Wherein my poor deluded ſelf I pleaſe:
How, when the Fancy lab'ring for a Birth,
With unfelt Throws brings its rude iſſue forth:
How after, when imperfect ſhapeleſs Thought
Is by the Judgment into Faſhion wrought.
When at firſt ſearch I traverſe o're my mind,
Nought but a dark, and empty Void I find:
Some little hints at length, like ſparks, break thence,
And glimm'ring Thoughts juſt dawning into ſenſe:
Cõfus'd a while the mixt Idea's lie,
With nought of mark to be diſcover'd by,

Like

Like colours undiſtinguiſh'd in the night,
Till the dusk Images, mov'd to the light,
Teach the diſcerning Faculty to chuſe,
Which it had beſt adopt, and which refuſe.
Here rougher ſtrokes, touch'd with a careleſs daſh,
Reſemble the firſt ſitting of a face:
There finiſh'd draughts in form more full appear,
And to their juſtneſs ask no further care.
Mean while with inward joy I proud am grown,
To ſee the work ſucceſsfully go on:
And prize my ſelf in a creating power, (fore.
That could make ſomething, what was nought be-
Sometimes a ſtiff, unwieldy thought I meet,
Which to my Laws will ſcarce be made ſubmit:
But, when, after expence of pains and time,
'Tis manag'd well, and taught to yoke in Rhime,
I triumph more, than joyful Warriours wou'd,
Had they ſome ſtout, and hardy Foe ſubdu'd:
And idly think, leſs goes to their Command,
That makes arm'd Troops in well-plac'd order ſtand,

Than to the conduct of my words, when they
March in due ranks, are ſet in juſt array.

Sometimes on wings of Thought I ſeem on high,
As men in ſleep, though motionleſs they lie,
Fledg'd by a Dream, believe they mount and fly:
So Witches ſome enchanted Wand beſtride,
And think they through the airy Regions ride,
Where Fancy is both Traveller, Way, and Guide:
Then ſtrait I grow a ſtrange exalted thing,
And equal in conceit, at leaſt a King:
As the poor Drunkard, when Wine ſtums his brains,
Anointed with that Liquor, thinks he reigns.
Bewitch'd by theſe Deluſions 'tis I write,
(The tricks ſome pleaſant Devil plays in ſpight)
And when I'm in the freakiſh Trance, which I
Fond ſilly Wretch, miſtake for Extaſie,
I find all former Reſolutions vain,
And thus recant them, and make new again.
" What was't, I raſhly vow'd? ſhall ever I
" Quit my beloved Miſtris, Poetry?

" Thou

" Thou ſweet beguiler of my lonely hours,
" Which thus glide unperceiv'd with ſilent courſe:
" Thou gentle Spell, which undiſturb'd do'ſt keep
" My Breaſt, and charm intruding care aſleep:
" They ſay, thou'rt poor, and unendow'd, what tho?
" For thee I this vain, worthleſs world forgo:
" Let Wealth, and Honour be for Fortune's Slaves,
" The Alms of Fools, and Prize of crafty Knaves:
" To me thou art, whate're th' ambitious crave,
" And all that greedy Miſers want, or have:
" In Youth, or Age, in Travel, or at Home,
" Here, or in Town, at *London*, or at *Rome*,
" Rich, or a Beggar, free, or in the Fleet,
" Whate're my Fate is, 'tis my Fate to write.

Thus I have made my ſhrifted Muſe confeſs,
Her ſecret Feebleſs, and her Weakneſſes:
All her hid Faults ſhe ſets expos'd to view,
And hopes a gentle Confeſſor in you:

She hopes an eaſie pardon for her ſin,
Since 'tis but what ſhe is not wilful in,
Nor yet has ſcandalous nor open been.
Try if your ghoſtly counſel can reclaim
Th: heedleſs wanton from her guilt and ſhame:
At leaſt be not ungenerous to reproach
That wretched frailty, which you've help'd debauch.
'Tis now high time to end, for fear I grow
More tedious than old Doaters, when they woo,
Than travel'd Fops, when far-fetch'd lies they prate,
Or flatt'ring Poets, when they dedicate.
No dull forgiveneſs I preſume to crave,
Nor vainly for my tireſom length ask leave:
Leſt I, as often formal Coxcombs uſe,
Prolong that very fault, I would excuſe:
May this the ſame kind welcome find with you,
As yours did here, and ever ſhall; Adieu.

Upon a Printer *that expoſed him by Printing a Piece of his groſly mangled, and faulty.*

DUll, and unthinking! hadſt thou none but me
To plague, and urge to thine own Infamy?
Had I ſome tame and ſneaking Author been,
Whoſe Muſe to Love, and ſoftneſs did incline,
Some ſmall Adventurer in Song, that whines
Chloris and *Phyllis* out in charming lines,
Fit to divert mine Hoſteſs, and miſlead
The heart of ſome poor tawdry Waiting Maid;
Perhaps I might have then forgiven thee,
And thou hadſt ſcap'd from my reſentments free.
But I whom ſpleen, and manly rage inſpire,
Brook no affront, at each offence take fire:
Born to chaſtiſe the Vices of the Age,
Which Pulpits dare not, nor the very Stage:
Sworn to laſh Knaves of all degrees, and ſpare
None of the kind, however great they are:
Satyr's my only Province, and delight,
For whoſe dear ſake alone I've vow'd to write:
For this I ſeek occaſions, court Abuſe,
To ſhew my Parts, and ſignalize my Muſe:
Fond of a Quarrel, as young Bullies are
To make their Mettle, and their Skill appear:
And didſt thou think I would a wrong acquit,
That touch'd my tenderſt part of Honour, Wit?

No,

No, Villain, may my Sins ne're pardon'd be
By Heav'n it ſelf, if e're I pardon thee.
Members from breach of Privilege deter
By threatning *Topham* and a Meſſenger:
Scroggs, and the Brothers of the Coif oppoſe,
By force and dint of Statutes, and the Laws:
Strumpets of *Billingſgate* redreſs their wrongs
By the ſole noiſe, and foulneſs of their Tongues:
And I go always arm'd for my defence,
To puniſh, and revenge an inſolence.
I wear my Pen, as others do their Sword,
To each affronting Sot, I meet, the word
Is *Satisfaction*: ſtrait to Thruſts I go,
And pointed Satyr runs him through and through.
Perhaps thou hop'dſt that thy obſcurity
Should be thy ſafeguard, and ſecure thee free.
No, wretch, I mean from thence to fetch thee out,
Like ſentenc'd Felons, to be drag'd about:
Torn, mangled, and expos'd to ſcorn, and ſhame,
I mean to hang, and Gibbet up thy Name.
If thou to live in Satyr ſo much thirſt,
Enjoy thy wiſh, and Fame, till envy burſt,
Renown'd, as he, whom baniſh'd *Ovid* curſt:
Or he, whom old *Archilochus* ſo ſtung
In Verſe, that he for ſhame, and madneſs hung:
Deathleſs in infamy, do thou ſo live,
And leo my Rage, like his, to Halters drive.
Thou thoughtſt perhaps my Gall was ſpent and gone,
My Venom drain'd, and I a ſtingleſs Drone:
Thou thoughtſt I had no Curſes left in ſtore;
But to thy ſorrow know, and find I've more,

More

More, and more dreadful yet, able to ſcare,
Like Hell, and urge to Daggers, and Deſpair:
Such thou ſhalt feel, are ſtill reſerv'd by me,
To vex and force thee to thy Deſtiny:
Since thou haſt brav'd my vengeance thus; prepare,
And tremble from my Pen thy Doom to hear.
Thou, who with ſpurious Nonſenſe durſt profane
The genuine iſſue of a Poets Brain,
May'ſt thou hereafter never deal in Verſe,
But what hoarſe Bell-men in their Walks rehearſe,
Or *Smithfield* Audience ſung on Crickets hears:
May'ſt thou print *H*——, or ſome duller Aſs,
Jordan, or Him, that wrote *Dutch Hudibraſs*:
Or next vile Scribler of the Houſe, whoſe Play
Will ſcarce for Candles, and their ſnuffing pay:
May you each other Curſe; thy ſelf undone,
And he the laughing-ſtock of all the Town.
May'ſt thou ne're riſe to Hiſtory, but what
Poor *Grubſtreet* Peny Chroniclers relate,
Memoirs of *Tyburn*, and the mournful State
Of Cut-purſes in *Holborn* Cavalcade,
Till thou thy ſelf be the ſame ſubject made.
Compell'd by want, may'ſt thou Print Popery,
For which be the Carts Arſe, and Pillory,
Turnips, and rotten Eggs thy deſtiny.
Maul'd worſe than *Reading*, *Chriſtian*, or *Cellier*,
Till thou daub'd o're with loathſom filth, appear
Like Brat of ſome vile Drab in Privy found,
Which there has lain three months in Ordure drown'd.

The

The Plague of Poets, Rags, and Poverty,
Debts, Writs, Arreſts, and Serjeants light on thee:
For others bound, may'ſt thou to Durance go,
Condemn'd to Scraps, and begging with a Shoo:
And may'ſt thou never from the Jail get free,
Till thou ſwear out thy ſelf by Perjury:
Forlorn, abandon'd, pitileſs, and poor,
As a pawn'd Cully, or a mortgag'd Whore,
May'ſt thou an Halter want for thy Redreſs,
Forc'd to ſteal Hemp to end thy miſeries,
And damn thy ſelf to balk the Hangmans Fees.
And may no ſaucy Fool have better Fate
That dares pull down the Vengeance of my Hate.

FINIS.

POEMS,
AND
Tranſlations.

2nd Ed.

By the AUTHOR of 3
The Satyrs upon the Jeſuits.

LONDON,
Printed for *Joſ. Hindmarſh*, Bookſeller to his Royal Highneſs, at the Black Bull in *Cornhill*, 1684.

18-72

Advertiſement.

THE Author of the following Pieces muſt be excuſed for their being huddled out ſo confuſedly. They are Printed juſt as he finiſhed them off, and ſome things there are which he deſigned not ever to expoſe, but was fain to do it, to keep the Preſs at work, when it was once ſet a going. If it be their Fate to periſh, and go the way of all mortal Rhimes, 'tis no great matter in what method they have been placed, no more than whether *Ode*, *Elegy*, or *Satyr* have the honour of Wiping firſt. But if they, and what he has formerly made Publick, be ſo happy as to live, and come forth in an Edition all together; perhaps he may then think them worth the ſorting in better Order. By that time belike he means to have ready a very Sparkiſh Dedication, if he can but get himſelf known to ſome Great Man, that will

will give a good parcel of Guinnies for being handſomly flatter'd. Then likewiſe the Reader (for his farther comfort) may expect to ſee him appear with all the Pomp and Trappings of an Author; his Head in the Front very finely cut, together with the Year of his Age, Commendatory Verſes in abundance, and all the Hands of the Poets of the *Quorum* to confirm his Book, and paſs it for Authentick. This at preſent is content to come abroad naked, Undedicated, and unprefaced, without one kind Word to ſhelter it from Cenſure; and ſo let the Criticks take it amongſt them.

THE

THE
TABLE.

Monſieur Boileau's *Satyr upon Man, imitated,* Page 1

Juvenal's *thirteenth Satyr, imitated* 25

David's *Lamentation for the Death of* Saul *and* Jonathan, *paraphras'd. Ode* 49

The Ode of Ariſtotle *in* Athenæus, *paraphraſed* 66

Upon the Works of Ben. Johnſon. *Ode* 69

The ninth Ode of the third Book of Horace, *imitated* 87

Upon a Lady, who by overturning of a Coach had her Coats behind flung up, and what was under ſhewn to the view of the Company 90

Catullus, *Epigram 7. imitated* 97

The fourth Elegy of the ſecond Book of Ovid's *Amours, imitated* 99

The fifth Elegy of the ſame Book, imitated 104

The tenth Elegy of the ſame Book, imitated 110

A Fragment of Petronius, *paraphraſed* 114

An Ode of Anacreon, *paraphraſed* 116

An Alluſion to Martial, *Book* 1. *Epigr.* 118. 120

The Dream, an Elegy 122

A Satyr, touching Nobility. Out of French 127

A Satyr, addreſſed to a Friend that is about to leave the Univerſity and come abroad in the world 137
Preſenting a Book to Coſmelia. *Elegy* 149
The Parting. Elegy 153
Complaining of Abſence. Elegy 156
Promiſing a Viſit. Elegy 158
The careleſs Good Fellow. Song 160
A Satyr concerning Poetry 164
The third Satyr of Juvenal, *imitated* 180
A Dithyrambick. *The Drunkards Speech in a Maſk* 206

THE

De l'Homme, 1664.

THE EIGHTH SATYR OF Monſieur *BOILEAU*, Imitated.

Written in *October*, 1682.

The POET brings himſelf in, as diſcourſing with a Doctor of the Univerſity upon the Subject enſuing.

OF all the Creatures in the world that be,
Beaſt, Fiſh, or Fowl, that go, or ſwim, or fly
Throughout the Globe from *London* to *Japan*,
The arrant'ſt Fool in my opinion's Man.
What? (ſtrait I'm taken up) *an Ant, a Fly,*
A tiny Mite, which we can hardly ſee

 Without

Without a Perſpective, a ſilly Aſs,
Or freakiſh Ape? Dare you affirm, that theſe
Have greater ſenſe than Man? Ay, queſtionleſs.
Doctor, I find you're ſhock'd at this diſcourſe:
Man is (you cry) *Lord of the Univerſe;*
For him was this fair frame of Nature made,
And all the Creatures for his uſe, and aid:
To him alone of all the living kind,
Has bounteous Heav'n the reas'ning gift aſſign'd.
True Sir, that Reaſon ever was his lot,
But thence I argue Man the greater Sot.
This idle talk, (ſay you) *and rambling ſtuff*
May paſs in Satyr, and take well enough
With Sceptick Fools, who are diſpos'd to jeer
At ſerious things: but you muſt make't appear
By ſolid proof. Believe me, Sir, I'll do't:
Take you the Desk, and let's diſpute it out.
Then by your favour, tell me firſt of all,
What 'tis, which you grave Doctors Wiſdom call?

You

You anſwer: *'Tis an evenneſs of Soul,*
A ſteddy temper, which no cares controul,
No paſſions ruffle, nor deſires inflame,
Still conſtant to its ſelf, and ſtill the ſame,
That does in all its ſlow Reſolves advance,
With graver ſteps, than Benchers, when they dance.
Moſt true; yet is not this, I dare maintain,
Leſs us'd by any, than the Fool, call'd Man.
The wiſer Emmet, quoted juſt before,
In Summer time ranges the Fallows o're
With pains, and labour, to lay in his ſtore:
But when the bluſt'ring North with ruffling blaſts
Saddens the year, and Nature overcaſts;
The prudent Inſect, hid in privacy,
Enjoys the fruits of his paſt induſtry.
No Ant of ſenſe was e're ſo awkard ſeen,
To drudg in Winter, loiter in the Spring.
But fillier man, in his miſtaken way,
By Reaſon, his falſe guide, is led aſtray:

Toſt by a thouſand guſts of wavering doubt,
His reſtleſs mind ſtill rolls from thought to thought:
In each reſolve unſteady, and unfixt,
And when he one day loaths, deſires the next.
Shall I, ſo fam'd for many a tuant jeſt
On wiving, now go take a jilt at laſt?
Shall I turn Husband, and my ſtation chooſe,
Amongſt the reverend Martyrs of the Nooſe?
No, there are fools enough beſides in Town,
To furniſh work for Satyr, and Lampoon:
Few months before cried the unthinking Sot,
Who quickly after, hamper'd in the knot,
Was quoted for an inſtance by the reſt,
And bore his Fate, as tamely as the beſt,
And thought, that Heav'n from ſome miraculous ſide,
For him alone had drawn a faithful Bride.
This is our image juſt: ſuch is that vain,
That fooliſh, fickle, motly Creature, Man:

More changing than a Weathercock, his Head
Ne'r wakes with the ſame thoughts, he went to bed,
Irkſome to all beſide, and ill at eaſe,
He neither others, nor himſelf can pleaſe:
Each minute round his whirling humours run,
Now he's a Trooper, and a Prieſt anon,
To day in Buff, to morrow in a Gown.
Yet, pleas'd with idle whimſies of his brain,
And puft with pride, this haughty thing would fain
Be thought himſelf the only ſtay, and prop,
That holds the mighty frame of Nature up:
The Skies and Stars his properties muſt ſeem,
And turn-ſpit Angels tread the Spheres for him:
Of all the Creatures he's the Lord (he cries)
More abſolute, than the *French* King of his.
And who is there (ſay you) *that dares deny*
So own'd a truth? That may be, Sir, do I.

But to omit the controverſie here,
Whether, if met, the Paſſenger and Bear,
This or the other ſtands in greater fear,
Or if an Act of Parliament ſhould paſs
That all the *Iriſh* Wolves ſhould quit the place,
They'd ſtrait obey the Statutes high command,
And at a minutes warning rid the Land:
This boaſted Monarch of the world, that awes
The Creatures here, and with his beck gives Laws;
This titular King, who thus pretends to be
The Lord of all, how many Lords has he?
The luſt of Money, and the luſt of Power,
With Love, and Hate, and twenty paſſions more,
Hold him their ſlave, and chain him to the Oar.

Scarce has ſoft ſleep in ſilence clos'd his eyes,
Up! (ſtrait ſays Avarice) *'tis time to riſe.*
Not yet: one minute longer. *Up!* (ſhe cries)
Th' Exchange, and Shops are hardly open yet.
No matter: Riſe! But after all, for what?

D'ye ask I *go, cut the* Line, *double the* Cape,
Traverſe from end to end the ſpacious deep:
Search both the Indies, Bantam, *and* Japan:
Fetch Sugars from Barbadoes, *Wines from* Spain.
What needs all this? I've wealth enough in ſtore,
I thank the Fates, nor care for adding more.
You cannot have too much, this point to gain,
You muſt no Crime, no Perjury refrain,
Hunger you muſt endure, Hardſhip, and Want,
Amidſt full Barns keep an eternal Lent,
And tho you've more than B—m *has ſpent,*
Or C—n *got, like ſtingy* B—el *ſave,*
And grudg your ſelf the charges of a Grave,
And the ſmall Ranſom of a ſingle Groat,
From Sword, or Halter to redeem your Throat.
And pray, why all this ſparing? *Don't you know?*
Only t'enrich a ſpendthrift Heir, or ſo:
Who ſhall, when you are timely dead, and gone,
With his gilt Coach, and Six amuſe the Town,

Keep his gay brace of Punks, and vainly give
More for a night, than you to fine for Shrieve.
But you loſe time! the Wind, and Veſſel waits,
Quick, let's aboard! Hey for the Downs, *and* Streights.

Or, if all-powerful Money fail of charms:
To tempt the wretch, and puſh him on to harms:
With a ſtrong hand does fierce Ambition ſeize,
And drag him forth from ſoft repoſe and eaſe:
Amidſt ten thouſand dangers ſpurs him on,
With loſs of Bloud and Limbs to hunt renown.
Who for reward of many a wound and maim,
Is paid with nought but wooden Legs, and Fame;
And the poor comfort of a grinning Fate,
To ſtand recorded in the next Gazette.

But hold (cries one) *your paltry gibing wit,*
Or learn henceforth to aim it more aright:
If this be any; 'tis a glorious fault,
Which through all Ages has been ever thought
The Hero's virtue, and chief excellence:

Pray,

Pray, what was Alexander *in your ſenſe?*
A Fool belike. Yes, faith, Sir, much the ſame:
A crack-brain'd Huff, that ſet the world on flame:
A Lunatick broke looſe, who in his fit
Fell foul on all, invaded all, he met:
Who, Lord of the whole Globe, yet not content,
Lack'd elbow-room, and ſeem'd too cloſely pent.
What madneſs was't, that, born to a fair Throne,
Where he might rule with Juſtice, and Renown,
Like a wild Robber, he ſhould chooſe to roam,
A pitied wretch, with neither houſe, nor home,
And hurling War, and Slaughter up and down,
Through the wide world make his vaſt folly known?
Happy for ten good reaſons had it been,
If *Macedon* had had a *Bedlam* then:
That there with Keepers under cloſe reſtraint
He might have been from frantick miſchief pent.
But that we mayn't in long digreſſions now
Diſcourſe all *Rainolds*, and the Paſſions through,

And ranging them in method ſtiff, and grave,
Rhime on by Chapter, and by Paragraph;
Let's quit the preſent Topick of diſpute,
For *More* and *Cudworth* to enlarge about;
And take a view of man in his beſt light,
Wherein he ſeems to moſt advantage ſet,
'Tis he alone (you'll ſay) *'tis happy he,*
That's fram'd by Nature for Society:
He only dwells in Towns, is only ſeen
With Manners and Civility to ſhine;
Does only Magiſtrates, and Rulers chooſe,
And live ſecur'd by Government, and Laws.
'Tis granted, Sir; but yet without all theſe,
Without your boaſted Laws, and Policies,
Or fear of Judges, or of Juſtices;
Who ever ſaw the Wolves, that he can ſay,
Like more inhumane Us, ſo bent on prey,
To rob their fellow Wolves upon the way?
Who ever ſaw *Church* and *Fanatick* Bear,
Like ſavage Mankind one another tear?

What Tyger e're, aſpiring to be great,
In Plots and Factions did embroil the State?
Or when was't heard upon the *Libian* Plains,
Where the ſtern Monarch of the Deſert reigns,
That *Whig* and *Tory* Lions in wild jars
Madly engag'd for choice of Shrieves and May'rs?
The fierceſt Creatures, we in Nature find,
Reſpect their figure ſtill in the ſame kind;
To others rough, to theſe they gentle be,
And live from Noiſe, from Feuds, from Actions free.

No Eagle does upon his Peerage ſue,
And ſtrive ſome meaner Eagle to undo:
No Fox was e're ſuborn'd by ſpite, or hire,
Againſt his brother Fox his life to ſwear.
Nor any Hind, for Impotence at Rut,
Did e're the Stag into the Arches put;
Where a grave Dean the weighty Caſe might ſtate,
What makes in Law a carnal *Job* complete:
They fear no dreadful *Quo Warranto* Writ,
To ſhake their ancient privilege and right:

No Courts of Seſſions, or Aſſize are there,
No *Common-Pleas*, *Kings-Bench*, or *Chancery-Bar*:
But happier they, by Natures Charter free,
Secure, and ſafe in mutual peace agree,
And know no other Law, but Equity.

'Tis Man, 'tis Man alone, that worſt of Brutes,
Who firſt brought up the trade of cutting Throats,
Did Honour firſt, that barbarous term, deviſe,
Unknown to all the gentler Savages;
And, as 'twere not enough t'have fetch'd from Hell,
Powder, and Guns, with all the arts to kill,
Farther to plague the World, he muſt ingroſs
Huge Codes, and bulky Pandects of the Laws,
With Doctors Gloſſes to perplex the Cauſe,
Where darken'd Equity is kept from light,
Under vaſt Reams of non-ſenſe buried quite.
Gently, good Sir! (cry you) *why all this rant?*
Man has his freaks, and paſſions; that we grant:
He has his frailties, and blind ſides; who doubts?
But his leaſt Virtues balance all his Faults.

Pray,

Pray, was it not this bold, this thinking Man,
That meaſur'd Heav'n, and taught the Stars to ſcan,
Whoſe boundleſs wit, with ſoaring wings durſt fly,
Beyond the flaming borders of the ſky;
Turn'd Nature o're, and with a piercing view
Each cranny ſearch'd, and look'd her through and through:
Which of the Brutes have Univerſities?
When was it heard, that they e're took Degrees,
Or were Profeſſors of the Faculties?
By Law, or Phyſick were they ever known
To merit Velvet, or a Scarlet Gown?

No queſtionleſs; nor did we ever read,
Of Quacks with them, that were Licentiates made,
By Patent to profeſs the poys'ning Trade:
No Doctors in the Desk there hold diſpute
About Black-pudding, while the wond'ring Rout
Liſten to hear the knotty Truth made out:
Nor Virtuoſo's teach deep myſteries
Of Arts for pumping Air, and ſmothering Flies.

But not to urge the matter farther now,
Nor ſearch it to the depth, what 'tis to know,
And whether we know any thing or no.
Anſwer me only this, What man is there
In this vile thankleſs Age, wherein we are,
Who does by Senſe and Learning value bear?
Would'ſt thou get Honour, and a fair Eſtate,
And have the looks and favours of the Great?
Cries an old Father to his blooming Son,
Take the right courſe, be rul'd by me, 'tis done.
Leave mouldy Authors to the reading Fools,
The poring crowds in Colleges and Schools:
How much is threeſcore Nobles? Twenty pound.
Well ſaid, my Son, the Anſwer's moſt profound:
Go, thou know'ſt all that's requiſite to know;
What Wealth on thee, what Honours haſte to flow!
In theſe high Sciences thy ſelf employ,
Inſtead of Plato, *take thy* Hodder, *Boy.*
Learn there the art to audit an Account,
To what the Kings Revenue does amount:

Monſieur Boileau, *imitated.*

How much the Cuſtoms, and Exciſe bring in,
And what the Managers each year purloin.
Get a Caſe-harden'd Conſcience, Iriſh *proof,*
Which nought of pity, ſenſe, or ſhame can move:
Turn Algerine, Barbarian, Turk, *or* Jew,
Unjuſt, inhumane, treacherous, baſe, untrue;
Ne'r ſtick at wrong; hang Widows ſighs and tears,
The cant of Prieſts to frighten Uſurers:
Boggle at nothing to encreaſe thy Store,
Nor Orphans ſpoils, nor plunder of the Poor:
And ſcorning paltry rules of Honeſty,
By ſurer methods raiſe thy Fortune high.
Then ſhoals of Poets, Pedants, Orators,
Doctors, Divines, Aſtrologers, and Lawyers,
Authors of every ſort, and every ſize,
To thee their Works, and Labours ſhall addreſs,
With pompous Lines their Dedications fill,
And learnedly in Greek *and* Latine *tell*
Lies to thy face, that thou haſt deep inſight,
And art a mighty Judg of what they write.

He that is rich, is every thing that is,
Without one grain of Wiſdom he is wiſe,
And knowing nought, knows all the Sciences:
He's witty, gallant, virtuous, generous, ſtout,
Well-born, well-bred, well-ſhap'd, well-dreſt, what not?
Lov'd by the Great, and courted by the Fair,
For none that e're had Riches, found deſpair:
Gold to the loathſom'ſt object gives a grace,
And ſets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey *pleaſe:*
But tatter'd Poverty they all deſpiſe,
Love ſtands aloof, and from the Scare-crow flies.

Thus a ſtanch Miſer to his hopeful Brat
Chalks out the way that leads to an Eſtate;
Whoſe knowledg oft with utmoſt ſtretch of Brain
No high'r than this vaſt ſecret can attain,
Five and four's nine, take two, and ſeven remain.

Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,
Unravel *Scripture* with induſtrious pains:
On muſty *Fathers* waſte your fruitleſs hours,
Correct the Criticks, and Expoſitors:

Out-

Out-vie great *Stillingfleet* in ſome vaſt Tome,
And there confound both *Bellarmine* and *Rome*;
Or glean the *Rabbies* of their learned ſtore;
To find what Father *Simon* has paſt o're!
Then at the laſt ſome bulky piece compile,
There lay out all your time, and pains, and skill?
And when 'tis done and finiſh'd for the Preſs,
To ſome great name the mighty Work addreſs:
Who for a full reward of all your toil,
Shall pay you with a gracious nod or ſmile:
Juſt recompence of life too vainly ſpent!
An empty *Thank you Sir*, and Complement.

But, if to higher Honours you pretend,
Take the advice and counſel of a Friend;
Here quit the Desk, and throw your Scarlet by,
And to ſome gainful courſe your ſelf apply.
Go, practiſe with ſome Banker how to cheat,
There's choice in Town, enquire in *Lombard ſtreet*.

Let *Scot* and *Ockam* wrangle as they pleaſe,
And thus in ſhort with me conclude the caſe,
A Doctor is no better than an Aſs.

A Doctor, Sir? your ſelf: Pray have a care,
This is to puſh your Raillery too far.
But not to loſe the time in trifling thus,
Beſide the point, come now more home and cloſe:
That Man has Reaſon is beyond debate,
Nor will your ſelf, I think, deny me that:
And was not this fair Pilot giv'n to ſteer,
His tott'ring Bark through Life's rough Ocean here?

All this I grant: But if in ſpite of it
The Wretch on every Rock he ſees will ſplit,
To what great purpoſe does his Reaſon ſerve,
But to miſguide his courſe, and make him ſwerve?
What boots it *H.* when it ſays, *Give o're*
Thy ſcribling itch, and play the fool no more.
If her vain counſels, purpos'd to reclaim,
Only avail to harden him in ſhame?

Lam-

Lampoon'd, and hiſs'd, and damn'd the thouſandth time,
Still he writes on, is obſtinate in Rhime:
His Verſe, which he does every where recite,
Put all his Neighbors, and his Friends to flight:
Scar'd by the rhiming Fiend, they haſt away,
Nor will his very Groom be hir'd to ſtay.

The Aſs, whom Nature Reaſon has deni'd,
Content with Inſtinct for his ſurer guide,
Still follows that, and wiſelier does proceed:
He ne'er aſpires with his harſh braying Note,
The Songſters of the Wood to challenge out:
Nor like this awkard ſmatterer in Arts,
Sets up himſelf for a vain Aſs of parts;
Of reaſon void, he ſees, and gains his end,
While Man, who does to that falſe light pretend,
Wildly gropes on, and in broad day is blind.
By whimſie led he does all things by chance,
And acts in each againſt all common ſenſe.

With every thing pleas'd, and diſpleas'd at once,
He knows not what he ſeeks, nor what he ſhuns:
Unable to diſtinguiſh good, or bad,
For nothing he is gay, for nothing ſad:
At random loves, and loaths, avoids, purſues,
Enacts, repeals, makes, alters, does, undoes.
Did we, like him, e'er ſee the Dog, or Bear,
Chimera's of their own deviſing fear?
Frame needleſs doubts, and for thoſe doubts forego
The Joys which prompting Nature calls them to?
And with their Pleaſures awkardly at ſtrife,
With ſcaring Fantoms pall the ſweets of Life?
Tell me, grave Sir, did ever Man ſee Beaſt
So much below himſelf, and ſenſe debas'd,
To worſhip Man with ſuperſtitious Fear,
And fondly to his Idol Temples rear?
Was he e'er ſeen with Pray'rs, and Sacrifice
Approach to him, as Ruler of the Skies,
To beg for Rain, or Sun-ſhine on his knees?

No never: but a thouſand times has Beaſt
Seen Man, beneath the meaneſt Brute debas'd,
Fall low to Wood, and Metal heretofore,
And madly his own Workmanſhip adore:
In *Egypt* oft has ſeen the Sot bow down,
And reverence ſome deified Baboon:
Has often ſeen him on the Banks of *Nile*
Say Pray'rs to the Almighty Crocodile:
And now each day in every ſtreet abroad
Sees proſtrate Fools adore a breaden God.

But why (ſay you) *theſe ſpiteful Inſtances*
Of Egypt, *and its groß Idolatries?*
Of Rome, *and hers as much ridiculous?*
What are theſe lewd Buffooneries to us?
How gather you from ſuch wild proofs as theſe,
That Man, a Doctor is beneath an Aß?
An Aß! that heavy, ſtupid, lumpiſh Beaſt,
The Sport, and mocking-ſtock of all the reſt?
Whom they all ſpurn, and whom they all deſpiſe,
Whoſe very name all Satyr does comprize?

An Aſs, Sir? Yes: Pray what ſhould make us laugh?

Now he unjuſtly is our jeer, and ſcoff.

But, if one day he ſhould occaſion find

Upon our Follies to expreſs his mind;

If Heav'n, as once of old, to check proud Man,

By miracle ſhould give him Speech again;

What would he ſay, d'ye think, could he ſpeak out,

Nay, Sir, betwixt us two, what would he not?

What would he ſay, were he condemn'd to ſtand

For one long hour in *Fleetſtreet*, or the *Strand*,

To caſt his eyes upon the motly throng,

The two-leg'd Herd, that daily paſs along;

To ſee their odd Diſguiſes, Furs, and Gowns,

Their Caſſocks, Cloaks, Lawn-ſleeves, and Pantaloons?

What would he ſay to ſee a Velvet Quack

Walk with the price of forty kill'd on's Back;

Or mounted on a Stage, and gaping loud,
Commend his Drugs, and Ratsbane to the Crowd?
What would he think, on a Lord Mayor's day,
Should he the Pomp and Pageantry ſurvey?
Or view the Judges, and their ſolemn Train,
March with grave decency to kill a Man?
What would he think of us, ſhould he appear
In Term amongſt the Crowds at *Weſtminſter*,
And there the helliſh din, and Jargon hear,
Where S. and his Pack with deep-mouth'd
Notes
Drown *Billingſgate*, and all its Oyſter-Boats?
There ſee the Judges, Sergeants, Barriſters,
Attorneys, Counſellors, Solicitors,
Criers, and Clerks, and all the Savage Crew
Which wretched man at his own charge undo?
If after proſpect of all this, the Aſs
Should find the voice he had in *Eſop*'s days;

Then, Doctor, then, caſting his eyes around
On human Fools, which every where abound.
Content with Thiſtles, from all envy free,
And ſhaking his grave head, no doubt he'd cry
Good faith, Man is a Beaſt as much as we.

THE

THE THIRTEENTH SATYR OF *JUVENAL*, Imitated.

Written in *April*, 1682.

ARGUMENT.

The POET comforts a Friend, that is overmuch concerned for the loss of a considerable Sum of Money, of which he has lately been cheated by a person, to whom he intrusted the same. This he does by shewing, that nothing comes to pass in the world without Divine Providence, and that wicked Men (however they seem to escape its Punishment here) yet

yet ſuffer abundantly in the torments of an evil Conſcience. And by the way takes occaſion to laſh the Degeneracy, and Villany of the preſent Times.

THere is not one baſe Act, which men commit,
But carries this ill ſting along with it,
That to the Author it creates regret:
And this is ſome Revenge at leaſt, that he
Can ne'er acquit himſelf of Villany.
Tho a Brib'd Judg and Jury ſet him free.
All people, Sir, abhor, (as 'tis but juſt)
Your faithleſs Friend, who lately broke his Truſt,
And curſe the treacherous Deed: But, thanks to Fate,
That has not bleſs'd you with ſo ſmall Eſtate,
But that with patience you may bear the Croſs,
And need not ſink under ſo mean a Loſs.
Beſides your Caſe for leſs concern does call,
Becauſe 'tis what does uſually befall:

Ten thousand such might be alledg'd with ease,
Out of the common crowd of Instances.
Then cease for shame, immoderate regret,
And don't your Manhood, and your sense forget:
'Tis womanish, and silly to lay forth
More cost in Grief than a Misfortune's worth,
You scarce can bear a puny trifling ill,
It goes so deep; pray Heav'n! it does not kill:
And all this trouble, and this vain ado,
Because a Friend (forsooth) has prov'd untrue.
Shame o' your Beard! can this so much amaze?
Were you not born in good King *Jemmy*'s days?
And are not you at length yet wiser grown,
When threescore Winters on your head have snown;
Almighty Wisdom gives in Holy Writ
Wholsom Advise to all, that follow it:
And those, that will not its great Counsels hear,
May learn from meer experience how to bear
(Without vain strugling) Fortune's yoke, and how
They ought her rudest shocks to undergo,

There's

There's not a day so solemn through the year,
Not one red Letter in the Calendar,
But we of some new Crime discover'd hear.
Theft, Murder, Treason, Perjury, what not?
Moneys by Cheating, Padding, Poisoning got.
Nor is it strange; so few are now the Good,
That fewer scarce were left at *Noah*'s Flood:
Should *Sodom*'s Angel here in Fire descend,
Our Nation wants ten Men to save the Land,
Fate has reserv'd us for the very Lees
Of Time, where Ill admits of no degrees:
An Age so bad old Poets ne'r could frame,
Nor find a Metal out to give't a name.
This your Experience knows; and yet for all
On faith of God, and Man aloud you call,
Louder than on Queen *Bess*'s day the Rout
For *Antichrist* burnt in Effigie shout:
But, tell me, Sir, tell me, grey-headed Boy,
Do you not know what Leth'ry men enjoy

In

In ſtollen Goods? For Gods ſake don't you ſee
How they all laugh at your ſimplicity,
When gravely you forewarn of Perjury?
Preach up a God, and Hell, vain empty names,
Exploded now for idle thredbare ſhams,
Devis'd by Prieſts, and by none elſe believ'd,
E'er ſince great *Hobbs* the World has undeceiv'd?
This might have paſt with the plain ſimple Race
Of our Forefathers in King *Arthur's* days:
E're, mingling with corrupted forein Seed,
We learn'd their Vice, and ſpoil'd our native Breed.
E're yet bleſs'd *Albion*, high in ancient Fame,
With her firſt Innocence reſign'd her Name.
Fair dealing then, and downright Honeſty,
And plighted Faith were good Security:
No vaſt Ingroſsments for Eſtates were made,
Nor Deeds, large as the Lands, which they convey'd:
To bind a Truſt there lack'd no formal ties
Of Paper, Wax, and Seals, and Witneſſes,
Nor ready Coin, but ſterling Promiſes:

Each

Each took the other's word, and that would go
For currant then, and more than Oaths do now:
None had recourse to *Chanc'ry* for defence,
Where you forego your Right with less Expence:
Nor traps were yet set up for Perjurers,
That catch men by the Heads, and whip off Ears.
Then Knave, and Villain, things unheard of were,
Scarce in a Century did one appear,
And he more gaz'd at than a Blazing-Star:
If a young Stripling put not off his Hat
In high respect to every Beard he met,
Tho a Lord's Son, and Heir, 'twas held a crime,
That scarce deserv'd its Clergy in that time:
So venerable then was four years odds,
And grey old Heads were reverenc'd as Gods.
Now if a Friend once in an Age prove just,
If he miraculously keep his Trust,
And without force of Law deliver all
That's due, both Interest, and Principal;

Prodi-

Prodigious wonder! fit for *Stow* to tell,
And ſtand recorded in the Chronicle;
A thing leſs memorable would require
As great a Monument as *London* Fire.
A man of Faith and Uprightneſs is grown
So ſtrange a Creature both in Court and Town,
That he with Elephants may well be ſhewn.
A Monſter, more uncommon than a Whale
At *Bridge*, the laſt great Comet, or the Hail,
Than *Thames* his double Tide, or ſhould he run
With Streams of Milk, or Bloud to *Graveſend* down.
You're troubled that you've loſt five hundred pound
By treacherous Fraud: another may be found,
Has loſt a thouſand: and another yet,
Double to that; perhaps his whole Eſtate.
Little do folks the heav'nly Powers mind,
If they but ſcape the knowledge of Mankind:
Obſerve, with how demure, and grave a look
The Raſcal lays his hand upon the Book:

Then with a praying Face, and lifted Eye
Claps on his Lips, and Seals the Perjury:
If you perſiſt his Innocence to doubt,
And boggle in Belief; he'l ſtrait rap out
Oaths by the volley, each of which would make
Pale Atheiſts ſtart, and trembling Bullies quake;
And more than would a whole Ships Crew maintain
To the *Eaſt-Indies* hence, and back again.
As God ſhall pardon me, Sir, I am free
Of what you charge me with: let me ne'r ſee
His Face in Heaven elſe: may theſe hands rot,
Theſe eyes drop out; if I e'er had a Groat
Of yours, or if they ever touch'd, or ſaw't.
Thus he'l run on two hours in length, till he
Spin out a curſe long as the Litany:
Till Heav'n has ſcarce a Judgment left in ſtore
For him to wiſh, deſerve, or ſuffer more.
Theſe are, who diſavow all Providence,
And think the world is only ſteer'd by chance:

Make

Make God at beſt an idle looker on,
A lazy Monarch lolling in his Throne:
Who his Affairs does neither mind, or know,
And leaves them all at random here below:
And ſuch as every ſoot themſelves will damn,
And Oaths no more than common Breath eſteem:
No ſhame, nor loſs of Ears can frighten theſe,
Were every Street a Grove of Pillories.

Others there be, that own a God, and fear
His Vengeance to enſue, and yet forſwear:
Thus to himſelf, ſays one, *Let Heaven decree*
What Doom ſoe're, its pleaſure will, of me:
Strike me with Blindneſs, Palſies, Leproſies,
Plague, Pox, Conſumption, all the Maladies
Of both the Spittles; ſo I get my Prize,
And hold it ſure; I'll ſuffer theſe, and more;
All Plagues are light to that of being poor.
There's not a begging Cripple in the ſtreets
(Unleſs he wit' his Limbs has loſt his Wits,

And is grown fit for Bedlam: *but no doubt,*
To have his Wealth would have the Rich man's Gent.
Grant Heavens Vengeance heavy be; what tho?
The heavieſt things move ſlowlieſt ſtill we know:
And, if it puniſh all, that guilty be,
'Twill be an Age before it come to me:
God too is merciful, as well as juſt;
Therefore I'll rather his forgiveneſs truſt,
Than live deſpis'd, and poor, as thus I muſt:
I'll try, and hope, he's more a Gentleman
Than for ſuch trivial things as theſe, to damn.
Beſides, for the ſame Fact we've often known
One mount the Cart, another mount the Throne:
And foulеſt Deeds, attended with ſucceſs,
No longer are reputed wickedneſs,
Diſguis'd with Virtues Livery, and Dreſs.

With theſe weak Arguments they fortifie,
And harden up themſelves in Villany:
The Raſcal now dares call you to account,
And in what Court you pleaſe, joyn iſſue on't:

Next Term he'l bring the Action to be tri'd,
And twenty Witneſſes to ſwear on's ſide:
And, if that Juſtice to his Cauſe be found,
Expects a Verdict of five hundred pound.
Thus he, who boldly dares the Guilt out-face,
For innocent ſhall with the Rabble paſs:
While you, with Impudence, and ſham run down,
Are only thought the Knave by all the Town.

Mean time, poor you at Heav'n exclaim, and rail,
Louder than ——— at the Bar does Bawl:
Is there a Pow'r above? and does he hear?
And can he tamely Thunderbolts forbear?
To what vain end do we with Pray'rs adore?
And on our bended knees his aid implore?
Where is his Rule, if no reſpect be had,
Of Innocence, or Guilt, of Good, or Bad?
And who henceforth will any credit ſhow
To what his lying Prieſts teach here below?
If this be Providence; for ought I ſee,
Bleſs'd Saint, Vaninus! *I ſhall follow thee:*

Little's the odds 'twixt such a God, and that,
Which Atheiſt Lewis *us'd to wear in's Hat.*

Thus you blaſpheme, and rave: But pray, Sir, try
What Comforts my weak Reaſon can apply,
Who never yet read *Plutarch*, hardly ſaw,
And am but meanly vers'd in *Seneca*.
In caſes dangerous and hard of cure
We have recourſe to *Scarborough*, or *Lower*:
But if they don't ſo deſperate appear,
We truſt to meaner Doctors skill, and care.
If there were never in the world before
So foul a deed; I'm dumb, not one word more:
A God's name then let both your ſluces flow,
And all th' extravagance of ſorrow ſhow;
And tear your Hair, and thump your mournful Breaſt,
As if your deareſt Firſt-born were deceas'd.
'Tis granted that a greater Grief attends
Departed Moneys than departed Friends:

None

None ever counterfeits upon this score,
Nor need he do't: the thought of being poor
Will serve alone to make the eyes run o're.
Loſt Money's griev'd with true unfeigned Tears,
More true, than Sorrow of expecting Heirs
At their dead Father's Funerals, tho here
The Back, and Hands no pompous Mourning wear.
But if the like Complaints be daily found
At *Weſtminſter*, and in all Courts abound;
If Bonds, and Obligations can't prevail,
But men deny their very Hand and Seal,
Sign'd with the Arms of the whole Pedigree
Of their dead Anceſtors to vouch the Lye,
If *Temple-Walks*, and *Smithfield* never fail
Of plying Rogues, that ſet their Souls to ſale
To the firſt Paſſenger, that bids a price,
And make their livelihood of Perjuries;
For God's ſake why are you ſo delicate,
And think it hard to ſhare the common Fate?

And why muſt you alone be Fav'rite thought
Of Heav'n, and we for Reprobates caſt out?
The wrong you bear, is hardly worth regard,
Much leſs your juſt reſentment, if compar'd
With greater out-rages to others done,
Which daily happen, and alarm the Town:
Compare the Villains who cut Throats for Bread,
Or Houſes fire, of late a gainful Trade,
By which our City was in Aſhes laid:
Compare the ſacrilegious Burglary,
From which no place can Sanctuary be,
That rifles Churches of Communion-Plate,
Which good King *Edward*'s days did dedicate:
Think, who durſt ſteal S. *Alban*'s Font of Braſs,
That Chriſten'd half the Royal *Scotiſh* Race:
Who ſtole the Chalices at *Chicheſter*,
In which themſelves receiv'd the day before:
Or that bold daring hand, of freſh Renown,
Who, ſcorning common Booty, ſtole a Crown:

Compare too, if you pleaſe, the horrid Plot,
With all the Perjuries to make it out,
Or make it nothing, for theſe laſt three years;
Add to it *Thynne's* and *Godfrey's* Murderers:
And if theſe ſeem but ſlight, and trivial things,
Add thoſe, that have, and would have murder'd Kings.

And yet how little's this of Villany
To what our Judges oft in one day try?
This to convince you, do but travel down,
When the next Circuit comes, with *Pemberton*,
Or any of the Twelve, and there but mind,
How many Rogues there are of Humane kind,
And let me hear you, when you're back again,
Say, you are wrong'd, and, if you dare, complain.

None wonder, who in *Eſſex* Hundreds live,
Or *Sheppy* Iſland, to have Agues rife:
Nor would you think it much in *Africa*,
If you great Lips, and ſhort flat Noſes ſaw:

Becauſe 'tis ſo by Nature of each place;
And therefore there for no ſtrange things they paſs.
In Lands, where Pigmies are, to ſee a Crane
(As Kites do Chickens here) ſweep up a Man,
In Armour clad, with us would make a ſhow,
And ſerve for entertain at *Bartholmew*:
Yet there it goes for no great Prodigy,
Where the whole Nation is but one foot high:
Then why, fond Man, ſhould you ſo much admire,
Since Knave is of our Growth, and common here?
But muſt ſuch Perjury eſcape (ſay you)
And ſhall it ever thus unpuniſh'd go?
Grant, he were dragg'd to Jail this very hour,
To ſtarve, and rot; ſuppoſe it in your Pow'r
To rack, and torture him all kind of ways,
To hang, or burn, or kill him, as you pleaſe;
(And what would your Revenge it ſelf have more?).
Yet this, all this would not your Caſh reſtore:
And where would be the Comfort, where the Good,
If you could waſh your Hands in's reaking Bloud?

But,

But, Oh, Revenge more sweet than Life! 'Tis true,
So the unthinking say, and the mad Crew
Of hect'ring Blades, who for slight cause, or none,
At every turn are into Passion blown:
Whom the least Trifles with Revenge inspire,
And at each spark, like Gun-powder, take fire:
These unprovok'd kill the next Man they meet,
For being so sawcy, as to walk the Street;
And at the summons of each tiny Drab,
Cry, *Damme! Satisfaction!* draw, and Stab.
Not so of old, the mild good *Socrates*,
(Who shew'd how high without the help of Grace,
Well-cultivated Nature might be wrought)
He a more noble way of suff'ring taught,
And, tho he Guiltless drank the poisonous Dose,
Ne'er wish'd a drop to his accusing Foes.
Not so our great good *Martyr'd King* of late
(Could we his bless'd Example imitate)

Who

Who, tho the great'ſt of mortal ſufferers,
Yet kind to his rebellious Murderers,
Forgave, and bleſs'd them with his dying Pray'rs.
Thus, we by ſound Divinity, and Senſe
May purge our minds, and weed all Errors thence:
Theſe lead us into right, nor ſhall we need
Other than them through Life to be our Guide.
Revenge is but a Frailty, incident
To craz'd, and ſickly minds, the poor Content
Of little Souls, unable to ſurmount
An Injury, too weak to bear Affront:
And this you may infer, becauſe we find,
'Tis moſt in poor unthinking Woman-kind,
Who wreak their feebleſpite on all they can,
And are more kin to Brute than braver Man.
But why ſhould you imagine, Sir, that thoſe
Eſcape unpuniſh'd, who ſtill feel the Throes
And Pangs of a rack'd Soul, and (which is worſe
Than all the Pains, which can the Body curſe)
The ſecret gnawings of unſeen Remorſe?

Be-

Believe't, they ſuffer greater Puniſhment
Than *Rome*'s Inquiſitor's could e're invent:
Not all the Tortures, Racks, and Cruelties,
Which ancient Perſecutors could deviſe,
Nor all, that *Fox* his Bloudy Records tell,
Can match what *Bradſhaws*, and *Ravilliacs* feel,
Who in their Breaſts carry about their Hell.

I've read this ſtory, but I know not where,
Whether in *Hackwel*, or *Beard*'s Theatre:
A certain Spartan, *whom a Friend, like you,*
Had truſted with a Hundred pound or two,
Went to the Oracle to know if he
With ſafety might the Sum in truſt deny.
'Twas anſwer'd, No, that if he durſt forſwear,
He ſhould e're long for's knavery pay dear:
Hence Fear, not Honeſty, made him refund;
Yet to his coſt the Sentence true he found:
Himſelf, his Children, all his Family,
Ev'n the remoteſt of his whole Pedigree,
Periſh'd (as there 'tis told) *in miſery.*

Now

Now to apply: if ſuch be the ſad end
Of Perjury, tho but in Thought deſign'd,
Think, Sir, what Fate awaits your treach'rous Friend,
Who has not only thought, but done to you
All this, and more; think, what he ſuffers now,
And think, what every Villain ſuffers elſe,
That dares, like him, be faithleſs, baſe, and falſe.
Pale Horror, ghaſtly Fear, and black Deſpair
Purſue his ſteps, and dog him whereſoe're
He goes, and if from his loath'd ſelf he fly,
To Herd, like wounded Deer, in company,
Theſe ſtrait creepin and pale his mirth, and joy.
The choiceſt Dainties, ev'n by *Lamly* dreſt,
Afford no Reliſh to his ſickly Taſte,
Inſipid all, as *Damocles* his Feaſt.
Ev'n Wine, the greateſt Bleſſing of Mankind,
The beſt ſupport of the dejected mind,
Applied to his dull ſpirits, warms no more
Than to his Corps it could paſt Life reſtore.

Dark-

Darkneſs he fears, nor dares he truſt his Bed
Without a Candle watching by his ſide:
And, if the wakeful Troubles of his Breaſt
To his toſs'd Limbs allow one moments Reſt,
Straitways the groans of Ghoſts, and hideous Screams
Of tortur'd Spirits haunt his frightful Dreams:
Strait there return to his tormented mind
His perjur'd Act, his injur'd God, and Friend:
Strait he imagines you before his Eyes,
Ghaſtly of ſhape, prodigious of ſize.
With glaring Eyes, cleft Foot, and monſtrous Tail,
And bigger than the Giants at *Guild hall*,
Stalking with horrid ſtrides acroſs the Room,
And guards of Fiends to drag him to his Doom:
Hereat he falls in dreadful Agonies,
And dead cold Sweats his trembling Members ſeize:
Then ſtarting wakes, and with a diſmal cry,
Calls to his aid his frighted Family;

There

There owns the Crime, and vows upon his knees
The ſacred Pledge next morning to releaſe.
Theſe are the men, whom the leaſt Terrors daunt,
Who at the ſight of their own ſhadows faint;
Theſe, if it chance to Lighten, are agaſt,
And quake for fear, leſt every Flaſh ſhould blaſt:
Theſe ſwoon away at the firſt Thunder-clap,
As if 'twere not, what uſually does hap,
The caſual cracking of a Cloud, but ſent
By Angry Heaven for their Puniſhment:
And, if unhurt they 'ſcape the Tempeſt now,
Still dread the greater Vengeance to enſue:
Theſe the leaſt Symptoms of a Fever fright,
Water high-colour'd, want of reſt at night,
Or a diſorder'd Pulſe ſtrait makes them ſhrink,
And preſently for fear they're ready ſink
Into their Graves: their time (think they) is come,
And Heav'n in judgment now has ſent their Doom.

Nor

Nor dare they, though in whiſper, waft a Prayer,
Leſt it by chance ſhould reach th' Almighty's ear,
And wake his ſleeping Vengeance, which before
So long has their impieties forbore.

Theſe are the thoughts which guilty Wretches haunt,
Yet enter'd, they ſtill grow more impudent:
After a Crime perhaps they now and then
Feel pangs and ſtrugglings of Remorſe within,
But ſtrait return to their old courſe agen:
They, who have once thrown Shame, and Conſcience by,
Ne'er after make a ſtop in Villany:
Hurried along, down the vaſt ſteep they go,
And find, 'tis all a Precipice below.

Ev'n this perfidious Friend of yours, no doubt
Will not with ſingle wickedneſs give out;
Have patience but a while, you'l ſhortly ſee
His hand held up at Bar for Felony:

You'l see the sentenc'd wretch for Punishment
To *Scilly* Isles, or the *Caribbes* sent;
Or (if I may his surer Fate divine)
Hung like *Boroski*, for a Gibbet-Sign:
Then may you glut Revenge, and feast your Eyes
With the dear object of his Miseries:
And then at length convinc'd, with joy you'l find
That the just God is neither deaf, nor blind.

THE

DAVID'S LAMENTATION

For the DEATH of

SAUL and *JONATHAN*,

PARAPHRAS'D.

Written in *September*, 1677.

ODE.

I.

AH wretched *Israel*! once a bleſs'd, and happy State,
The Darling of the Stars, and Heavens Care,
Then all the bord'ring world thy Vaſſals were,
And thou at once their Envy and their Fear,
How ſoon art thou (alas!) by the ſad turn of Fate

Become abandon'd and forlorn?

How art thou now become their Pity, and their ſcorn?

Thy Luſtre all is vaniſh'd, all thy Glory fled,

Thy Sun himſelf ſet in a bloud red,

Too ſure Prognoſtick! which does ill portend

Approaching Storms on thy unhappy Land,

Left naked, and defenceleſs now to each invading Hand.

A fatal Battel, lately fought,

Has all theſe Mis'ries, and Misfortunes brought,

Has thy quick Ruine, and Deſtruction wrought:

There fell we by a mighty Overthrow

A Prey to an enrag'd, relentleſs Foe,

The toil and labour of their wearied Cruelty,

Till they no more could kill, and we no longer die:

Vaſt ſlaughter all around th' enlarged Mountain ſwells,

⊗ And numerous Deaths increaſe its former Hills.

⊗ Cf. Cowley David Bk II p 56

II.

In *Gath* let not the mournful News be known,
Nor publiſh'd in the ſtreets of *Askalon*;
May Fame it ſelf be quite ſtruck dumb!
Oh may it never to *Philiſtia* come,
Nor any live to bear the curſed Tidings home!
Leſt the proud Enemies new Trophies raiſe,
And loudly triumph in our freſh Diſgrace:
No captive *Iſraelite* their pompous Joy adorn,
Nor in ſad Bondage his loſt Country mourn:
No Spoils of ours be in their Temples hung,
No Hymns to *Aſhdod*'s Idol ſung,
Nor thankful Sacrifice on his glad Altars burn,
Kind Heav'n forbid! leſt the baſe Heathen Slaves blaſpheme
Thy ſacred and unutterable Name,
And above thine extol their *Dagon*'s Fame.
Leſt the vile *Fiſh*'s Worſhip ſpread abroad,
Who fell a proſtrate Victim once before our conqu'ring God:

And you, who the great Deeds of Kings and Kingdoms write,

Who all their Actions to ſucceeding Age tranſmit,

Conceal the bluſhing Story, ah! conceal

Our Nations loſs, and our dread Monarch's fall:

Conceal the Journal of this bloudy Day,

When both by the ill Play of Fate were thrown away:

Nor let our wretched Infamy, and Fortune's Crime

Be ever mention'd in the Regiſters of future Time.

III.

For ever, *Gilboa*, be curs'd thy hated Name,

Th' eternal Monument of our Diſgrace, and ſhame!

For ever curſs'd be that unhappy Scene,

Where Slaughter, Bloud, and Death did lately reign!

No Clouds henceforth above thy barren top appear.

But what may make thee mourning wear:

Let

Let them ne're ſhake their dewy Fleeces there,
But only once a year
On the ſad Anniverſe drop a remembring Tear:
No Flocks of Off'rings on thy Hills be known,
Which may by Sacrifice our Guilt and thine attone
No Sheep, nor any of the gentler kind hereafter ſtay
On thee, but Bears, and Wolves, and Beaſts of prey,
Or men more ſavage, wild, and fierce than they;
A Deſart may'ſt thou prove, and lonely waſt,
Like that, our ſinful, ſtubborn Fathers paſt,
Where they the Penance trod for all, they there tranſgreſs'd:
Too dearly waſt thou drench'd with precious Bloud
Of many a *Jewiſh* Worthy, ſpilt of late,
Who ſuffer'd there by an ignoble Fate,
And purchas'd foul Diſhonour at too high a rate:
Great *Saul*'s ran there amongſt the common Flood,
His Royal ſelf mixt with the baſer Crowd:

He, whom Heav'ns high and open ſuffrage choſe,
The Bulwark of our Nation to oppoſe
The Pow'r and Malice of our Foes;
Ev'n He, on whom the Sacred Oyl was ſhed,
Whoſe myſtick drops enlarg'd his hallow'd Head,
Lies now (oh Fate, impartial ſtill to Kings!)
Huddled, and undiſtinguiſh'd in the heap of meaner Things.

IV.

Lo! there the mighty Warriour lies,
With all his Lawrels, all his Victories,
To ravenous Fowls, or worſe, to his proud Foes, a Prize:
How chang'd from that great *Saul*! whoſe generous Aid,
A conqu'ring Army to diſtreſſed *Jabeſh* led,
At whoſe approach *Ammon*'s proud Tyrant fled:
How chang'd from that great *Saul*! whom we ſaw bring
From vanquiſh'd *Amalek* their captive Spoils, and King;

When

When unbid Pity made him *Agag* ſpare;
Ah Pity! more than Cruelty found guilty there:
Oft has he made theſe conquer'd Enemies bow,
By whom himſelf lies conquer'd now:
At *Micmaſh* his great Might they felt, and knew,
The ſame they felt at *Dammin* too:
Well I remember, when from *Helah*'s Plain
He came in triumph, met by a numerous Crowd,
Who with glad ſhouts proclaim'd their Joy aloud;
A dance of beauteous Virgins led the ſolemn Train,
And ſung, and prais'd the man *that had his thouſands ſlain.*
Seir, *Moab*, *Zobah* felt him, and where e'er
He did his glorious Standards bear,
Officious Vict'ry follow'd in the rere:
Succeſs attended ſtill his brandiſh'd Sword,
And, like the Grave, the gluttonous Blade devour'd:
Slaughter upon its point in triumph ſate,
And ſcatter'd Death, as quick, and wide as Fate.

V.

Nor leſs in high Repute, and Worth was his great Son,

Sole Heir of all his Valour, and Renown,

Heir too (if cruel Fate had ſuffer'd) of his Throne:

The matchleſs *Jonathan* 'twas, whom loud-tongu'd Fame

Amongſt her chieteſt Heroes joys to name,

E're ſince the wond'rous Deeds of *Seneh* done,

Where he, himſelf an Hoſt, o'recame a War alone:

The trembling Enemies fled, they try'd to fly,

But fix'd amazement ſtopt, and made them die.

Great Archer he! to whom our dreadful skill we owe,

Dreaded by all, who *Iſrael*'s warlike Proweſs know;

As many Shafts, as his full Quiver held,

So many Fates he drew, ſo many kill'd:

Quick, and unerring they, as darted Eye-beams, flew,

As if he gave 'em ſight, and ſwiftneſs too.

Death took her Aim from his, and by't her Arrows threw.

VI. Both

VI.

Both excellent they were, both equally alli'd
On Nature, and on Valour's ſide:
Great *Saul*, who ſcorn'd a Rival in Renown,
Yet envied not the Fame of's greater Son,
By him endur'd to be ſurpaſs'd alone:
He gallant Prince, did his whole Father ſhew,
And faſt, as he could ſet, the well-writ Copies drew
And bluſh'd, that Duty bid him not out-go:
Together they did both the paths to Glory trace,
Together hunted in the noble Chace,
Together finiſh'd their united Race:
There only did they prove unfortunate,
Never till then unbleſs'd by Fate,
Yet there they ceas'd not to be great;
Fearleſs they met, and brav'd their threaten'd fall,
And fought when Heav'n revolted, Fortune durſt rebel.

When

When publick ſafety, and their Countries care
Requir'd their Aid, and call'd them to the toils of War;
As Parent-Eagles, ſummon'd by their Infants cries
Whom ſome rude hands would make a Prize,
Haſte to Relief, and with their Wings out-fly their eyes;
So ſwift did they their ſpeedy ſuccour bear,
So ſwift the bold Aggreſſors ſeize,
So ſwift attack, ſo ſwift purſue the vanquiſh'd enemies:
The vanquiſh'd enemies with all the wings of Fear
Mov'd not ſo quick as they,
Scarce could their ſouls fly faſt enough away.
Bolder than Lions, they thick Dangers met,
Through Fields with armed Troops, and pointed Harveſts ſet,
Nothing could tame their Rage, or quench their Generous Heat:

Like

Like thoſe, they march'd undaunted, and like thoſe,

Secure of Wounds, and all that durſt oppoſe,

So to Reſiſters fierce, ſo gentle to their proſtrate Foes.

VII.

Mourn, wretched *Iſrael*, mourn thy Monarch's fall,

And all thy plenteous ſtock of ſorrow call,

T' attend his pompous Funeral:

Mourn each, who in this loſs an int'reſt ſhares,

Laviſh your Grief, exhauſt it all in Tears:

You *Hebrew* Virgins too,

Who once in lofty ſtrains did his glad Triumphs ſing,

Bring all your Artful Notes, and skilful Meaſures now,

Each charming air of Breath, and ſtring,

Bring all to grace the Obſequies of your dead King,

And high, as then your Joy, let now your Sorrow flow.

Saul,

Saul, your great *Saul* is dead,

Who you with Natures choiceſt Dainties fed,

Who you with Natures gayeſt Wardrobe clad,

By whom you all her Pride, and all her Pleaſures had:

For you the precious Worm his Bowels ſpun,

For you the *Tyrian* Fiſh did Purple run,

For you the bleſs'd *Arabia*'s Spices grew,

And *Eaſtern* Quarries harden'd Pearly dew;

The Sun himſelf turn'd Labourer for you:

For you he hatch'd his golden Births alone,

Wherewith you were array'ed, whereby you him out-ſhone.

All this and more you did to *Saul*'s great Conduct owe,

All this you loſt in his unhappy overthrow.

VIII.

Oh Death! how vaſt an Harveſt haſt thou reap'd of late!

Never before hadſt thou ſo great,

Ne'er drunk'ſt before ſo deep of *Jewiſh* Bloud,
Ne're ſince th' embattled Hoſts at *Gibeah* ſtood;
When three whole days took up the work of Fate,
When a large Tribe enter'd at once thy Bill,
Ane threeſcore thouſand Victims to thy Fury fell.
Upon the fatal Mountains Head,
Lo! how the mighty Chiefs lie dead:
There my beloved *Jonathan* was ſlain,
The beſt of Princes, and the beſt of Men;
Cold Death hangs on his Cheeks like an untimely Froſt
On early Fruit, there ſits, and ſmiles a ſullen Boaſt,
And yet looks pale at the great Captive, ſhe has ta'en.
My *Jonathan* is dead! (oh dreadful'ſt word of Fame!
Oh grief! that I can ſpeak't, and not become the ſame!)
He's dead, and with him all our blooming Hopes are gone,
And many a wonder, which he muſt have done,
And many a Conqueſt which he muſt have won.

They're

They're all to the dark Grave, and Silence fled
And never now in ſtory ſhall be read,
And never now ſhall take their date,
Snatch'd hence by the preventing hand of envious Fate.

IX.

Ah worthy Prince! would I for thee had died!
Ah, would I had thy fatal place ſupplied!
I'd then repaid a Life, which to thy gift I owe,
Repaid a Crown, which Friendſhip taught thee to forgo;
Both Debts, I ne'er can cancel now:
Oh, dearer than my Soul! if I can call it mine,
For ſure we had the ſame, 'twas very thine,
Dearer than Light, or Life, or Fame,
Or Crowns, or any thing, that I can wiſh, or think, or name:
Brother thou waſt, but waſt my Friend before,
And that new Title then could add no more:

Mine

Mine more than Bloud, Alliance, Natures ſelf could make,
Than I, or Fame it ſelf can ſpeak:
Not yearning Mothers, when firſt Throes they feel
To their young Babes in looks a ſofter Paſſion tell:
Nor artleſs undiſſembling Maids expreſs
In their laſt dying ſighs ſuch Tenderneſs:
Not thy fair Siſter, whom ſtrict Duty bids me wear Michal
Firſt in my Breſt, whom holy Vows make mine,
Tho all the Virtues of a loyal Wife ſhe bare,
Could boaſt an Union ſo near,
Could boaſt a Love ſo firm, ſo laſting, ſo Divine.
So pure is that which we in Angels find
To Mortals here, in Heav'n to their own kind:
So pure, but not more great muſt that bleſt Friendſhip prove
(Could, ah, could I to that wiſh'd Place, and Thee remove)
Which ſhall for ever joyn our mingled Souls above,

X.

Ah wretched *Iſrael!* ah unhappy ſtate!
Expos'd to all the Bolts of angry Fate!
Expos'd to all thy Enemies revengeful hate!
Who is there left their fury to withſtand?
What Champions now to guard thy helpleſs Land?
Who is there left in liſted Fields to head
Thy valiant Youth, and lead them on to Victory?
Alas! thy valiant Youth are dead,
And all thy brave Commanders too:
Lo! how the Glut, and Riot of the Grave they lie,
And none ſurvive the fatal Overthrow,
To right their injur'd Ghoſts upon the barbarous Foe!
Reſt, ye bleſs'd ſhades, in everlaſting Peace,
Who fell your Country's bloudy Sacrifice:
For ever Sacred be your Memories,
And may e're long ſome dread Avenger riſe
To wipe of Heav'ns and your Diſgrace:

May

May then theſe proud inſulting Foes
Waſh off our ſtains of Honour with their Bloud.
May they ten thouſand-fold repay our loſs.
For every Life a Myriad, every Drop a Floud.

THE ODE OF *Ariſtotle* in *Athenæus*, PARAPHRAS'D.

I.

HOnour! thou greateſt Bleſſing in the gift of Heaven,
Which only art to its chief Darlings given:
Cheaply with Bloud and Dangers art thou ſought,
Nor canſt at any rate be over-bought.
Thou, ſhining Honour, are the nobleſt chaſe
Of all the brayer part of Humane Race:

Thou

Thou only art worth living for below,
And only worth our dying too.
For thee, bright Goddeſs, for thy charming ſake,
Does *Greece* ſuch wond'rous Actions undertake;
For thee no Toils, nor Hardſhips ſhe forgoes,
And Death amidſt ten thouſand ghaſtly Terrors wooes.
So powerfully doſt thou the mind inſpire,
And kindleſt there ſo generous a fire,
As makes thy zealous Votaries
All things, but Thee deſpiſe;
Makes them the love of Thee prefer
Before th' enchantments of bewitching Gold,
Before th' embraces of a Parent's arms,
Before ſoft eaſe, and Love's enticing Charms,
And all, that Men on Earth moſt valuable hold.

II.

For Thee the Heav'n-born *Hercules*
And *Leda*'s faithful Twins, in Birth no leſs,

So many mighty Labours underwent,
And by their God-like Deeds proclaim'd their high Deſcent.
By thee they reach'd the bleſs'd Abode,
The worthy Prize, for which in Glory's path they trode.
By thee great *Ajax*, and the greater Son
Of *Peleus* were exalted to Renown:
Envied by the Immortals did they go,
Laden with triumph to the ſhades below.
For thee, and thy dear ſake
Did the young Worthy of *Atarna* lately ſtake
His Life in Battel to the chance of Fate,
And bravely loſt, what he ſo boldly ſet:
Yet loſt he not his glorious aim,
But by ſhort Death purchas'd eternal Fame:
The grateful Muſes ſhall embalm his Memory,
And never let it die:
They ſhall his great Exploits rehearſe,
And conſecrate the Hero in immortal Verſe.

Upon

Upon the WORKS of *BEN. JOHNSON.*

Written in 1678.

ODE.

I.

GReat Thou! whom 'tis a Crime almoſt to dare to praiſe,
Whoſe firm eſtabliſh'd, and unſhaken Glories ſtand,
And proudly their own Fame command,
Above our pow'r to leſſen or to raiſe,
And all, but the few Heirs of thy brave Genius, and thy Bays;
Hail mighty Founder of our Stage! for ſo I dare
Entitle thee, nor any modern Cenſures fear,

Nor care what thy unjuſt Detractors ſay;
They'l ſay perhaps, that others did Materials bring,
That others did the firſt Foundations lay,
And glorious 'twas (we grant) but to begin,
But thou alone couldſt finiſh the deſign,
All the fair Model, and the Workmanſhip was thine:
Some bold Advent'rers might have been before,
Who durſt the unknown world explore,
By them it was ſurvey'd at diſtant view,
And here and there a Cape, and Line they drew,
Which only ſerv'd as hints, and marks to thee,
Who waſt reſerv'd to make the full Diſcovery:
Art's Compaſs to thy painful ſearch we owe,
Whereby thou went'ſt ſo far, and we may after go,
By that we may Wit's vaſt, and trackleſs Ocean try,
Content no longer, as before,
Dully to coaſt along the ſhore,
But ſteer a courſe more unconfin'd, and free,
Beyond the narrow bounds that pent Antiquity.

II. Never

II.

Never till thee the Theater poſſeſs'd
A Prince with equal Pow'r, and Greatneſs bleſs'd,
No Government, or Laws it had
To ſtrengthen, and eſtabliſh it,
Till thy great hand the Scepter ſway'd,
But groan'd under a wretched Anarchy of Wit:
Unform'd, and void was then its Poeſie,
Only ſome pre-exiſting Matter we
Perhaps could ſee,
That might foretel what was to be;
A rude, and undigeſted Lump it lay,
Like the old *Chaos*, e're the birth of Light, and Day,
Till thy brave Genius like a new Creator came,
And undertook the mighty Frame:
No ſhuffled Atoms did the well-built work compoſe,
It from no lucky hit of blund'ring Chance aroſe
(As ſome of this great Fabrick idly dream)

But wiſe, all-ſeeing Judgment did contrive,
And knowing Art its Graces give:
No ſooner did thy Soul with active Force and Fire
The dull and heavy Maſs inſpire,
But ſtrait throughout it let us ſee
Proportion, Order, Harmony,
And every part did to the whole agree,
And ſtrait appear'd a beauteous new-made world of Poetry.

III.

Let dull, and ignorant Pretenders Art condemn
(Thoſe only Foes to Art, and Art to them)
The meer Fanaticks, and Enthuſiaſts in Poetry
(For Schiſmaticks in that, as in Religion be)
Who make't all Revelation, Trance, and Dream,
Let them deſpiſe her Laws, and think
That Rules and Forms the Spirit ſtint:
Thine was no mad, unruly Frenzy of the brain,
Which juſtly might deſerve the Chain,

'Twas

'Twas briſk, and mettled, but a manag'd Rage,
Sprightly as vig'rous Youth, and cool as temp'rate Age:
Free, like thy Will, it did all Force diſdain,
But ſuffer'd Reaſon's looſe, and eaſie rein,
By that it ſuffer'd to be led,
Which did not curb Poetick liberty, but guide:
Fancy, that wild and haggard Faculty,
Untam'd in moſt, and let at random fly,
Was wiſely govern'd, and reclaim'd by thee,
Reſtraint, and Diſcipline was made endure,
And by thy calm, and milder Judgment brought to lure;
Yet when 'twas at ſome nobler Quarry ſent,
With bold, and tow'ring wings it upward went,
Not leſſen'd at the greateſt height,
Not turn'd by the moſt giddy flights of dazling Wit.

⊗ &c. p. 103

IV.

Nature, and Art together met, and joyn'd,
Made up the Character of thy great Mind.
That like a bright and glorious Sphere,
Appear'd with numerous Stars embelliſh'd o're,
And much of Light to thee, and much of Influence bore,
This was the ſtrong Intelligence, whoſe pow'r
Turn'd it about, and did th' unerring motions ſteer:
Concurring both like vital Seed, and Heat,
The noble Births they joyntly did beget,
And hard 'twas to be thought,
Which moſt of force to the great Generation brought:
So mingling Elements compoſe our Bodies frame,
Fire, Water, Earth, and Air
Alike their juſt Proportions ſhare,
Each undiſtinguiſh'd ſtill remains the ſame,
Yet can't we ſay that either's here, or there,
But all, we know not how, are ſcatter'd every where.

V. Sober

V.

Sober, and grave was ſtill the Garb thy Muſe put on,
No tawdry careleſs ſlattern Dreſs,
Nor ſtarch'd, and formal with Affectedneſs,
Nor the caſt Mode, and Faſhion of the Court, and Town;
But neat, agreeable, and janty 'twas,
Well-fitted, it ſate cloſe in every place,
And all became with an uncommon Air, and Grace:
Rich, coſtly and ſubſtantial was the ſtuff,
Not barely ſmooth, nor yet too coarſly rough:
No refuſe, ill-patch'd Shreds o'th' Schools,
The motly wear of read, and learned Fools,
No *French* Commodity which now ſo much does take,
And our own better Manufacture ſpoil,
Nor was it ought of forein Soil;
But Staple all, and all of *Engliſh* Growth, and Make:

What

What Flow'rs soe're of Art it had, were found
No tinsel'd slight Embroideries.
But all appear'd either the native Ground,
Or twisted, wrought, and interwoven with the Piece.

VI.

Plain Humour, shewn with her whole various Face,
Not mask'd with any antick Dress,
Nor screw'd in forc'd, ridiculous Grimace
(The gaping Rabbles dull delight,
And more the Actor's than the Poet's Wit)
Such did she enter on thy Stage,
And such was represented to the wond'ring Age:
Well wast thou skill'd, and read in humane kind,
In every wild fantastick Passion of his mind,
Didst into all his hidden Inclinations dive,
What each from Nature does receive,
Or Age, or Sex, or Quality, or Country give;

What

What Cuſtom too, that mighty Sorcereſs,
Whoſe pow'rful Witchcraft does transform
Enchanted Man to ſeveral monſtrous Images,
Makes this an odd, and freakiſh Monky turn,
And that a grave and ſolemn Aſs Appear,
And all a thouſand beaſtly ſhapes of Folly wear:
Whate're Caprice or Whimſie leads awry
Perverted, and ſeduc'd Mortality,
Or does incline, and byaſs it
From what's Diſcreet, and Wiſe, and Right, and Good, and Fit;
All in thy faithful Glaſs were ſo expreſs'd,
As if they were Reflections of thy Breaſt,
As if they had been ſtamp'd on thy own mind,
And thou the univerſal vaſt Idea of Mankind.

VII.

Never didſt thou with the ſame Diſh repeated cloy.
Tho every Diſh, well cook'd by thee,
Contain'd a plentiful Variety
To all that could ſound reliſhing Palates be,

Each

Each Regale with new Delicacies did invite,
Courted the Taste, and rais'd the Appetite:
Whate're fresh dainty Fops in season were
To garnish, and set out thy Bill of fare
(Those never found to fail throughout the year,
For seldom that ill-natur'd Planet rules,
That plagues a Poet with a dearth of Fools)
What thy strict Observation e're survey'd,
From the fine, luscious Spark of high, and courtly Breed.
Down to the dull, insipid Cit,
Made thy pleas'd Audience entertainment fit,
Serv'd up with all the grateful Poignances of Wit.

VIII.

(X) Most Plays are writ like Almanacks of late,
And serve one only year, one only State;
Another makes them useless, stale, and out of date;
But thine were wisely calculated fit
For each Meridian, every Clime of Wit,

(X) La Bruyere - Les Caractères. Chap I. Ces Ouvrages deviennent des Almanachs de l'autre année (my ed. p. 171)

For

For all ſucceeding time, and after-age,
And all Mankind might thy vaſt Audience ſit,
And the whole world be juſtly made thy Stage:
Still they ſhall taking be, and ever new,
Still kept in vogue in ſpite of all the damning Crew;
Till the laſt Scene of this great Theatre,
Clos'd, and ſhut down,
The numerous Actors all retire,
And the grand Play of humane Life be done.

IX.

Beſhrew thoſe envious Tongues, who ſeek to blaſt thy Bays,
Who Spots in thy bright Fame would find, or raiſe,
And ſay, it only ſhines with borrow'd Rays;
Rich in thy ſelf, to whoſe unbounded ſtore
Exhauſted Nature could vouchſafe no more,
Thou could'ſt alone the Empire of the Stage maintain,
Could'ſt all its Grandeur, and its Port ſuſtain,

Nor

Nor neededſt others Subſidies to pay,

Neededſt no Tax on forein, or thy native Country lay,

To bear the charges of thy purchas'd Fame,

But thy own Stock could raiſe the ſame,

Thy ſole Revenue all the vaſt Expence defray;

Yet like ſome mighty Conquerour in Poetry,

Deſign'd by Fate of choice to be

Founder of its new univerſal Monarchy,

Boldly thou didſt the learned World invade,

Whilſt all around thy pow'rful Genius ſway'd,

Soon vanquiſh'd *Rome*, and *Greece* were made ſubmit,

Both were thy humble Tributaries made,

And thou return'dſt in Triumph with their captive Wit.

X.

Unjuſt, and more ill-natur'd thoſe,

Thy ſpiteful, and malicious Foes,

Who on thy happieſt Talent fix a lye,

And call that Slowneſs, which was Care, and Induſtry.

Let

Let me (with Pride ſo to be guilty thought)
Share all thy wiſh'd Reproach, and ſhare th ſhame,
If Diligence be deem'd a fault,
If to be faultleſs muſt deſerve their Blame:
Judg of thy ſelf alone (for none there were,
Could be ſo juſt, or could be ſo ſevere)
Thou thy own Works didſt ſtrictly try
By known and unconteſted Rules of Poetry,
And gav'ſt thy Sentence ſtill impartially:
With rigour thou arraign'dſt each guilty Line,
And ſpar'dſt no criminal Senſe, becauſe 'twas thine:
Unbrib'd with Favour, Love, or Self-conceit,
(For never, or too ſeldom we,
Objects too near us, our own Blemiſhes can ſee)
Thou didſt no ſmall'ſt Delinquencies acquit,
But ſaw'ſt them to Correction all ſubmit,
Saw'ſt execution done on all convicted Crimes of Wit.

XI.

Some curious Painter, taught by Art to dare
(For they with Poets in that Title ſhare)
When he would undertake a glorious Frame
Of laſting Worth, and fadeleſs as his Fame;
Long he contrives, and weighs the bold Deſign,
Long holds his doubting hand ere he begin,
And juſtly then proportions every ſtroke, and line,
And oft he brings it to review.
And oft he does deface, and daſhes oft anew,
And mixes Oils to make the flitting Colours dure,
To keep 'em from the tarniſh of injurious Time ſecure;
Finiſh'd at length in all that Care, and Skill can do
The matchleſs Piece is ſet to publick View,
And all ſurpriz'd about it wond'ring ſtand,
And tho no name be found below,
Yet ſtrait diſcern th' unimitable hand,
And ſtrait they cry 'tis *Titian*, or 'tis *Angelo:*

So

So thy brave Soul, that ſcorn'd all cheap, and eaſie ways,

And trod no common road to Praiſe,

Would not with raſh, and ſpeedy Negligence proceed,

(For who e're ſaw Perfection grow in haſte?

Or that ſoon done, which muſt for ever laſt?)

But gently did advance with wary heed,

And ſhew'd that maſtery is moſt in juſtneſs read:

Nought ever iſſued from thy teeming Breaſt,

But what had gone full time, could write exactly beſt,

And ſtand the ſharpeſt Cenſure, and defie the rigid'ſt Teſt.

XII.

'Twas thus th' Almighty Poet (if we dare

Our weak, and meaner Acts with his compare)

When he the Worlds fair Poem did of old deſign,

That Work, which now muſt boaſt no longer date than thine;

Tho 'twas in him alike to will, and do,

Tho the ſame Word that ſpoke, could make it too,

Yet would he not ſuch quick, and haſty methods uſe,

Nor did an inſtant (which it might) the great effect produce,

But when th' All-wiſe himſelf in Counſil ſate,

Vouchſaf'd to think and be deliberate,

When Heaven conſider'd, and th' Eternal Wit, and ſenſe,

Seem'd to take time, and care, and pains,

It ſhew'd that ſome uncommon Birth,

That ſomething worthy of a God was coming forth;

Nought uncorrect there was, nought faulty there,

No point amiſs did in the large voluminous Piece appear,

And when the glorious Author all ſurvey'd,

Survey'd whate're his mighty Labours made,

Well-pleas'd he was to find

All anſwer'd the great Model, and Idea of his Mind

Pleas'd

Pleas'd at himſelf He in high wonder ſtood,
And much his Power, and much his Wiſdom did applaud,
To ſee how all was perfect, all tranſcendent Good.

XIII.

Let meaner ſpirits ſtoop to low precarious Fame,
Content on groſs and coarſe Applauſe to live,
And what the dull, and ſenſleſs Rabble give,
Thou didſt it ſtill with noble ſcorn contemn,
Nor would'ſt that wretched Alms receive,
The poor ſubſiſtence of ſome bankrupt, ſordid name:
Thine was no empty Vapour, rais'd beneath,
And form'd of common Breath,
The falſe, and fooliſh Fire, that's whisk'd about
By popular Air, and glares a while, and then goes out;
But 'twas a ſolid, whole, and perfect Globe of light,
That ſhone all over, was all over bright,
And dar'd all ſullying Clouds, and fear'd no darkning night;

Like the gay Monarch of the Stars and Sky,
Who whereſoe're he does diſplay
His ſovereign Luſtre, and majeſtick Ray,
Strait all the leſs, and petty Glories nigh
Vaniſh, and ſhrink away.
O'rewhelm'd, and ſwallow'd by the greater blaze of Day;
With ſuch a ſtrong, an awful and victorious Beam
Appear'd, and ever ſhall appear, thy Fame,
View'd, and ador'd by all th' undoubted Race of Wit,
Who only can endure to look on it.
The reſt o'recome with too much light,
With too much brightneſs dazled, or extinguiſh'd quite:
Reſtleſs, and uncontroul'd it now ſhall paſs
As wide a courſe about the World as he,
And when his long-repeated Travels ceaſe
Begin a new, and vaſter Race,
And ſtill tread round the endleſs Circle of Eternity.

The

THE NINTH
ODE
Of the Third Book of
HORACE,
IMITATED.

A Dialogue betwixt the Poet and *Lydia*.

Donec Gratus eram tibi, &c.

I.

Hor. WHile you for me alone had Charms,
And none more welcome fill'd your Arms,
Proud with content, I ſlighted Crowns,
And pitied Monarchs on their Thrones.

II.

Lyd. While you thought *Lydia* only fair,
And lov'd no other Nymph but her,
Lydia was happier in your Love,
Than the bleſs'd Virgins are above.

III.

Hor. Now *Chloes* charming Voice, and Art
Have gain'd the conqueſt of my Heart:
For whom, ye Fates, I'd wiſh to die,
If mine the Nymphs dear Life might buy.

IV.

Lyd. Thyrſis by me has done the ſame,
The Youth burns me with mutual Flame:
For whom a double Death I'd bear;
Would Fate my deareſt *Thyrſis* ſpare.

V.

Hor. But ſay, fair Nymph, if I once more
Become your Captive as before?
Say, I throw off my *Chloes* chain,
And take you to my Breaſt again?

VI.

Lyd. Why then, tho he more bright appear,
More conſtant than a fixed Star;
Tho you than Wind more fickle be,
And rougher than the ſtormy Sea.
By Heav'n, and all its Pow'rs I vow
I'd gladly live, and die with you.

Upon

UPON A

LADY,

Who by overturning of a Coach, had her Coats behind flung up, and what was under shewn to the View of the Company.

Out of *Voiture*. 1598-1648

I.

PHillis, 'tis own'd, I am your Slave,
This happy moment dates your Reign;
No force of Humane Pow'r can save
My captive Heart, that wears your chain:

But

But when my Conqueſt you deſign'd;
Pardon, bright Nymph, if I declare,
It was unjuſt, and too ſevere,
Thus to attack me from behind.

II.

Againſt the Charms, your Eyes impart,
With care I had ſecur'd my Heart;
On all the wonders of your Face
Could ſafely, and unwounded gaze:
But now entirely to enthral
My Breaſt, you have expos'd to view
Another more reſiſtleſs Foe,
From which I had no guard at all.

III.

At firſt aſſault conſtrain'd to yield,
My vanquiſh'd Heart reſign'd the Field,
My Freedom to the Conquerour
Became a prey that very hour:

The ſubtle Traitor, who unſpied
Had lurk'd till now in cloſe diſguiſe,
Lay all his life in ambuſh hid
At laſt to kill me by ſurprize.

IV.

A ſudden Heat my Breaſt inſpir'd,
The piercing Flame, like Light'ning, ſent
From that new dawning Firmament
Through every Vein my Spirits fir'd;
My Heart, before averſe to Love,
No longer could a Rebel prove;
When on the Graſs you did diſplay
Your radiant Bum to my ſurvey,
And ſham'd the Luſtre of the Day.

V.

The Sun in Heav'n, abaſh'd to ſee
A thing more gay, more bright than He,
Struck with diſgrace, as well he might,
Thought to drive back the Steeds of Light:

His

His Beams he now thought uſeleſs grown,
That better were by yours ſupplied,
But having once ſeen your Back-ſide,
For ſhame he durſt not ſhew his own.

VI.

Forſaking every Wood, and Grove,
The *Sylvans* raviſh'd at the ſight,
In preſſing Crowds about you ſtrove,
Gazing, and loſt in wonder quite:
Fond *Zephyr* ſeeing your rich ſtore
Of Beauty, undeſcried before,
Enamour'd of each lovely Grace,
Before his own dear *Flora*'s face,
Could not forbear to kiſs the place.

VII.

The beauteous Queen of Flow'rs, the Roſe,
In bluſhes did her ſhame diſcloſe:
Pale Lillies droop'd, and hung their heads,
And ſhrunk for fear into their Beds:

The amorous *Narciſſus* too,
Reclaim'd of fond ſelf-love by you,
His former vain deſire caſhier'd,
And your fair Breech alone admir'd.

VIII.

When this bright Object greets our ſight,
All others loſe their Luſtre quite:
Your Eyes that ſhoot ſuch pointed Rays,
And all the Beauties of your Race,
Like dwindling Stars, that fly away
At the approach of brighter Day,
No more regard, or value bear,
But when its Glories diſappear.

IX.

Of ſome ill Qualities they tell,
Which juſtly give me cauſe to fear;
But that, which moſt begets deſpair,
It has no ſenſe of Love at all:

More hard than Adamant it is,
They ſay, that no Impreſſion takes,
It has no Ears, nor any Eyes,
And rarely, very rarely ſpeaks.

X.

Yet I muſt love't, and own my Flame,
Which to the world I thus rehearſe,
Throughout the ſpacious coaſts of Fame
To ſtand recorded in my Verſe:
No other ſubject, or deſign
Henceforth ſhall be my Muſes Theme,
But with juſt Praiſes to proclaim
The faireſt ARSE, that e're was ſeen.

XI.

In pity gentle *Phillis* hide
The dazling Beams of your Back-ſide;
For ſhould they ſhine unclouded long,
All humane kind would be undone.

Not

Not the bright Goddeſſes on high,
That reign above the ſtarry Sky,
Should they turn up to open view
All their immortal Tails, can ſhew
An *Arſe-h*— ſo divine as you.

CATUL-

CATULLUS

EPIGR. VII.

IMITATED.

Quæris quot mihi baſiationes, &c.

NAY, *Lesbia*, never ask me this,
How many Kiſſes will ſuffice?
Faith, 'tis a queſtion hard to tell,
Exceeding hard; for you as well
May ask what ſums of Gold ſuffice
The greedy Miſer's boundleſs Wiſh:
Think what drops the Ocean ſtore,
With all the Sands, that make its Shore:
Think what Spangles deck the Skies,
When Heaven looks with all its Eyes:

Or think how many Atoms came
To compose this mighty Frame:
Let all these the Counters be,
To tell how oft I'm kiss'd by thee:
Till no malicious Spy can guess
To what vast height the Scores arise;
Till weak Arithmetick grow scant,
And numbers for the reck'ning want:
All these will hardly be enough
For me stark staring mad with Love.

SOME

SOME

ELEGIES

OUT OF

OVID'S Amours,

IMITATED.

Book II. Elegy IV.

That he loves Women of all ſorts and ſizes.

Non ego mendoſos auſim defendere mores, &c.

NOt I, I never vainly durſt pretend
My Follies, and my Frailties to defend:
I own my Faults, if it avail to own,
While like a graceleſs Wretch I ſtill go on:

I hate my ſelf, but yet in ſpite of Fate
Am fain to be that loathed thing I hate:
In vain I would ſhake off this load of Love,
Too hard to bear, yet harder to remove:
I want the ſtrength my fierce Deſires to ſtem,
Hurried away by the impetuous ſtream.
'Tis not one Face alone ſubdues my Heart,
But each wears Charms, and every Eye a Dart:
And whereſoe're I caſt my Looks abroad,
In every place I find Temptations ſtrow'd,
The modeſt kills me with her down-caſt Eyes,
And Love his ambuſh lays in that diſguiſe.
The Brisk allures me with her gaity,
And ſhews how Active ſhe in Bed will be:
If Coy, like cloyſter'd Virgins, ſhe appears,
She but diſſembles what ſhe moſt deſires:
If ſhe be vers'd in Arts, and deeply read,
I long to get a Learned Maidenhead:
Or if Untaught, and Ignorant ſhe be,
She takes me then with her ſimplicity:

One likes my Verſes, and commends each Line,
And ſwears that *Cowley*'s are but dull to mine:
Her in mere Gratitude I muſt approve,
For who, but would his kind Applauder love?
Another damns my Poetry, and me,
And plays the Critick moſt judiciouſly:
And ſhe too fires my Heart, and ſhe too charms,
And I'm agog to have her in my arms.
One with her ſoft and wanton Trip does pleaſe,
And prints in every ſtep, ſhe ſets, a Grace:
Another walks with ſtiff ungainly tread;
But ſhe may learn more pliantneſs abed,
This ſweetly ſings; her Voice does Love inſpire,
And every Breath kindles, and blows the fire:
Who can forbear to kiſs thoſe Lips, whoſe ſound
The raviſh'd Ears does with ſuch ſoftneſs wound?
That ſweetly plays: and while her Fingers move,
While o're the bounding Strings their touches rove,
My Heart leaps too, and every Pulſe beats Love:

What Reason is so pow'rful to withstand
The Magick force of that resistless Hand?
Another Dances to a Miracle,
And moves her numerous Limbs with graceful skill:
And she, or else the Devil's in't, must charm.
A touch of her would bed-rid Hermits warm.
If tall; I guess what plenteous Game she'l yield,
Where Pleasure ranges o're so wide a Field:
If low; she's pretty: both alike invite,
The Dwarf, and Giant both my wishes fit,
Undress'd; I think how killing she'd appear,
If arm'd with all Advantages she were:
Richly attir'd; she's the gay Bait of Love,
And knows with Art to set her Beauties off,
I like the Fair, I like the Red-hair'd one,
And I can find attractions in the Brown:
If curling Jet adorn her snowy Neck,
The beauteous *Leda* is reported Black:

If curling Gold; *Aurora*'s painted so:
All sorts of Histories my Love does know.
I like the Young with all her blooming Charms,
And Age it self is welcome to my Arms:
There uncropt Beauty in its flow'r assails,
Experience here, and riper sense prevails.
In fine, whatever of the Sex are known
To stock this spacious and well-furnish'd Town;
Whatever any single man can find
Agreeable of all the num'rous kind:
At all alike my haggard Love does fly,
And each is Game, and each a Miss for me.

Book II. Elegy V.

To his Miſtris that jilted him.

Nullus amor tanti eſt: abeas pharetrate Cupido,&c.

NAY then the Devil take all Love! if I
So oft for its damn'd ſake muſt wiſh to die:
What can I wiſh for but to die, when you,
Dear faithleſs Thing, I find, could prove untrue?
Why am I curs'd with Life? why am I fain
For thee, falſe Jilt, to bear eternal Pain?
'Tis not thy Letters, which thy Crimes reveal,
Nor ſecret Preſents, which thy Falſhood tell:
Would God! my juſt ſuſpicions wanted cauſe,
That they might prove leſs fatal to my eaſe:
Would God! leſs colour for thy guilt there were,
But that (alas!) too much of proof does bear:

Bleſs'd

Blefs'd he, who what he loves can juſtifie,
To whom his Miſtris can the Fact deny,
And boldly give his Jealouſie the lye,
Cruel the Man, and uncompaſſionate,
And too indulgent to his own Regret,
Who ſeeks to have her guilt too manifeſt,
And with the murd'ring ſecret ſtabs his Reſt.
I ſaw, when little you ſuſpected me,
When ſleep, you thought, gave opportunity,
Your Crimes I ſaw, and theſe unhappy eyes
Of all your hidden ſtealths were Witneſſes:
I ſaw in ſigns your mutual Wiſhes read,
And Nods the meſſage of your Hearts convey'd:
I ſaw the conſcious Board, which writ all o're
With ſcrawls of Wine, Love's myſtick Cypher bore:
Your Glances were not mute, but each bewray'd,
And with your Fingers Dialogues were made:
I underſtood the Language out of hand,
(For what's too hard for Love to underſtand?)

Full well I understood for what intent
All this dumb Talk, and silent Hints were meant:
And now the Ghests were from the Table fled,
And all the Company retir'd to bed.
I saw you then with wanton Kisses greet,
Your Tongues (I saw) did in your Kisses meet:
Not such as Sisters to their Brothers give,
But Lovers from their Mistrisses receive:
Such as the God of War, and *Paphian* Queen
Did in the height of their Embraces joyn.
Patience, ye Gods! (I cried) what is't I see?
Unfaithful! why this Treachery to me?
How dare you let another in my sight
Invade my native Property, and Right?
He must not, shall not do't: by Love I swear
I'll seize the bold usurping Ravisher:
You are my Free-hold, and the Fates design,
That you should be unalienably mine:
These Favours all to me impropriate are:
How comes another then to trespass here?

This,

This, and much more I said, by Rage inspir'd,
While conscious shame her Cheeks with Blushes fir'd:
Such lovely stains the face of Heav'n adorn,
When Light's first blushes paint the bashful Morn:
So on the Bush the flaming Rose does glow,
When mingled with the Lillies neighb'ring Snow:
This, or some other Colour much like these,
The semblance then of her Complexion was:
And while her Looks that sweet Disorder wore
Chance added Beauties undisclos'd before:
Upon the ground she cast her jetty Eyes,
Her Eyes shot fiercer Darts in that Disguise:
Her Face a sad and mournful Air express'd,
Her Face more lovely seem'd in sadness dress'd:
Urg'd by Revenge, I hardly could forbear,
Her braided Locks, and tender Cheeks to tear:
Yet I no sooner had her Face survey'd,
But strait the tempest of my Rage was laid:

A look of her did my Reſentments charm,
A look of her did all their Force diſarm:
And I, that fierce outrageous thing e're-while,
Grow calm as Infants, when in ſleep they ſmile:
And now a Kiſs am humbly fain to crave,
She ſmil'd, and ſtrait a throng of Kiſſes preſt,
The worſt of which, ſhould *Jove* himſelf but taſte,
The brandiſh'd Thunder from his Hand would wreſt:
Well-pleas'd I was, and yet tormented too,
For fear my envied Rival felt them ſo:
Better they ſeem'd by far than I ere taught,
And ſhe in them ſhew'd ſomething new methought:
Fond jealous I my ſelf the Pleaſure grutch,
And they diſpleas'd, becauſe they pleas'd too much:
When in my mouth I felt her darting Tongue,
My wounded Thoughts it with ſuſpicion ſtung:

Nor

Nor is it this alone afflicts my mind,
More reaſon for complaint remains behind:
I grieve not only that ſhe Kiſſes gave,
Tho that affords me cauſe enough to grieve:
Such never could be taught her but in Bed,
And Heav'n knows what Reward her Teacher had.

BOOK

Book II. Elegy X.

To a Friend,

Acquainting him, that he is in Love with two at one time.

Tu mihi, tu certè (memini) Græcine, negabas, &c.

I'VE heard, my Friend, and heard it said by you,
No man at once could ever well love two:
But I was much deceiv'd upon that score,
For single I at once love one, and more:
Two at one time reign joyntly in my Breast,
Both handsom are, both charming, both well-dress'd,
And hang me, if I know, which takes me best:

This

This Fairer is than that, and that than this,
That more than this; and this than that does pleaſe:
Toſt, like a Ship, by diff'rent guſts of Love,
Now to this Point, and now to that I move.
Why, Love, why doſt thou double thus my pains?
Was't not enough to bear one Tyrant's chains?
Why, Goddeſs, do'ſt thou vainly laviſh more
On one, that was top-full of Love before?
Yet thus I'd rather love, than not at all,
May that ill Curſe my Enemies befal:
May my worſt Foe be damn'd to love of none,
Be damn'd to Continence, and lie alone:
Let Loves alarms each night diſturb my Reſt,
And drowſie ſleep never approach my Breaſt,
Or ſtrait-way thence be by new Pleaſure chas'd.
Let Pleaſure in ſucceſſion keep my Senſe
Ever awake, or ever in a Trance:
Let me lie melting in my fair One's Arms,
Riot in Bliſs, and ſurfeit on her Charms:

Let her undo me there without controul,
Drain nature quite, ſuck out my very Soul:
And, if by one I can't enough be drawn,
Give me another, clap more Leeches on.
The Gods have made me of the ſporting kind,
And for the Feat my Pliant Limbs deſign'd:
What Nature has in Bulk to me denied,
In Sinews, and in vigour is ſupplied:
And ſhould my Strength be wanting to Deſire,
Pleaſure would add new Fewel to the Fire:
Oft in ſoft Battels have I ſpent the Night,
Yet roſe next Morning vig'rous for the Fight,
Freſh as the Day, and active as the Light:
No Maid, that ever under me took pay,
From my Embrace went unoblig'd away.
Bleſs'd he, who in Loves ſervice yields his Breath,
Grant me, ye Gods, ſo ſweet, ſo wiſh'd a Death!
In bloudy Fields let Souldiers meet their Fate,
To purchaſe dear-bought Honour at the rate:

Let

Let greedy Merchants truſt the faithleſs Main,
And ſhipwrack Life and Soul for ſordid gain:
Dying, let me expire in gaſps of Luſt,
And in a guſh of Joy give up the Ghoſt:
And ſome kind pitying Friend ſhall ſay of me,
So did he live, and ſo deſerv'd to die.

A FRAGMENT of PETRONIUS, PARAPHRAS'D.

Fœda eſt in coitu, & brevis voluptas, &c.

I Hate Fruition, now 'tis paſt,
'Tis all but naſtineſs at beſt;
The homelieſt thing, that man can do,
Beſides, 'tis ſhort, and fleeting too:
A ſquirt of ſlippery Delight,
That with a moment takes its flight:
A fulſom Bliſs, that ſoon does cloy,
And makes us loath what we enjoy.
Then let us not too eager run,
By Paſſion blindly hurried on,

Like

Like Beaſts, who nothing better know,
Than what meer Luſt incites them to:
For when in Flouds of Love we're drench'd,
The Flames are by enjoyment quench'd:
But thus, let's thus together lie,
And kiſs out long Eternity:
Here we dread no conſcious Spies,
No bluſhes ſtain our guiltleſs Joys:
Here no Faintneſs dulls Deſires,
And Pleaſure never flags, nor tires:
This has pleas'd, and pleaſes now,
And for Ages will do ſo:
Enjoyment here is never done,
But freſh, and always but begun.

AN ODE OF ANACREON, PARAPHRAS'D.

The CUP.

Τὸν ἄργυρον τορεύσας, &c.

MAke me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large, as my capacious Soul,
Vaſt, as my thirſt is; let it have
Depth enough to be my Grave;

Ct: Poems on State Affairs, Vol. II
P. 141

I mean the Grave of all my Care,
For I intend to bury't there,
Let it of Silver faſhion'd be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of me,
Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
As that bright Cup amongſt the Stars:
That Cup which Heaven deign'd a place:
Next the Sun its greateſt Grace.
Kind Cup! that to the Stars did go,
To light poor Drunkards here below:
Let mine be ſo, and give me light,
That I may drink, and revel by't:
Yet draw no ſhapes of Armour there,
No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear,
Nor Wars of *Thebes*, nor Wars of *Troy*,
Nor any other martial Toy:
For what do I vain Armour prize,
Who mind not ſuch rough Exerciſe,
But gentler Sieges, ſofter Wars,
Fights, that cauſe no Wounds, or Scars?]

I'll have no Battels on my Plate,
Leſt ſight of them ſhould Brawls create,
Leſt that provoke to Quarrels too,
Which Wine it ſelf enough can do.
Draw me no Conſtellations there,
No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,
Nor any of that monſtrous fry
Of Animals, which ſtock the ſky:
For what are Stars to my Deſign,
Stars, which I, when drunk, out-ſhine,
Out-ſhone by every drop of Wine?
I lack no Pole-Star on the Brink,
To guide in the wide Sea of Drink,
But would for ever there be toſt;
And wiſh no Haven, ſeek no Coaſt.
Yet, Gentle Artiſt, if thou'lt try
Thy Skill, then draw me (let me ſee)
Draw me firſt a ſpreading Vine,
Make its Arms the Bowl entwine,

With kind embraces, ſuch as I
Twiſt about my loving ſhe.
Let its Boughs o're-ſpread above
Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love:
Draw next the Patron of that Tree,
Draw *Bacchus* and ſoft *Cupid* by;
Draw them both in toping Shapes,
Their Temples crown'd with cluſter'd Grapes:
Make them lean againſt the Cup,
As 'twere to keep their Figures up:
And when their reeling Forms I view,
I'll think them drunk, and be ſo too:
The Gods ſhall my examples be,
The Gods, thus drunk in Effigy.

An Alluſion to

MARTIAL.

Book I. Epig. 118.

AS oft, Sir *Tradewel*, as we meet,
You're ſure to ask me in the ſtreet,
When you ſhall ſend your Boy to me,
To fetch my Book of Poetry,
And promiſe you'l but read it o're,
And faithfully the Loan reſtore:
But let me ye as a Friend,
You need not take the pains to ſend:
'Tis a long way to where I dwell,
At farther end of *Clarkenwel*:

There

There in a Garret near the Sky,
Above five pair of Stairs I lie.
But, if you'd have, what you pretend,
You may procure it nearer hand:
In *Cornhil*, where you often go,
Hard by th' *Exchange*, there is, you know,
A Shop of Rhime, where you may ſee
The Poſts all clad in Poetry;
There *H*—— lives of high renown,
The noted'ſt TORY in the Town:
Where, if you pleaſe, enquire for me,
And he, or's Prentice, preſently
From the next Shelf will reach you down
The Piece well bound for half a Crown:
The Price is much too dear, you cry,
To give for both the Book, and me:
Yes doubtleſs, for ſuch vanities,
We know, Sir, you are too too wiſe.

THE

THE DREAM.

Written, *March* 10. 1677.

LAteas I on my Bed reposing lay,
And in soft sleep forgot the Toils of Day,
My self, my Cares, and Love, all charm'd to Rest,
And all the Tumults of my waking Breast,
Quiet and calm, as was the silent Night,
Whose stillness did to that blest sleep invite;
I dreamt, and strait this visionary Scene
Did with Delight my Fancy entertain.
I saw, methought, a lonely Privacy,
Remote alike from man's, and Heavens Eye,

Girt with the covert of a ſhady Grove,
Dark as my thoughts, and ſecret as my Love:
Hard by a Stream did with that ſoftneſs creep,
As 'twere by its own murmurs huſht aſleep;
On its green Bank under a ſpreading Tree,
At once a pleaſant, and a ſhelt'ring Canopy,
There I, and there my dear *Coſmelia* ſate,
Nor envied Monarchs in our ſafe Retreat:
So heretofore were the firſt Lovers laid
On the ſame Turf of which themſelves were made.
A while I did her charming Glories view,
Which to their former Conqueſts added new;
A while my wanton hand was pleas'd to rove
Through all the hidden Labyrinths of Love;
Ten thouſand Kiſſes on her Lips I fix'd,
Which ſhe with interfering Kiſſes mix'd,
Eager as thoſe of Lovers are in Death,
When they give up their Souls too with the Breath.
Love by theſe Freedoms firſt became more bold,
At length unruly, and too fierce to hold:

See then (said I) *and pity, charming Fair,*
Yield quickly, yield; I can no longer bear
Th' impatient Sallies of a Bliß ſo near:
You muſt, and you alone theſe ſtorms appeaſe,
And lay thoſe Spirits which your Charms could raiſe;
Come, and in equal Flouds let's quench our Flame,
Come let's ——and unawares I went to name
The Thing, but ſtopt and bluſht methought in Dream.

At firſt ſhe did the rude Addreſs diſown,
And check'd my Boldneſs with an angry Frown,
But yielding Glances, and conſenting Eyes
Prov'd the ſoft Traitors to her forc'd Diſguiſe;
And ſoon her looks, with anger rough e're while,
Sunk in the dimples of a calmer ſmile:
Then with a ſigh into theſe words ſhe broke,
And printed melting Kiſſes as ſhe ſpoke:
Too ſtrong, Philander, *is thy pow'rful Art*
To take a feeble Maids ill-guarded Heart:

Too long I've ſtruggled with my Bliß in vain,
Too long oppos'd what I oft wiſh'd to gain,
Loath to conſent, yet loather to deny,
At once I court, and ſhun Felicity:
I cannot, will not yield; — and yet I muſt,
Leſt to my own Deſires I prove unjuſt:
Sweet Raviſher! what Love commands thee, do;
Tho I'm diſpleas'd, I ſhall forgive thee too,
Too well thou know'ſt — and there my hand ſhe preſs'd,
And ſaid no more, but bluſh'd and ſmil'd the reſt.
Raviſh'd at the new grant, fierce eager I
Leap'd furious on, and ſeiz'd my trembling Prey;
With guarding Arms ſhe firſt my Force repell'd,
Shrunk, and drew back, and would not ſeem to yield;
Unwilling to o'recome, ſhe faintly ſtrove,
One hand pull'd to, what t'other did remove:
So feeble are the ſtruglings, and ſo weak
In ſleep we ſeem, and only ſeem to make:

Forbear! (she said) *ah, gentle Youth, forbear,*
(and still she hug'd, and clasp'd me still more near)
Ah! will you? will you force my Ruin so?
Ah! do not, do not, do not;— let me go.

What follow'd was above the pow'r of Verse,
Above the reach of Fancy to rehearse:
Not dying Saints enjoy such Extasies,
When they in Vision antedate their Bliss;
Not Dreams of a young Prophet are so bless'd,
When holy Trances first inspire his Breast,
And the God enters there to be a Guest.
Let duller Mortals other Pleasures prize,
Pleasures which enter at the waking Eyes,
Might I each Night such sweet Enjoyments find,
I'd wink for ever, be for ever blind.

Satire V.

La Noblesse, 1665

A SATYR TOUCHING NOBILITY.

Out of Monsieur *BOILEAU.*

'TIS granted, that Nobility in Man,
Is no wild flutt'ring Notion of the Brain,
Where he, descended of an ancient Race,
Which a long train of numerous Worthies grace,
By Virtues Rules guiding his steddy Course,
Traces the steps of his bright Ancestors.
But Yet I can't endure an haughty Ass,
Debauch'd with Luxury and slothful Ease.

Who

Who beſides empty Titles of high Birth,
Has no pretence to any thing of Worth,
Should proudly wear the Fame, which others ſought,
And boaſt of Honour which himſelf ne'er got.
I grant, the Acts which his Fore-fathers did
Have furniſh'd matter for old *Holliſhead*,
For which their Scutcheon, by the *Conqu'ror* grac'd
Still bears a *Lion Rampant* for its Creſt:
But what does this vain maſs of Glory boot
To be the branch of ſuch a noble Root,
If he of all the Heroes of his Line
Which in the Regiſters of Story ſhine,
Can offer nothing to the World's regard,
But mouldy Parchments which the Worms have ſpar'd?
If ſprung, as he pretends, of noble Race,
He does his own Original diſgrace,
And, ſwoln with ſelfiſh Vanity and Pride,
To greatneſs has no other claim beſide,

But ſquanders life, and ſleeps away his days,
Diſſolv'd in Sloth, and ſteep'd in ſenſual eaſe:
Mean while to ſee how much the Arrogant
Boaſts the falſe Luſtre of his high Deſcent,
You'd fancy him Comptroller of the Sky,
And fram'd by Heav'n of other Clay than me.
Tell me, great Hero, you, that would be thought
So much above the mean, and humble Rout.
Of all the Creatures which do men eſteem?
And which would you your ſelf the nobleſt deem?
Put caſe of Horſe: No doubt, you'l anſwer ſtrait,
The Racer, which has often'ſt won the Plate:
Who full of mettle, and of ſprightly Fire,
Is never diſtanc'd in the fleet Career:
Him all the Rivals of *New-market* dread,
And crowds of Vent'rers ſtake upon his Head:
But if the Breed of *Dragon*, often caſt,
Degenerate, and prove a Jade at laſt;
Nothing of Honour, or reſpect (we ſee)
Is had of his high Birth, and Pedigree:

But maugre all his great Progenitors.
The worthleſs Brute is baniſh'd from the Courſe,
Condemn'd for Life to ply the dirty Road,
To drag ſome Cart, or bear ſome Carrier's Load.
Then how can you with any ſenſe expect
That I ſhould be ſo ſilly to reſpect
The ghoſt of Honour, periſh'd long ago,
That's quite extinct, and lives no more in you?
Such gaudy Trifles with the Fools may paſs,
Caught with mere ſhew, and vain Appearances:
Virtue's the certain Mark, by Heav'n deſign'd,
That's always ſtamp'd upon a noble mind:
If you from ſuch illuſtrious Worthies came,
By copying them your high Extract proclaim:
Shew us thoſe generous Heats of Gallantry,
Which Ages paſt did in thoſe Worthies ſee,
That zeal for Honour, and that brave Diſdain,
Which ſcorn'd to do an Action baſe, or mean:
Do you apply your Intereſt aright,
Not to oppreſs the Poor with wrongful Might?

Would

Would you make Conſcience to pervert the Laws, i. e. Scruple
Tho brib'd to do't, or urg'd by your own Cauſe?
Dare you, when juſtly call'd, expend your Bloud
In ſervice for your King's and Country's good?
Can you in open Field in Armour ſleep,
And there meet danger in the ghaſtlieſt ſhape?
By ſuch illuſtrious Marks as theſe, I find,
You're truly iſſued of a noble kind:
Then fetch your Line from *Albanact*, or *Knute*,
Or, if theſe are too freſh, from older *Brute*:
At leiſure ſearch all Hiſtory to find
Some great and glorious Warriour to your mind:
Take *Cæſar*, *Alexander*, which you pleaſe,
To be the mighty Founder of your Race;
In vain the World your Parentage bely,
That was, or ſhould have been your Pedegree.
But, if you could with eaſe derive your Kin
From *Hercules* himſelf in a right Line;
If yet there nothing in your Actions be,
Worthy the name of your high Progeny;

All these great Ancestors, which you disgrace,
Against you are a cloud of Witnesses:
And all the Lustre of their tarnish'd Fame
Serves but to light, and manifest your Shame:
In vain you urge the merit of your Race,
And boast that Bloud, which you your selves debase.

In vain you borrow, to adorn your Name,
The Spoils, and Plunder of another's Fame;
If, where I look'd for something Great, and Brave,
I meet with nothing but a Fool, or Knave,
A Traitor, Villain, Sycophant, or Slave,
A freakish Madman, fit to be confin'd,
Whom *Bedlam* only can to order bind,
Or (to speak all at once) a barren Limb,
And rotten Branch of an illustrious Stem.

But I am too severe, perhaps you'l think,
And mix too much of Satyr with my Ink:
We speak to men of Birth, and Honour here,
And those nice Subjects must be touch'd with care:

Cry

Cry mercy, Sirs! Your Race, we grant, is known;
But how far backwards can you trace it down?
You anſwer: For at leaſt a thouſand year,
And ſome odd hundreds, you can make't appear:
'Tis much: But yet in ſhort the proofs are clear:
All Books with your Fore-fathers' Titles ſhine,
Whoſe names have ſcap'd the general wreck of Time:
But who is there ſo bold, that dares engage
His Honour, that in this long Tract of Age
No one of all his Anceſtors deceas'd
Had e're the fate to find a Bride unchaſt?
That they have all along *Lucretia*'s been,
And nothing e're of ſpurious Bloud crept in,
To mingle and defile the Sacred Line?
Curſs'd be the day, when firſt this vanity
Did primitive ſimplicity deſtroy,
In the bleſs'd ſtate of infant time, unknown,
When Glory ſprung from Innocence alone.

Each from his merit only Title drew,
And that alone made Kings, and Nobles too:
Then, ſcorning borrow'd Helps to prop his Name,
The Hero from himſelf deriv'd his Fame:
But Merit by degenerate time at laſt,
Saw Vice ennobled, and her ſelf debas'd:
And haughty Pride falſe pompous Titles feign'd,
T'amuſe the World, and Lord it o're Mankind:
Thence the vaſt Herd of Earls, and Barons came,
For Virtue each brought nothing but a Name:
Soon after Man, fruitful in Vanities,
Did Blazoning and Armory deviſe,
Founded a College for the Herald's Art,
And made a Language of their Terms apart,
Compos'd of frightful words, of *Chief*, and *Baſe*,
Of *Chevron*, *Saltier*, *Canton*, *Bend*, and *Feſs*,
And whatſoe're of hideous Jargon elſe
Mad *Guillim*, and his barbarous Volume fills.
Then farther the wild Folly to purſue,
Plain down-right Honour out of faſhion grew:

But

But to keep up its Dignity, and Birth,
Expence, and Luxury muſt ſet it forth:
It muſt inhabit ſtately Palaces,
Diſtinguiſh Servants by their Liveries,
And carrying vaſt Retinues up and down.
The Duke and Earl be by their Pages known.
Thus Honour to ſupport it ſelf is brought
To its laſt ſhifts, and thence the Art has got
Of borrowing every where, and paying nought:
'Tis now thought mean, and much beneath a Lord
To be an honeſt man, and keep his Word;
Who, by his Peerage, and Protection ſafe,
Can plead the priviledge to be a Knave:
While daily Crowds of ſtarving Creditors
Are forc'd to dance attendance at his doors,
Till he at length with all his mortgag'd Lands,
Are forfeited into the Banker's hands:
Then to redreſs his wants, the bankrupt Peer
To ſome rich trading Sot, turns Penſioner:

And the next News, you're ſure to hear that he
Is nobly wed into the Company:
Where for a Portion of ill-gotten Gold,
Himſelf and all his Anceſtors are ſold:
And thus repairs his broken Family
At the expence of his own Infamy.

For if you want Eſtate to ſet it forth,
In vain you boaſt the ſplendor of your Birth:
Your priz'd Gentility for madneſs goes,
And each your Kindred ſhuns and diſavows:
But he that's rich is prais'd at his full rate,
And tho he once cry'd *Small-coal* in the ſtreet,
Tho he, nor none of his e're mentioned were,
But in the Pariſh-Book, or Regiſter.

D——lé by help of Chronicle ſhall trace
An hundred Barons of his ancient Race.

A

SATYR.

Addreſſed to a Friend, *that is about to leave the Univerſity, and come abroad in the World.*

IF you're ſo out of love with Happineſs,
To quit a College life, and learned eaſe;
Convince me firſt, and ſome good Reaſons give,
What methods and deſigns you'l take to live:
For ſuch Reſolves are needful in the Caſe,
Before you tread the worlds Myſterious Maze:
Without the Premiſſes in vain you'l try
To live by Syſtems of Philoſophy:
Your *Ariſtotle*, *Cartes*, and *Le-Grand*,
And *Euclid* too in little ſtead will ſtand.

How

How many men of choice, and noted parts,
Well fraught with Learning, Languages, and Arts,
Deſigning high Preferment in their mind,
And little doubting good ſucceſs to find,
With vaſt and tow'ring thoughts have flock'd to Town,
But to their coſt ſoon found themſelves undone,
Now to repent, and ſtarve at leiſure left,
Of miſeries laſt Comfort, Hope bereft?
Theſe fail'd for want of good Advice, you cry,
Becauſe at firſt they fix'd on no employ:
Well then, let's draw the Proſpect, and the Scene
To all advantage poſſibly we can:
The world lies now before you, let me hear,
What courſe your Judgment counſels you to ſteer:
Always conſider'd, that your whole Eſtate,
And all your Fortune lies beneath your Hat:
Were you the Son of ſome rich Uſurer,
That ſtarv'd, and damn'd himſelf to make his Heir,

Left nought to do, but to inter the Sot,
And spend with ease what he with pains had got;
'Twere easie to advise how you might live,
Nor would there need instruction then to give:
But you, that boast of no Inheritance,
Save that small Stock, which lies within your Brains,
Learning must be your Trade, and therefore weigh
With heed, how you your Game the best may play;
Bethink your self a while, and then propose
What way of Life is fitt'st for you to choose.
If you for Orders, and a Gown design,
Consider only this, dear Friend of mine,
The Church is grown so over-stock'd of late,
That if you walk abroad, you'l hardly meet
More Porters now than Parsons in the street.
At every Corner they are forc'd to ply,
For Jobs of hawkering Divinity:
And half the number of the Sacred Herd
Are fain to strowl, and wander unpreferr'd:

If this, or thoughts of ſuch a weighty Charge
Make you reſolve to keep your ſelf at large;
For want of better opportunity,
A School muſt your next Sanctuary be:
Go, wed ſome Grammar-Bridewel, and a Wife,
And there beat *Greek*, and *Latin* for your life:
With Birchen Scepter there command at will,
Greater than *Busby*'s ſelf, or Doctor *Gill*,
But who would be to the vile Drudg'ry bound
Where there ſo ſmall encouragement is found?
Where you for recompence of all your pains
Shall hardly reach a common Fidler's gains?
For when you've toil'd, and labour'd all you can,
To dung, and cultivate a barren Brain:
A Dancing-Maſter ſhall be better paid,
Tho he inſtructs the Heels, and you the Head:
To ſuch Indulgence are kind Parents grown,
That nought coſts leſs in Breeding than a Son:
Nor is it hard to find a Father now,
Shall more upon a Setting-dog allow;

And

And with a freer hand reward the Care
Of training up his Spaniel, than his Heir.
Some think themſelves exalted to the Sky,
If they light in ſome noble Family;
Diet, an Horſe, and thirty pounds a year,
Beſides the advantage of his Lordſhips ear,
The credit of the buſineſs, and the State,
Are things that in a Younſter's Senſe ſound great.
Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know,
What ſlavery he oft muſt undergo:
Who tho in ſilken Skarf, and Caſſock dreſt,
Wears but a gayer Livery at beſt:
When Dinner calls the Implement muſt wait
With holy Words to conſecrate the Meat:
But hold it for a Favour ſeldom known,
If he be deign'd the Honour to ſit down.
Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir *Crape*, withdraw!
Thoſe Dainties are not for a ſpiritual Maw:
Obſerve your diſtance, and be ſure to ſtand
Hard by the Ciſtern with your Cap in hand:

There

There for diverſion you may pick your Teeth,
Till the kind Voider comes for your Relief:
For meer Board-wages ſuch their Freedom ſell,
Slaves to an Hour, and Vaſſals to a Bell:
And if th' enjoyment of one day be ſtole,
They are but Priſ'ners out upon Parole:
Always the marks of ſlavery remain,
And they, tho looſe, ſtill drag about their Chain.
And where's the mighty Proſpect after all,
A Chaplainſhip ſerv'd up, and ſeven years Thrall?
The menial thing perhaps for a Reward
Is to ſome ſlender Benefice preferr'd,
With this Proviſo bound, that he muſt wed
My Ladies antiquated Waiting-maid,
In Dreſſing only skill'd, and Marmalade,
Let others who ſuch meanneſſes can brook,
Strike Countenance to every Great man's Look:
Let thoſe that have a mind, turn ſlaves to eat,
And live contented by another's Plate:

I rate my Freedom higher, nor will I
For Food and Rayment truck my Liberty.
But, if I muſt to my laſt ſhifts be put,
To fill a Bladder, and twelve yards of Gut;
Rather with counterfeited wooden Leg,
And my right Arm tied up, I'll chuſe to beg:
I'll rather chuſe to ſtarve at large, than be
The gawdieſt Vaſſal to Dependency.

'T has ever been the top of my Deſires,
The utmoſt height to which my wiſh aſpires,
That Heav'n would bleſs me with a ſmall Eſtate,
Where I might find a cloſe obſcure retreat;
There, free from Noiſe, and all ambitious ends,
Enjoy a few choice Books, and fewer Friends,
Lord of my ſelf, accountable to none,
But to my Conſcience, and my God alone:
There live unthought of, and unheard of, die,
And grudge Mankind my very memory.
But ſince the Bleſſing is (I find) too great
For me to wiſh for, or expect of Fate:

cf. Cowley: The Mis- cellanies p. 22

Yet

Yet, maugre all the ſpight of Deſtiny,
My Thoughts, and Actions are, and ſhall be free.
A certain Author, very grave, and ſage,
This Story tells: no matter, what the Page.
One time, as they walk'd forth e're break of day,
The Wolf, and Dog encounter'd on the way:
Famiſh'd the one, meager, and lean of plight,
As a caſt Poet, who for Bread does write:
The other fat, and plump, as Prebend, was,
Pamper'd with Luxury, and holy Eaſe,
Thus met, with Compliments, too long to tell,
Of being glad to ſee each other well:
How now, Sir Towzer? (ſaid the Wolf) *I pray,*
Whence comes it, that you look ſo ſleek, and gay?
While I, who do as well (*I'm ſure*) *deſerve,*
For want of Livelihood am like to ſtarve?
Troth Sir (replied the Dog) *'tha's been my Fate,*
I thank the friendly Stars, to hap of late
On a kind Maſter, to whoſe care I owe
All this good Fleſh, wherewith you ſee me now:

From

From his rich Voider every day I'm fed
With Bones of Fowl, and Crusts of fineſt Bread:
With Fricaſſee, Ragouſt, *and whatſoe're*
Of coſtly Kickſhaws now in faſhion are,
And more variety of Boil'd and Roaſt,
Than a Lord Mayor's *Waiter e're could boaſt.*
Then, Sir, 'tis hardly credible to tell,
How I'm reſpected, and belov'd by all:
I'm the Delight of the whole Family,
Not darling Shock *more Favourite than I:*
I never ſleep abroad, to Air expos'd,
But in my warm apartment am inclos'd:
There on freſh Bed of Straw, with Canopy
Of Hutch above, like Dog of State I lie.
Beſides, when with high Fare, and Nature fir'd,
To generous Sports of Youth I am inſpir'd,
All the proud ſhees are ſoft to my Embrace,
From Bitch of Quality down to Turn-ſpit Race:
Each day I try new Miſtriſſes and Loves,
Nor envy Sovereign Dogs in their Alcoves.

A gibe at Charles II and Louis XIV

Thus happy I of all enjoy the beſt,
No mortal Cur on Earth yet half ſo bleſs'd,
And farther to enhance the Happineſs,
All this I get by idleneſs, and eaſe.

Troth! (ſaid the Wolf) *I envy your Eſtate*
Would to the Gods it were but my good Fate,
That I might happily admitted be
A member of your bleſs'd Society!
I would with Faithfulneſs diſcharge my place
In any thing that I might ſerve his Grace:
But, think you, Sir, it mould be feaſible,
And that my Application might prevail?

Do but endeavour, Sir, you need not doubt;
I make no queſtion but to bring't about:
Only rely on me, and reſt ſecure,
I'll ſerve you to the utmoſt of my Pow'r;
As I'm a Dog of Honour, Sir: — *but this*
I only take the Freedom to adviſe,
That you'd a little lay your Roughneſs by,
And learn to practice Complaiſance, like me.

For that let me alone: I'll have a care,
And top my part, I warrant, to a hair:
There's not a Courtier of them all shall vie
For Fawning, and for Suppleneſs with me.

And thus reſolv'd at laſt, the Travellers
Towards the Houſe together ſhape their courſe:
The Dog, who Breeding well did underſtand,
In walking gives his Gheſt the upper hand:
And as they walk along, they all the while
With Mirth, and pleaſant Raillery beguile
The tedious Time, and Way, till Day drew near,
And Light came on; by which did ſoon appear
The Maſtiffs Neck to view all worn and bare.

This when his Comrade ſpi'd, *What means* (ſaid he)
This Circle bare, which round your Neck I ſee?
If I may be ſo bold; —— *Sir, you muſt know,*
That I at firſt was rough, and fierce, like you,
Of Nature curs'd, and often apt to bite
Strangers, and elſe, who ever came in ſight:

For this I was tied up, and underwent
The Whip ſometimes, and ſuch light Chaſtiſement:
Till I at length by Diſcipline grew tame,
Gentle, and tractable, as now I am:
'Twas by this ſhort, and ſlight ſeverity
I gain'd theſe Marks and Badges, which you ſee:
But what are they? Allons Monſieur! *let's go.*
Not one ſtep farther: Sir, excuſe me now.
Much joy t'ye of your envied, bleſs'd Eſtate:
I will not buy Preferment at that rate:
A Gods name, take your golden Chains for me:
Faith, I'd not be a King, not to be free:
Sir Dog, your humble Servant, ſo Godbw'y.

SOME

SOME
VERSE
Written in *Septemb.* 1676.

Preſenting a Book to *COSMELIA.*

GO, humble Gift, go to that matchleſs Saint,
Of whom thou only waſt a Copy meant:
And all, that's read in thee, more richly find
Compriz'd in the fair Volume of her mind;
That living Syſtem, where are fully writ
All thoſe high Morals, which in Books we meet:
Eaſie, as in ſoft Air, there writ they are,
Yet firm, as if in Braſs they graven were.

Nor is her Talent lazily to know
As dull Divines, and holy Canters do;
She acts what they only in Pulpits prate,
And Theory to Practice does tranſlate:
Nor her own Actions more obey her Will,
Than that obeys ſtrict Virtues dictates ſtill:
Yet does not Virtue from her Duty flow,
But ſhe is good, becauſe ſhe will be ſo:
Her Virtue ſcorns at a low pitch to flie,
'Tis all free Choice, nought of Neceſſity:
By ſuch ſoft Rules are Saints above confin'd,
Such is the Tie, which them to Good does bind.
The ſcatter'd Glories of her happy Sex
In her bright Soul as in their Center mix:
And all that they poſſeſs but by Retail,
She hers by juſt Monopoly can call:
Whoſe ſole Example does more Virtues ſhew,
Than Schoolmen ever taught, or ever knew.
No Act did e're within her Practice fall,
Which for the attonement of a Buſh could call:

No

No word of hers e're greeted any ear,
But what a Saint at her laſt gaſp might hear:
Scarcely her Thoughts have ever ſullied been
With the leaſt print, or ſtain of native Sin:
Devout ſhe is, as holy Hermits are,
Who ſhare their time 'twixt Extaſie, and Prayer:
Modeſt, as infant Roſes in their Bloom,
Who in a Bluſh their fragrant Lives conſume:
So chaſte, the Dead themſelves are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power:
So pure, could Virtue in a Shape appear,
'Twould chuſe to have no other Form, but Her:
So much a Saint, I ſcarce dare call her ſo,
For fear to wrong her with a name too low:
Such the Seraphick Brightneſs of her mind,
I hardly can believe her Womankind:
But think ſome nobler Being does appear,
Which to inſtruct the World, has left the Sphere,
And condeſcends to wear a Body here.

Or, if she mortal be, and meant to show
The greater Art by being form'd below;
Sure Heaven preserv'd her by the Fall uncurs'd,
To tell how good the Sex was made at first.

THE

THE PARTING.

TOO happy had I been indeed, if Fate
Had made it laſting, as ſhe made it great;
But 'twas the Plot of unkind Deſtiny,
To lift me to, then ſnatch me from my Joy:
She rais'd my Hopes, and brought them juſt in view,
And then in ſpight the pleaſing Scene withdrew.
So *He* of old the *promis'd Land* ſurvey'd,
Which he might ſee, but never was to tread:
So Heav'n was by that damned *Caitiff* ſeen,
He ſaw't, but with a mighty Gulf between,
He ſaw't to be more wretched, and deſpair agen:

Not Souls of dying Sinners, when they go,
Assur'd of endless Miseries below,
Their Bodies more unwillingly desert,
Than I from you, and all my Joys did part.
As some young Merchant, whom his Sire unkind
Resigns to every faithless Wave, and Wind;
If the kind Mistris of his Vows appear,
And come to bless his Voyage with a Prayer,
Such Sighs he vents as may the Gale increase,
Such Flouds of Tears as may the Billows raise:
And when at length the launching Vessel flies,
And severs first his Lips, and then his Eyes;
Long he looks back to see what he adores,
And while he may, views the beloved Shores.
Such just concerns I at your Parting had,
With such sad Eyes your turning Face survey'd:
Reviewing, they pursu'd you out of sight,
Then sought to trace you by left Tracks of Light:

And when they could not Looks to you convey,
Tow'rds the lov'd Place they took delight to
ſtray,
And aim'd uncertain Glances ſtill that way.

Complain

Complaining of

ABSENCE.

TEN days (if I forget not) waſted are
(A year in any Lover's Calendar)
Since I was forc'd to part, and bid adieu
To all my Joy, and Happineſs in you:
And ſtill by the ſame Hindrance am detain'd,
Which me at firſt from your lov'd Sight conſtrain'd.
Oft I reſolve to meet my Bliſs, and then
My Tether ſtops, and pulls me back agen?
So when our raiſed Thoughts to Heav'n aſpire,
Earth ſtifles them, and choaks the good deſire.
Curſe on that Man, who Bus'neſs firſt deſign'd,
And by't enthral'd a free-born Lover's mind!

A curſe on Fate, who thus ſubjected me,
And made me ſlave to any thing but thee!
Lovers ſhould be as unconfin'd as Air,
Free as its wild Inhabitants from Care:
So free thoſe happy Lovers are above,
Exempt from all Concerns but thoſe of Love:
But I, poor Lover militant below,
The Cares, and Troubles of dull Life muſt know;
Muſt toil for that, which does on others wait,
And undergo the drudgery of Fate:
Yet I'll no more to her a Vaſſal be,
Thou now ſhalt make, and rule my Deſtiny:
Hence troubleſome Fatigues! all Bus'neſs hence!
This very hour my Freedom ſhall commence:
Too long that Jilt has thy proud Rival been,
And made me by neglectful Abſence ſin;
But I'll no more obey its Tyranny,
Nor that, nor Fate it ſelf ſhall hinder me
Henceforth from ſeeing, and enjoying thee.

Promi-

Promiſing a

VISIT.

SOoner may Art, and eaſier far divide
The ſoft embracing waters of the Tide,
Which with united Friendſhip ſtill rejoyn,
Than part my Eyes, my Arms, or Lips from thine:
Sooner it may Time's headlong motion force,
In which it marches with unalter'd courſe,
Or ſever this from the ſucceeding Day,
Than from thy happy Preſence force my ſtay.
Not the touch'd Needle (emblem of my Soul)
With greater Rev'rence trembles to its Pole,
Nor Flames with ſurer inſtinct upwards go,
Than mine, and all their motions tend to you.

Fly ſwift, ye minutes, and contract the ſpace
Of Time, which holds me from her dear Embrace:
When I am there I'll bid you kindly ſtay,
I'll bid you reſt, and never glide away.
Thither when Bus'neſs gives me a Releaſe
To loſe my Cares in ſoft, and gentle Eaſe,
I'll come, and all arrears of Kindneſs pay,
And live o're my whole Abſence in one day.
Not Souls, releas'd from humane Bodies, move
With quicker haſte to meet their Bliſs above:
Than I, when freed from Clogs, that bind me now,
Eager to ſeize my Happineſs, will go.
Should a fierce Angel arm'd with Thunder ſtand,
And threaten Vengeance with his brandiſh'd hand,
To ſtop the entrance to my Paradiſe;
I'll venture, and his ſlighted Bolts deſpiſe.
Swift as the wings of Fear, ſhall be my Love,
And me to her with equal ſpeed remove:
Swift, as the motions of the Eye, or Mind,
I'll thither fly, and leave ſlow Thought behind.

THE

THE CARELESS

Good Fellow.

Written, *March* 9. 1680.

SONG.

I.

A Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,
What a pother, and ſtir has it kept in the State?
Let the Rabble run mad with Suſpicions, and Fears,
Let them ſcuffle, and jar, till they go by the ears:
Their Grievances never ſhall trouble my pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

II. What

⊗ The Woollen Act came into operation Aug. 1st 1678

II.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their ease
And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass?
At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King;
A Friend, and a Bottle is all my design;
He has no room for Treason, that's top-full of Wine.

III.

I mind not the Members and makers of Laws,
Let them sit or Prorogue, as his Majesty please:
Let them damn us to Woollen, ⊗ I'll never repine
At my Lodging, when dead, so alive I have Wine:
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To curse them for making my Claret so dear.

The Exclusion Bill

IV.

I mind not grave Aſſes, who idly debate
About Right and Succeſſion, the Trifles of State;
We've a good King already: and he deſerves laughter
That will trouble his head with who ſhall come after:
Come, here's to his Health, and I wiſh he may be
As free from all Care, and all Trouble, as we.

V.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go?
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney*, and Monſieur *D'Avaux*?
What concerns it my Drinking, if *Caſal* be ſold,
If the Conquerour take it by Storming, or Gold?
Good *Bordeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

VI. The

VI.

The Bully of *France*, that aſpires to Renown
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own;
Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches, and Treat,
To afford the News-mongers, and Coffee-houſe Chat:
He's but a brave Wretch, while I am more free,
More ſafe, and a thouſand times happier than He.

VII.

Come He, or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,
Or come Faggot, and Stake; I care not a Groat;
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat:
No, I ſwear, Mr *Fox*, pray excuſe me for that.
I'll drink in defiance of Gibbet, and Halter,
This is the Profeſſion, that never will alter.

A

SATYR.

The Perſon of Spencer *is brought in, Diſſuading the Author from the Study of* Poetry, *and ſhewing how little it is eſteem'd and encouraged in this preſent Age.*

ONE night, as I was pondering of late
On all the mis'ries of my hapleſs Fate,
Curſing my rhiming Stars, raving in vain
At all the Pow'rs, which over Poets reign:
In came a ghaſtly Shape, all pale, and thin,
As ſome poor Sinner, who by Prieſt had been,
Under a long Lent's Penance, ſtarv'd, and whip'd,
Or par-boil'd Lecher, late from Hot-houſe crept:

Famiſh'd

Famiſh'd his Looks appear'd, his Eyes ſunk in,
Like Morning-Gown about him hung his Skin:
A Wreath of Lawrel on his Head he wore,
A Book, inſcrib'd the *Fairy Queen*, he bore.

By this I knew him, roſe, and bow'd, and ſaid,
Hail reverend Ghoſt! all hail moſt ſacred Shade!
Why this great Viſit? why vouchſaf'd to me,
The meaneſt of thy Britiſh Progeny?
Com'ſt thou in my uncall'd, unhallow'd Muſe,
Some of thy mighty Spirit to infuſe?
If ſo; lay on thy Hands, ordain me fit
For the high Cure, and Miniſtry of Wit:
Let me (I beg) thy great Inſtructions claim,
Teach me to tread the glorious paths of Fame:
Teach me (for none does better know than thou)
How, like thy ſelf, I may immortal grow.

Thus did I ſpeak, and ſpoke it in a ſtrain,
Above my common rate, and uſual vein;
As if inſpir'd by preſence of the Bard,
Who with a Frown thus to reply was heard,

In ſtile of Satyr, ſuch wherein of old
He the fam'd Tale of *Mother Hubberd* told.
I come, fond Ideot, e're it be too late,
Kindly to warn thee of thy wretched Fate:
Take heed betimes, repent, and learn of me
To ſhun the dang'rous Rocks of Poetry:
Had I the choice of Fleſh and Bloud again,
To act once more in Life's tumultuous Scene;
I'd be a Porter, or a Scavenger,
A groom, or any thing, but Poet here:
Haſt thou obſerv'd ſome Hawker of the Town,
Who through the Streets with diſmal Scream and Tone,
Cries Matches, Small-coal, Brooms, Old Shoes and Boots,
Socks, Sermons, Ballads, Lies, Gazetts, and Votes?
So unrecorded to the Grave I'd go,
And nothing but the Regiſter tell, who:
Rather that poor unheard-of Wretch I'd be,
Than the moſt glorious Name in Poetry,
With all its boaſted Immortality:

Rather

Rather than He, who ſung on *Phrygia*'s Shore, Homer
The *Grecian* Bullies fighting for a Whore:
Or He of *Thebes*, whom Fame ſo much extols Pindar
For praiſing Jockies, and *New-market* Fools.
So many now, and bad the Scriblers be,
'Tis ſcandal to be of the Company:
The foul Diſeaſe is ſo prevailing grown,
So much the Faſhion of the Court and Town,
That ſcarce a man well bred in either's deem'd,
But who has kill'd, been often clapt, and oft has rhim'd:
The Fools are troubled with a Flux of Brains,
And each on Paper ſquirts his filthy ſenſe:
A leaſh of Sonnets, and a dull Lampoon
Set up an Author, who forthwith is grown
A man of Parts, of Rhiming, and Renown: T. Jordan
Ev'n that vile *Wretch*, who in lewd Verſe each year
Deſcribes the Pageants, and my good *Lord May'r*,
Whoſe Works muſt ſerve the next Election-day
For making Squibs, and under Pies to lay,

Yet counts himself of the inspired Train,
And dares in thought the sacred Name profane.
But is it nought (thou'lt say) *in Front to stand,*
With Lawrel crown'd by White, *or* Loggan's *hand?*
Is it not great, and glorious to be known,
Mark'd out, and gaz'd at thro the wond'ring Town,
By all the Rabble passing up and down?
So *Oats* and *Bedloe* have been pointed at,
And every busie Coxcomb of the State:
The meanest Felons who through *Holborn* go,
More eyes, and looks than twenty Poets draw:
If this be all, go, have thy posted Name
Fix'd up with Bills of Quack, and publick Sham;
To be the stop of gaping Prentices,
And read by reeling Drunkards, when they piss;
Or else to lie expos'd on trading Stall,
While the bilk'd Owner hires Gazetts to tell,
'Mongst Spaniels lost, that Author does not sell.

(X) cf: Poems on State Affairs Vol II P. 139 Perhaps

(=) cf: Dryden: Dedication to The Medal

Perhaps, fond Fool, thou ſooth'ſt thy ſelf in dream,
With hopes of purchaſing a laſting Name?
Thou think'ſt perhaps thy Trifles ſhall remain,
Like ſacred *Cowley*, and immortal *Ben*?
But who of all the bold Adventurers,
Who now drive on the trade of Fame in Verſe
Can be enſur'd in this unfaithful Sea,
Where there ſo many loſt and ſhipwrack'd be?
How many Poems writ in ancient time,
Which thy Fore-fathers had in great eſteem,
Which in the crowded Shops bore any rate,
And ſold like News-Books, and Affairs of State,
Have grown contemptible, and ſlighted ſince,
As *Pordage*, *Flecknoe*, or the *Britiſh Prince*?
Quarles, *Chapman*, *Heywood*, *Withers* had Applauſe,
And *Wild*, and *Ogilby* in former days;
But now are damn'd to wrapping Drugs, and Wares,
And curs'd by all their broken Stationers:

(X) See Boileau, Sat. IX

And

And so may'st thou perchance pass up and down,
And please a while th' admiring Court, and Town,
Who after shalt in *Duck-lane* Shops be thrown,
To mould with *Silvester*, and *Shirley* there,
And truck for Pots of Ale next *Stourbridg*-Fair.
Then who'l not laugh to see th' immortal Name
To vile *Mundungus* made a Martyr Flame?
And all thy deathless Monuments of Wit,
Wipe Porters Tails, or mount in Paper-kite?
But, grant thy Poetry should find success,
And (which is rare) the squeamish Criticks please;
Admit, it read, and prais'd, and courted be
By this nice Age, and all Posterity;
If thou expectest ought but empty Fame;
Condemn thy Hopes, and Labours to the Flame:
The Rich have now learn'd only to admire,
He, who to greater Favours does aspire,
Is mercenary thought, and writes to hire:
Would'st thou to raise thine, and thy Countries Fame,
Chuse some old *English* Hero for thy Theme,

Bold

Bold *Arthur*, or great *Edward*'s greatest *Son*,
Or our fifth *Harry*, matchless in Renown,
Make *Agincourt*, and *Cressy* Fields outvie
The fam'd *Lavinian* Shores, and Walls of *Troy*;
What *Scipio*, what *Mæcenas* would'st thou find,
What *Sidney* now to thy great Project kind?
Bless me! how great Genius! how each Line
Is big with Sense! how glorious a Design
Does thro the whole, and each Proportion shine!
How lofty all his Thoughts, and how inspir'd!
Pity, such wond'rous Parts are not preferr'd:
Cries a gay wealthy Sot, who would not bail
For bare five Pounds the Author out of Jail,
Should he starve there, and rot; who if a Brief
Came out the needy Poets to relieve,
To the whole Tribe would scarce a Tester give.
But fifty Guinnies for a Whore and Clap;
The Peer's well us'd, and comes off wond'rous cheap:

A Poet

A Poet would be dear, and out o'th' way,
Should he expect above a Coach-man's pay:
For this will any dedicate, and lye,
And dawb the gaudy Aſs with Flattery?
For this will any proſtitute his Senſe
To Coxcombs void of Bounty, as of Brains?
Yet ſuch is the hard Fate of Writers now,
They're forc'd for Alms to each great Name to bow:
Fawn, like her Lap-dog, on her tawdry Grace,
Commend her Beauty, and bely her Glaſs,
By which ſhe every morning primes her Face:
Sneak to his Honour, call him Witty, Brave,
And Juſt, tho a known Coward, Fool, or knave,
And praiſe his Lineage, and Nobility,
Whoſe Arms at firſt came from the Company.
'Tis ſo, 'twas ever ſo, ſince heretofore
The blind old *Bard*, with Dog and Bell before,
Was fain to ſing for Bread from door to door;

The

The needy Muſes all turn'd Gypſies then,
And of the begging Trade e'er ſince have been:
Should mighty *Sappho* in theſe days revive,
And hope upon her ſtock of Wit to live;
She muſt to *Creſwel*'s trudg to mend her Gains,
And let her Tail to hire, as well as Brains.
What Poet ever fin'd for Sheriff? or who
By Wit and Senſe did ever Lord Mayors grow?
My own hard Uſage here I need not preſs,
Where you have every day before your face
Plenty of freſh reſembling Inſtances:
Great *Cowley*'s Muſe the ſame ill Treatment had,
Whoſe Verſe ſhall live for ever to upbraid
Th'ungrateful World, that left ſuch Worth unpaid.
Waller himſelf may thank Inheritance
For what he elſe had never got by Senſe.
On *Butler* who can think without juſt Rage,
The Glory, and the Scandal of the Age?

Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to Town,
Met every where with welcomes of Renown,
Courted, and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
And promises of Princely Favour fed:
But what Reward for all had he at last,
After a Life in dull expectance pass'd?
The Wretch at summing up his misspent days
Found nothing left, but Poverty, and Praise:
Of all his Gains by Verse he could not save
Enough to purchase Flannel, and a Grave:
Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick:
And well might bless the Fever that was sent,
To rid him hence, and his worse Fate prevent.
You've seen what fortune other Poets share;
View next the Factors of the Theatre:
That constant Mart, which all the year does hold,
Where Staple wit is barter'd, bought, and sold;
Here trading Scriblers for their Maintainance,
And Livelihood trust to a Lott'ry chance:

But

But who his Parts would in the Service ſpend,
Where all his hopes on Vulgar Breath depend?
Where every Sot, for paying half a Crown,
Has the Prerogative to cry him down?
Sidley indeed may be content with Fame,
Nor care ſhould an ill-judging Audience damn:
But *Settle*, and the Reſt, that writ for Pence,
Whoſe whole Eſtate's an ounce, or two of Brains,
Should a thin Houſe on the third day appear,
Muſt ſtarve, or live in Tatters all the year.
And what can we expect that's brave and great,
From a poor needy Wretch, that writes to eat?
Who the ſucceſs of the next Play muſt wait
For Lodging, Food, and Cloaths, and whoſe chief care
Is how to ſpunge for the next Meal, and where?
Hadſt thou of old in flouriſhing *Athens* liv'd,
When all the learned Arts in Glory thriv'd,
When mighty *Sophocles* the Stage did ſway,
And Poets by the State were held in pay;

'Twere

'Twere worth thy Pains to cultivate thy Muſe,
And daily wonders then it might produce;
But who would now write Hackney to a Stage,
That's only thought the Nuiſance of the Age?
Go after this, and beat thy wretched Brains,
And toil to bring in thankleſs Ideots means:
Turn o're dull *Horace*, and the Claſſick Fools,
To poach for Senſe, and hunt for idle Rules:
Be free of Tickets, and the Play-houſes,
To make ſome tawdry Act'reſs there thy Prize,
And ſpend thy third Day's gains 'twixt her clap'd Thighs.

All Trades, and all Profeſſions here abound,
And yet Encouragement for all is found:
Here a vile Emp'rick, who by Licence kills,
Who every Week helps to increaſe the Bills,
Wears Velvet, keeps his Coach, and Whore beſide,
For what leſs Villains muſt to *Tyburn* ride.
There a dull trading Sot, in Wealth o'regrown
By thriving Knavery, can call his own.

A dozen

A dozen Mannors, and if Fate ſtill bleſs,
Expect as many Counties to poſſeſs.
Punks, Panders, Bawds, all their due Penſions gain,
And every day the Great Mens Bounty drain:
Laviſh expence on Wit, has never yet
Been tax'd amongſt the Grievances of State.
The *Turky*, *Guinny*, *India* Gainers be,
And all but the Poetick Company:
Each place of Traffick, *Bantam*, *Smyrna*, *Zant*, in the Mora
Greenland, *Virginia*, *Sevil*, *Alicant*,
And *France*, that ſends us Dildoes, Lace, and Wine,
Vaſt profit all, and large Returns bring in:
Parnaſſus only is that barren Coaſt,
Where the whole Voyage, and Adventure's loſt.
Then be advis'd, the ſlighted Muſe forſake,
And *Coke*, and *Dalton* for thy ſtudy take:
For Fees each Term ſweat in the crowded Hall,
And there for Charters, and crack'd Titles bawl:

Where *M*——*d* thrives, and pockets more each year

Maynard

Than forty Laureats of the Theater,
Or elſe to Orders, and the Church betake
Thy ſelf, and that thy future Refuge make:
There fawn on ſome proud Patron to engage
Th' Advowſon of caſt Punk, and Parſonage:
Or ſooth the Court, and preach up Kingly Right,
To gain a Prebend'ry, and Mitre by't.
In fine, turn Pettifogger, Canoniſt,
Civilian, Pedant, Mountebank, or Prieſt,
Soldier, or Merchant, Fidler, Painter, Fencer,
Jack-pudding, Juggler, Player, or Rope-dancer:
Preach, Plead, Cure, Fight, Game, Pimp, Beg, Cheat, or Thieve;
Be all but Poet, and there's way to live.
But why do I in vain my Counſel ſpend
On one whom there's ſo little hope to mend?
Where I perhaps as fruitleſly exhort,
As Lenten Doctors, when they Preach at Court?

Not

Not enter'd Punks from Luſt they onee have tried,
Not Fops, and Women from Conceit, and Pride,
Not Bawds from Impudence, Cowards from Fear,
Nor ſear'd unfeeling Sinners paſt Deſpair,
Are half ſo hard, and ſtubborn to reduce,
As a poor Wretch, when once poſſeſs'd with Muſe.
If therefore, what I've ſaid, cannot avail,
Nor from the Rhiming Folly thee recal,
But ſpite of all thou wilt be obſtinate,
And run thy ſelf upon avoidleſs Fate;
May'ſt thou go on unpitied, till thou be
Brought to the Pariſh, Bridge, and Beggary:
Till urg'd by want, like broken Scriblers, thou
Turn Poet to a Booth, a *Smithfield*-Show,
And write Heroick Verſe for *Bartholmew*:
Then ſlighted by the very Nurſery,
May'ſt thou at laſt be forc'd to ſtarve, like me.

A

SATYR,

In Imitation of the Third of

JUVENAL.

Written, *May*, 1682.

The Poet brings in a Friend of his, giving him an account why he removes from London *to live in the Country.*

THO much concern'd to leave my dear old Friend,
I must however his Design commend
Of fixing in the Country: for were I
As free to chuse my Residence, as he;

The

The *Peake*, the *Fens*, the *Hundreds*, or *Lands-end*,
I would prefer to *Fleetſtreet*, or the *Strand*.
What place ſo deſart, and ſo wild is there,
Whoſe Inconveniencies one would not bear,
Rather than the Alarms of midnight Fire,
The falls of Houſes, Knavery of Cits,
The Plots of Factions, and the noiſe of Wits,
And thouſand other Plagues, which up and down
Each day and hour infeſt the curſed Town?
As Fate wou'd have't, on the appointed day
Of parting hence, I met him on the way,
Hard by *Mile-end*, the place ſo fam'd of late,
In Proſe, and Verſe for the great *Factions Treat*;
Here we ſtood ſtill, and after Complements
Of courſe, and wiſhing his good Journey hence,
I ask'd what ſudden cauſes made him flie
The once-lov'd Town, and his dear Company:
When, on the hated Proſpect looking back,
Thus with juſt rage the good old *Timon* ſpake:

Since Virtue here in no repute is had,
Since Worth is ſcorn'd, Learning and Senſe unpaid,
And Knavery the only thriving Trade;
Finding my ſlender Fortune every day
Dwindle, and waſte inſenſibly away,
I, like a loſing Gameſter, thus retreat,
To manage wiſelier my laſt ſtake of Fate:
While I have ſtrength, and want no ſtaff to prop
My tott'ring Limbs, e're Age has made me ſtoop
Beneath its weight, e're all my Thread be ſpun,
And Life has yet in ſtore ſome Sands to run,
'Tis my Reſolve to quit the nauſeous Town.

Let thriving *Morecraft* chuſe his dwelling there,
Rich with the Spoils of ſome young ſpend-thrift Heir:
Let the Plot-mongers ſtay behind, whoſe Art
Can Truth to Sham, and Sham to Truth convert:
Who ever has an Houſe to Build, or Set,
His Wife, his Conſcience, or his Oath to let:

Who

Who ever has, or hopes for Offices,
A Navy, Guard, or Cuſtom-houſe's Place:
Let ſharping Courtiers ſtay, who there are great
By putting the falſe Dice on King, and State.
Where they, who once were Grooms, and Foot-Boys known,
Are now to fair Eſtates, and Honours grown;
Nor need we envy them, or wonder much
At their fantaſtick Greatneſs, ſince they're ſuch,
Whom Fortune oft in her capricious freaks
Is pleas'd to raiſe from Kennels, and the Jakes,
To Wealth, and Dignity above the reſt,
When ſhe is frolick, and diſpos'd to jeſt.
I live in *London*? What ſhould I do there?
I cannot lye, nor flatter, nor forſwear:
I can't commend a Book, or Piece of Wit,
(Tho a Lord were the Author) dully writ:
I'm no Sir *Sydrophel* to read the Stars,
And caſt Nativities for longing Heirs,

When Fathers shall drop off: no *Gadbury*
To tell the minute, when the King shall die,
And you know what —come in: nor can I steer,
And tack about my Conscience, whenloe're,
To a new Point, I see Religion veer.
Let others pimp to Courtier's Lechery,
I'll draw no City-Cuckold's Curse on me:
Nor would I do it, tho to be made great,
And rais'd to the chief Ministry of State.
Therefore I think it fit to rid the Town
Of one, that is an useless member grown.

Popish Plot

Besides, who has pretence to Favour now,
But he, who hidden Villany does know,
Whose Breast does with some burning Secret glow?
By none thou shalt preferr'd, or valued be,
That trusts thee with an honest Secresie:
He only may to great mens Friendship reach,
Who Great Men, when he pleases, can impeach.

Let

Let others thus aſpire to Dignity;
For me, I'd not their envied Grandeur buy
For all th' *Exchange* is worth, that *Pauls* will coſt,
Or was of late in the *Scotch* Voyage loſt.
What would it boot, if I, to gain my end,
Forgo my Quiet, and my eaſe of mind,
Still fear'd, at laſt betray'd by my great Friend?
Another Cauſe, which I muſt boldly own,
And not the leaſt, for which I quit the Town,
Is to behold it made the Common-ſhore,
Where *France* does all her Filth, and Ordure pour:
What Spark of true old *Engliſh* rage can bear
Thoſe, who were Slaves at home, to Lord it here?
We've all our Faſhions, Language, Complements,
Our Muſick, Dances, Curing, Cooking thence;
And we ſhall have their Pois'ning too e're long,
If ſtill in the improvement we go on.
What would'ſt thou ſay, great *Harry*, ſhould'ſt thou view
Thy gawdy flutt'ring Race of *Engliſh* now,

Their

Their tawdry Cloaths, Pulvilio's, Eſſences,
Their *Chedreux* Perruques, and thoſe Vanities,
Which thou, and they of old did ſo deſpiſe?
What Would'ſt thou ſay to ſee th' infected Town
With the fowl Spawn of Foreiners o're-run?
Hither from *Paris*, and all Parts they come,
The Spue, and Vomit of their Goals at home;
To Court they flock, and to St. *James* his Square,
And wriggle into Great Mens Service there:
Foot-boys at firſt, till they, from wiping Shooes,
Grow by degrees the Maſters of the Houſe:
Ready of Wit, harden'd of Impudence,
Able with eaſe to put down either *Hammond*
Both the King's Player, and King's Evidence:
Flippant of Talk, and voluble of Tongue,
With words at will, no Lawyer better hung;
Softer than flattering Court-Paraſite,
Or City-Trader, when he means to cheat:
No Calling, or Profeſſion comes amiſs,
A needy *Monſieur* can be what he pleaſe,

Groom,

Groom, Page, Valet, Quack, Operator, Fencer,
Perfumer, Pimp, Jack-pudding, Juggler, Dancer:
Give but the word; the Cur will fetch and bring,
Come over to the *Emperour*, or *King*:
Or, if you pleaſe, fly o're the Pyramid,
Which J——*n* and the reſt in vain have tried,
Can I have patience, and endure to ſee
The paltry Forein Wretch take place of me,
Whom the ſame Wind, and Veſſel brought aſhore,
That brought prohibited Goods, and Dildoes o're?
Then, pray, what mighty Priviledge is there
For me, that at my Birth drew *Engliſh* Air?
And where's the Benefit to have my Veins
Run *Britiſh* Bloud, if there's no difference
'Twixt me, and him, the Statute Freedom gave,
And made a Subject of a true-born Slave?
But nothing ſhocks, and is more loath'd by me,
Than the vile Raſcal's fulſom Flattery:
By help of this falſe Magnifying Glaſs,
A Louſe, or Flea ſhall for a Camel paſs:

Pro-

Produce an hideous Wight, more ugly far
Than thoſe ill Shapes, which in old Hangings are,
He'l make him ſtrait a *Beau Garzon* appear:
Commend his Voice, and Singing, tho he bray
Worſe than Sir *Martin Marr-all* in the Play:
And if he Rhime; ſhall praiſe for Standard Wit,
More ſcurvy ſenſe than *Pryn*, and *Vickars* Writ.
And here's the miſchief, tho we ſay the ſame,
He is believ'd, and we are thought to ſham:
Do you but ſmile, immediately the Beaſt
Laughs out aloud, tho he ne'r heard the Jeſt;
Pretend, you're ſad, he's preſently in Tears,
Yet grieves no more than Marble, when it wears
Sorrow in Metaphor: but ſpeak of Heat;
O God! how ſultry 'tis? he'l cry, and ſweat
In depth of Winter: ſtrait, if you complain
Of Cold; the Weather-glaſs is ſunk again:
Then he'l call for his Frize-Campaign, and ſwear
'Tis beyond *Eighty*, he's in *Greenland* here.

Thus he ſhifts Scenes, and oft'ner in a day
Can change his Face, than Actors at a Play:
There's nought ſo mean, can ſcape the flatt'ring Sot,
Not his Lord's Snuff-box, nor his Powder-Spot:
If he but Spit, or pick his Teeth; he'l cry,
How every thing becomes you! let me die,
Your Lordſhip does it moſt judiciouſly:
And ſwear, 'tis faſhionable, if he Sneeze,
Extremely taking, and it needs muſt pleaſe.
Beſides, there's nothing ſacred, nothing free
From the hot Satyr's rampant Lechery:
Nor Wife, nor Virgin-Daughter can eſcape,
Scarce thou thy ſelf, or Son avoid a Rape:
All muſt go pad-lock'd: if nought elſe there be,
Suſpect thy very Stables Chaſtity.
By this the Vermin into Secrets creep,
Thus Families in awe they ſtrive to keep.

What living for an *English* man is there,
Where ſuch as theſe get head, and domineer,
Whoſe uſe and cuſtom 'tis, never to ſhare.
A Friend, but love to reign without diſpute,
Without a Rival, full, and abſolute?
Soon as the Inſect gets his *Honour*'s ear,
And fly-blows ſome of's poyſ'nous malice there,
Strait I'm turn'd off, kick'd out of doors, diſcarded,
And all my former Service diſregarded.
But leaving theſe *Meſſieurs*, for fear that I
Be thought of the *Silk-Weavers Mutiny*,
From the loath'd ſubject let us haſten on,
To mention other Grievances in Town:
And further, what Reſpect at all is had
Of poor men here? and how's their Service paid,
Tho they be ne'r ſo diligent to wait,
To ſneak, and dance attendance on the Great?
No mark of Favour is to be obtain'd
By one, that ſues, and brings an empty hand:

And all his merit is but made a Sport,
Unleſs he glut ſome Cormorant at Court.
'Tis now a common thing, and uſual here,
To ſee the Son of ſome rich Uſurer
Take place of Nobles, keep his firſt-rate Whore,
And for a Vaulting bout, or two give more
Than a Guard-Captains Pay: mean while the Breed
Of Peers, reduc'd to Poverty, and ~~there~~ Need
Are fain to trudg to the *Bank-ſide*, and there
Take up with Porters leavings, Suburb-Ware,
There ſpend that Bloud, which their great Anceſtor
So nobly ſhed at *Creſſy* heretofore,
At Brothel-Fights in ſome foul Common-ſhore.
Produce an Evidence, tho juſt he be,
As righteous *Job*, or *Abraham*, or *He*,
Whom Heaven, when whole Nature ſhipwrack'd was,
Thought worth the ſaving, of all humane Race,

Or *t'other*, who the flaming Deluge ſcap'd,
When *Sodom*'s Lechers Angels would have rap'd;
How rich he is, muſt the firſt queſtion be,
Next for his Manners, and Integrity:
They'l ask, *what Equipage he keeps, and what*
He's reckon'd worth in Money, and Eſtate,
For Shrieve how oft he has been known to fine,
And with how many Diſhes he does dine:
For look what Caſh a perſon has in ſtore,
Juſt ſo much Credit has he, and no more:
Should I upon a thouſand Bibles Swear;
And call each Saint throughout the Calendar:
To vouch my Oath; it won't be taken here;
The Poor ſlight Heav'n, and Thunderbolts (they think)
And Heav'n it ſelf does at ſuch Trifles wink.
Beſides, what ſtore of gibing ſcoffs are thrown
On one, that's poor, and meanly clad in Town;
If his Apparel ſeem but overworn,
His Stockings out at heel, or Breeches torn?

One

One takes occaſion his ript Shooe to flout,
And ſwears 'thas been at Priſon-Grates hung out: ⊗
Another ſhrewdly jeers his coarſe Crevat,
Becauſe himſelf wears *Point*: a third his Hat,
And moſt unmercifully ſhews his Wit,
If it be old, or does not cock aright:
Nothing in Poverty ſo ill is born,
As its expoſing men to grinning ſcorn,
To be by tawdry Coxcombs piſs'd upon,
And made the jeſting-ſtock of each Buffoon.
Turn out there, Friend! (cries one at Church) *the Pew*
Is not for ſuch mean ſcoundrel Curs, as you:
'Tis for your Betters kept: Belike, ſome Sot,
That knew no Father, was on Bulks begot:
But now is rais'd to an Eſtate, and Pride,
By having the kind Proverb on his ſide: ?
Let *Gripe* and *Cheatwel* take their Places there,
And *Daſh* the Scriv'ners gawdy ſparkiſh Heir,
That wears three ruin'd Orphans on his back:
Mean while you in the Alley ſtand, and ſneak;

⊗ cf: Satyrs upon the Jesuits, IV - (p. 85)

And you therewith muſt reſt contented, ſince
Almighty Wealth does put ſuch difference.
What Citizen a Son-in-law will take,
Bred ne'r ſo well, that can't a Joynter make?
What man of ſenſe, that's poor, e're ſummon'd is
Amongſt the Common-Council to adviſe?
At Veſtry-Conſults when does he appear,
For chooſing of ſome Pariſh-Officer,
Or making Leather-Buckets for the Choir?
'Tis hard for any man to riſe, that feels
His Virtue clog'd with Poverty at heels:
But harder 'tis by much in *London*, where
A ſorry Lodging, coarſe, and ſlender Fare,
Fire, Water, Breathing, every thing is dear:
Yet ſuch as theſe an earthen Diſh diſdain,
With which their Anceſtors, in *Edgar*'s Reign,
Were ſerv'd, and thought it no diſgrace to dine,
Tho they were rich, had ſtore of Leather-Coin.
Low as their Fortune is, yet they deſpiſe
A man that walks the ſtreets in homely Frize:

To ſpeak the truth, great part of *England* now
In their own Cloth will ſcarce vouchſafe to go:
Only, the Statutes Penalty to ſave,
Some few perhaps wear Woollen in the Grave.
Here all go gaily dreſt, altho it be
Above their Means, their Rank, and Quality:
The moſt in borrow'd Gallantry are clad;
For which the Tradeſmen's Books are ſtill unpaid:
This Fault is common in the meaner ſort,
That they muſt needs affect to bear the Port
Of Gentlemen, though they want Income for't.

Sir, to be ſhort, in this expenſive Town
There's nothing without Money to be done:
What will you give to be admitted there,
And brought to ſpeech of ſome Court-Miniſter?
What will you give to have the quarter-face,
The ſquint and nodding go-by of his *Grace?*
His Porter, Groom, and Steward muſt have Fees;
And you may ſee the *Tombs*, and *Tow'r* for leſs:

Hard Fate of Suitors! who muſt pay, and pray
To Livery-ſlaves, yet oft go ſcorn'd away.
Who e're at *Barnet*, or S. *Albans* fears
To have his Lodging drop about his ears,
Unleſs a ſudden Hurricane befal,
Or ſuch a Wind as blew old *Noll* to Hell?
Here we build ſlight, what ſcarce out-laſts the Leaſe,
Without the helps of Props, and Buttreſſes:
And Houſes now adays as much require
To be enſur'd from Falling, as from Fire.
The[illegible]ildings are ſubſtantial, tho leſs neat,
And kept with care both Wind, and Water-tight:
There you in ſafe ſecurity are bleſt,
And nought, but Conſcience to diſturb your Reſt,
I am for living where no Fires affright,
No Bells rung backward break my ſleep at night:
I ſcarce lie down, and draw my Curtains here,
But ſtrait I'm rous'd by the next Houſe on Fire:
Pale, and half dead with Fear, my ſelf I raiſe,
And find my Room all over in a blaze:

⊗ The great Storm of Aug. 1658 By
see State Poems —

By this 'thas ſeiz'd on the third Stairs, and I
Can now diſcern no other Remedy,
But leaping out at Window to get free:
For if the Miſchief from the Cellar came,
Be ſure the Garret is the laſt, takes flame.
The moveables of *P*——*dge* were a Bed
For him, and's Wife, a Piſs-pot by its ſide,
A Looking-glaſs upon the Cupboards Head,
A Comb-caſe, Candleſtick, and Pewter-ſpoon,
For want of Plate, with Desk to write upon:
A Box without a Lid ſerv'd to contain
Few Authors, which made up his *Vatican:*
And there his own immortal Works were laid,
On which the barbarous Mice for hunger prey'd:
P——had nothing, all the world does know;
And yet ſhould he have loſt this Nothing too,
No one the wretched Bard would have ſuppli'd
With Lodging, Houſe-room, or a Cruſt of Bread.

But if the Fire burn down ſome Great Man's Houſe,
All ſtrait are intereſſed in the loſs:
The Court is ſtrait in Mourning ſure enough,
The Act, Commencement, and the Term put off:
Then we Miſchances of the Town lament,
And Faſts are kept, like Judgments to prevent.
Out comes a Brief immediately, with ſpeed
To gather Charity as far as *Tweed*.
Nay, while 'tis burning, ſome will ſend him in
Timber, and Stone to build his Houſe agen:
Others choice Furniture: here ſome rare piece
Of *Rubens*, or *Vandike* preſented is:
There a rich Suit of *Moreclack*-Tapeſtry,
A Bed of Damask, or Embroidery:
One gives a fine Scritore, or Cabinet,
Another a huge maſſie Diſh of Plate,
Or Bag of Gold; thus he at length gets more
By kind misfortune than he had before:

And

And all ſuſpect it for a laid Deſign,
As if he did himſelf the Fire begin.
Could you but be adviſ'd to leave the Town,
And from dear Plays, and drinking Friends be drawn,
An handſom Dwelling might be had in *Kent*,
Surrey, or *Eſſex*, at a cheaper Rent
Than what you're forc'd to give for one half year
To lie, like Lumber, in a Garret here:
A Garden there, and Well, that needs no Rope,
Engine, or Pains to Crane its Waters up:
Water is there through Natures Pipes convey'd,
For which no Cuſtom, or Exciſe is paid:
Had I the ſmalleſt Spot of Ground, which ſcarce
Would Summer half a dozen Graſhoppers,
Not larger than my Grave, tho hence remote,
Far as St. *Michaels Mount*, I would go to't,
Dwell there content, and thank the Fates to boot.
Here want of Reſt a nights more People kills
Than all the College, and the weekly Bills:

Where none have privilege to ſleep, but thoſe,
Whoſe Purſes can compound for their Repoſe:
In vain I go to bed, or cloſe my eyes,
Methinks the place the middle Region is,
Where I lie down in Storms, in Thunder riſe:
The reſtleſs Bells ſuch Din in Steeples keep,
That ſcarce the Dead can in their Church-yards ſleep:
Huzza's of Drunkards, Bell-mens midnight-Rhimes,
The noiſe of Shops, with Hawkers early Screams,
Beſides the Brawls of Coach-men, when they meet,
And ſtop in turnings of a narrow Street,
Such a loud Medly of confuſion make,
As drowſie *A——r* on the Bench would wake.
If you walk out in Buſ'neſs ne'r ſo great,
Ten thouſand ſtops you muſt expect to meet:
Thick Crouds in every Place you muſt charge through,
And ſtorm your Paſſage, whereſoe'r you go:
While Tides of Followers behind you throng,
And, preſſing on your heels, ſhove you along:

One

One with a Beard, or Rafter hits your Head,
Another with his Elbow bores your ſide;
Some tread upon your Corns, perhaps in ſport,
Mean while your Legs are cas'd all o're with Dirt.
Here you the March of a ſlow Funeral wait,
Advancing to the Church with ſolemn State:
There a Sedan, and Lacquies ſtop your way,
That bears ſome Punk of Honour to the Play:
Now you ſome mighty piece of Timber meet,
Which tott'ring threatens ruine to the Street:
Next a huge *Portland* Stone, for building *Pauls*,
If ſelf almoſt a Rock, on Carriage rowls:
Which, if it fall, would cauſe a Maſſacre,
And ſerve at once to murder, and interr.
If what I've ſaid can't from the Town affright,
Conſider other dangers of the Night:
When Brickbats are from upper Stories thrown,
And emptied Chamber-pots come pouring down
From Garret Windows: you have cauſe to bleſs
The gentle Stars, if you come off with Piſs:

So

So many Fates attend, a man had need,
Ne'r walk without a Surgeon by his ſide:
And he can hardly now diſcreet be thought,
That does not make his Will, ere he go out.

If this you ſcape, twenty to one, you meet
Some of the drunken Scowrers of the Street,
Fluſh'd with ſucceſs of warlike Deeds perform'd,
Of Conſtables ſubdu'd, and Brothels ſtorm'd:
Theſe, if a Quarrel, or a Fray be miſt,
Are ill at eaſe a nights, and want their Reſt.
For miſchief is a Lechery to ſome,
And ſerves to make them ſleep like *Laudanum*.
Yet heated, as they are, with Youth, and Wine,
If they diſcern a Train of Flamboes ſhine,
If a Great Man with his gilt Coach appear,
And a ſtrong Guard of Foot-boys in the rear,
The Raſcals ſneak, and ſhrink their Heads for fear.
Poor me, who uſe no Light to walk about,
Save what the Pariſh, or the Skies hang out,

They value not: 'tis worth your while to hear
The ſcuffle, if that be a ſcuffle, where
Another gives the Blows, I only bear:
He bids me ſtand: of force I muſt give way,
For 'twere a ſenſleſs thing to diſobey,
And ſtruggle here, where I'd as good oppoſe
My ſelf to *P*—— and his Maſtiffs looſe.
Who's there? he cries, and takes you by the Throat,
Dog! are you dumb? Speak quickly, elſe my Foot
Shall march about your Buttocks: whence d'ye come,
From what Bulk-ridden Strumpet reeking home?
Saving your reverend Pimpſhip, where d'ye ply?
How may one have a Job of Lechery?
If you ſay any thing, or hold your peace,
And ſilently go off; 'tis all a caſe:
Still he lays on: nay well, if you ſcape ſo:
Perhaps he'l clap an Action on you too
Of Battery: nor need he fear to meet
A Jury to his turn, ſhall do him right,

And bring him in large Damage for a Shooe
Worn out, beſides the pains, in kicking you.
A Poor Man muſt expect nought of redreſs,
But Patience: his beſt way in ſuch a caſe
Is to be thankful for the Drubs, and beg
That they would mercifully ſpare one leg,
Or Arm unbroke, and let him go away
With Teeth enough to eat his Meat next day.
Nor is this all, which you have cauſe to fear,
Oft we encounter midnight Padders here:
When the *Exchanges*, and the Shops are cloſe,
And the rich Tradeſman in his Counting-houſe
To view the Profits of the day withdraws.
Hither in flocks from *Shooters-Hill* they come,
To ſeek their Prize, and Booty nearer home:
Your Purſe! they cry; 'tis madneſs to reſiſt,
Or ſtrive with a cock'd Piſtol at your Breaſt:
And theſe each day ſo ſtrong and numerous grow,
The Town can ſcarce afford them Jail-room now.

Happy

Happy the times of the old *Heptarchy*,
Ere *London* knew ſo much of Villany:
Then fatal Carts through *Holborn* ſeldom went,
And *Tyburn* with few Pilgrims was content:
A leſs, and ſingle Priſon then would do,
And ſerv'd the City, and the County too.

Theſe are the Reaſons, Sir, which drive me hence,
To which I might add more; would Time diſpenſe,
To hold you longer; but the Sun draws low,
The Coach is hard at hand, and I muſt go:
Therefore, dear Sir, farewel; and when the Town
From better Company can ſpare you down,
To make the Country with your Preſence bleſt,
Then viſit your old Friend amongſt the reſt;
There I'll find leiſure to unlade my mind
Of what Remarques I now muſt leave behind:
The Fruits of dear Experience, which with theſe
Improv'd will ſerve for hints, and notices;
And when you write again, may be of uſe
To furniſh Satyr for your daring Muſe.

A DI-

 ⊗ cf: Cowley The Mistress, p. 21

A Dithyrambick.

The Drunkards Speech in a Mask.

Written in *Aug.* 1677.

Οὐκ ἔστι Διθύραμβος ἂν ὕδωρ πίνῃ.

I.

YES, you are mighty wise, I warrant, mighty wise!
With all your godly Tricks, and Artifice,
Who think to chouse me of my dear and pleasant Vice.
Hence holy Sham! in vain your fruitless Toil:
Go, and some unexperienc'd Fop beguile,

To

To ſome raw ent'ring Sinner cant, and Whine,
Who never knew the worth of Drunkenneſs and Wine.

I've tried and prov'd, and found it all Divine:
It is reſolv'd, I will drink on, and die,
I'll not one minute loſe, not I,
To hear your troubleſom Divinity:
Fill me a top-full Glaſs, I'll drink it on the Knee,
Confuſion to the next that ſpoils good Company.

II.

That Gulp was worth a Soul, like it, it went,
And thorowout new Life, and Vigour ſent:
I feel it warm at once my Head, and Heart,
I feel it all in all, and all in every part.
Let the vile Slaves of Bus'neſs toil, and ſtrive,
Who want the Leiſure, or the Wit to live;
While we Life's tedious journey ſhorter make,
And reap thoſe Joys which they lack ſenſe to take.

Thus

Thus live the Gods (if ought above our ſelves there be)
They live ſo happy, unconcern'd, and free:
Like us they ſit, and with a careleſs Brow
Laugh at the petty Jars of Humane kind below:
Like us they ſpend their Age in gentle Eaſe,
Like us they drink; for what were all their Heav'n, alas!
If ſober, and compell'd to want that Happineſs.

III.

Aſſiſt almighty Wine, for thou alone haſt Power,
And other I'll invoke no more,
Aſſiſt, while with juſt Praiſe I thee odore;
Aided by thee, I dare thy worth rehearſe,
In Flights above the common pitch of groveling Verſe.
Thou art the Worlds great Soul, that heav'nly Fire,
Which doſt our dull half-kindled maſs inſpire.
We nothing gallant, and above our ſelves produce,
Till thou do'ſt finiſh Man, and Reinfuſe.

Thou art the only ſource of all, the world calls great,
Thou didſt the Poets firſt, and they the Gods create:
To thee their Rage, their Heat, their Flame they owe,
Thou muſt half ſhare with Art, and Nature too.
They owe their Glory, and Renown to thee;
Thou giv'ſt their Verſe, and them Eternity.
Great *Alexander*, that big'ſt Word of Fame,
That fills her Throat, and almoſt rends the ſame,
Whoſe Valour found the World too ſtrait a Stage
For his wide Victories, and boundleſs Rage,
Got not Repute by War alone, but thee,
He knew, he ne'r could conquer by Sobriety,
And drunk as well as fought for univerſal Monarchy.

IV.

Pox o' that lazy *Claret!* how it ſtays?
Were it again to paſs the Seas;
'Twould ſooner be in Cargo here,
'Tis now a long *Eaſt-India* Voyage, half a year.

'Sdeath! here's a minute loſt, an Age, I mean,
Slipt by, and ne'r to be retriev'd again.
For pitty ſuffer not the precious Juyce to die,
Let us prevent our own, and its Mortality:
Like it, our Life with ſtanding and Sobriety is pall'd,
And like it too, when dead, can never be recall'd.
Puſh on the Glaſs, let it meaſure out each hour,
For every Sand an Health let's pour:
Swift as the rowling Orbs above,
And let it too as regularly move:
Swift as Heav'ns drunken red-fac'd Traveller, the Sun,
And never reſt, till his laſt Race be done,
Till time it ſelf be all run out, and we
Have drunk our ſelves into Eternity.

V.

Six in a hand begin! we'll drink it twice apiece.
A Health to all that love, and honour Vice.
Six more as oft to the great Founder of the Vine,
(A God he was, I'm ſure, or ſhould have been)

The

The ſecond Father of Mankind I meant,

He, when the angry Pow'rs a Deluge ſent,

When for their Crimes our ſinful Race was drown'd,

The only bold, and vent'rous man was found,

Who durſt be drunk agen, and with new Vice the World replant.

The mighty Patriarch 'twas of bleſſed Memory,

Who ſcap'd in the great Wreck of all Mortality,

And ſtock'd the Globe afreſh with a brave drinking Progeny,

In vain would ſpightful Nature us reclaim,

Who to ſmall Drink our *Iſle* thought fit to damn,

And ſet us out o'th' reach of Wine,

In hope ſtrait Bounds could our vaſt Thirſt confine.

He taught us firſt with Ships the Seas to roam,

Taught us from Forein Lands to fetch ſupply,

Rare Art! that makes all the wide world our home,

Makes every Realm pay Tribute to our Luxury,

VI.

Adieu poor tott'ring Reaſon! tumble down!
This Glaſs ſhall all thy proud uſurping Powers drown,
And Wit on thy caſt Ruines ſhall erect her Throne:
Adieu, thou fond Diſturber of our Life!
That check'ſt our Joys, with all our Pleaſure art at ſtrife:
I've ſomething brisker now to govern me,
A more exalted noble Faculty,
Above thy Logick, and vain boaſted Pedantry.
Inform me, if you can, ye reading Sots, what 'tis,
That guides th' unerring Deities:
They no baſe Reaſon to their Actions bring,
But move by ſome more high, more heavenly thing,
And are without Deliberation wiſe:
Ev'n ſuch is this, at leaſt 'tis much the ſame,
For which dull Schoolmen never yet could find a name,

Call

Call ye this madneſs? damn that ſober Fool,
('Twas ſure ſome dull Philoſopher, ſome reas'ning Tool)
Who the reproachful Term did firſt deviſe,
And brought a ſcandal on the beſt of Vice.
Go, ask me, what's the rage young Prophets feel,
When they with holy Frenzy reel:
Drunk with the Spirits of infus'd Divinity,
They rave, and ſtagger, and are mad, like me.

VII.

Oh, what an Ebb of Drink have we?
Bring us a Deluge, fill us up the Sea,
Let the vaſt Ocean be our mighty Cup;
We'll drink't, and all its Fiſhes too like Loaches up.
Bid the *Canary* Fleet land here: we'll pay
The Fraight, and Cuſtom too defray:
Set every man a Ship, and when the Store
Is emptied; let them ſtrait diſpatch, and Sail for more:

'Tis

'Tis gone: and now have at the *Rhine*,

With all its petty Rivulets of Wine:

The *Empire*'s Forces with the *Spaniſh* well combine,

We'll make their Drink too in confederacy joyn.

'Ware *France* the next: this Round *Bourdeaux* ſhall ſwallow,

Champagn, *Langon*, and *Burgundy* ſhall follow.

Quick let's foreſtal *Lorain*;

We'll ſtarve his Army, all their Quarters drain,

And without Treaty put an end to the Campagn,

Go, ſet the Univerſe a tilt, turn the Globe up,

Squeeze out the laſt, the ſlow unwilling Drop:

A pox of empty Nature! ſince the World's drawn dry,

'Tis time we quit mortality,

'Tis time we now give out, and die,

Leſt we are plagu'd with Dulneſs and Sobriety.

Beſet with Link-boys, we'll in triumph go,

A Troop of ſtagg'ring Ghoſts down to the Shades below:

Drunk

Drunk we'll march off, and reel into the Tomb,
Natures convenient dark Retiring Room;
And there, from Noiſe remov'd, and all tumultuous ſtrife,
Sleep out the dull Fatigue, and long Debauch of Life.

[*Tries to go off, but tumbles down, and falls aſleep.*

FINIS.

REMAINS

OF

Mr. *John Oldham*

IN

VERSE and PROSE.

1st ed.
4

LONDON:

Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh*, Bookseller to his Royal Highness, at the Black Bull in *Cornhil*, 1684.

18-69

Advertiſement.

THe *Author of theſe following Poems being dead, the Publiſher thought fit to acquaint the World, that the reaſon why he expoſed them now in Print, was not ſo much for his own Intereſt (tho a Bookſeller that diſclaims Intereſt for a pretence, will no more be believed now adays, than a thorough paced Phanatick, that pretends he makes a journey to* New England *purely for conſcience ſake) but for ſecuring the reputation of Mr.* Oldham; *which might otherwiſe have ſuffered from worſe hands, and out of a deſire he has to print the laſt Remains of his friend ſince he had the good fortune to publiſh his firſt Pieces.*

Advertiſement.

He confeſſes that it is the greateſt piece of injuſtice to publiſh the poſthumous Works of Authors, eſpecially ſuch, that we may ſuppoſe they had brought to the file and ſent out with more advantages into the World, had they not been prevented by untimely death; and therefore aſſures you he had never preſumed to print theſe following Miſcellanies, had they not already been countenanced by men of unqueſtionable repute and eſteem.

He is not of the ſame perſwaſion with ſeveral others of his own profeſſion, that never care how much they leſſen the reputation of the Poet, if they can but inhance the value of the Book; that ranſack the Studies of the deceaſed, and print all that paſſed under the Author's hands, from Fifteen to Forty, and upwards: and (as the incomparable Mr. Cowley *has expreſt*

expreſt it) *think a rude heap of ill placed Stones a better Monument than a neat Tomb of Marble.*

For the Deſcription of the Country P—— (*the only part in this Book that he judges liable to exception*) *he makes you no Apology at all*; *For to men of candor and judgment any thing that comes from Mr.* Oldham *will certainly be acceptable*; *to others that are reſolved to damn at firſt ſight he thinks a defence of this nature ſignifies no more than a Plantiffs perſwaſions to a hungry Judg after twelve. However he is very confident that the reſt of Mr.* Oldham's *pieces will abundantly atone for one unfiniſhed draught, and that no man of ſenſe and reaſon will quarel at one bad half Crown, in a good, round, ſubſtantial lump of Money.*

To

To the MEMORY of

Mr. *OLDHAM.*

FArewel, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For ſure our Souls were near ally'd; and thine
Caſt in the ſame Poetick mould with mine.
One common Note on either Lyre did ſtrike,
And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike:
To the ſame Goal did both our Studies drive,
The laſt ſet out the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus *Niſus* fell upon the ſlippery place, (Race.
While his young Friend perform'd and won the
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing Age have added more?
It might (what Nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native Tongue.
But Satyr needs not thoſe, and Wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble Error, and but ſeldom made,
When Poets are by too much force betray'd,
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull ſweets of Rime.
Once more, hail and farewel; farewel thou young,
But ah too ſhort, *Marcellus* of our Tongue;
Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurels bound;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompaſs thee around.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Authori Epitaphium.

Hoc, ô Viator, marmore conditæ
Charæ recumbunt Exuviæ brevem
Viventis (oh! ſors dura) vitam,
Præcoce cælum animâ petentis.
Nec præpedita eſt Mens celeris diù,
Quin Puſtularum mille tumoribus
Efflоruit, portiſque mille
Præpes iter patefecit altum.
Muſarum Alumnus jàm fuit, artibus
Inſtructus almis, quas, ſtudio pio,
Atq; aure quàm fidâ repoſtas,
Oxonij *coluit Parentis.*
Hìc quadriennis præmia Filii
Dignus recepit, Vellera candida,
Collati Honoris ſigna, necnon
Innocui ſimulacra cordis.
Sed manè montis ſumma cacumina
Aſcendit ardens, Pierio jugo
Inſèdit, atq; errore multo
Ipſum Helicona *ſcatere vidit.*
Nunc pura veri Flumina perſpicit,
Nunc mira Mundi ſemina concipit,
Pulchraſq; primævi figuras,
In ſpeculo ſpecies creante.
At Tu, Viator, Numina poſcito,
Ut diſſolutis reliquijs, vaga
Dùm mens remigret, detur——ah! ſit
Terra levis, placiduſq; ſomnus.

On the Death of Mr. John Oldham,

A Pindarique Pastoral Ode.

Stanza I.

UNdoubtedly 'tis thy peculiar Fate,
Ah, miserable *Astragon*!
Thou art condemn'd alone,
To bear the Burthen of a wretched Life,
Still in this howling Wilderness to roam,
While all thy Bosom-friends unkindly go,
And leave thee to lament them here below.
Thy dear *Alexis* would not stay,
Joy of thy Life, and Pleasure of thine Eyes,
Dear *Alexis* went away
With an invincible Surprize;
Th' Angel-like Youth early disdain'd this State,
And chearfully submitted to his Fate.
Never did Soul of a Celestial Birth
Inform a purer piece of Earth.
O that 'twere not in vain
To wish what's past might be retriev'd again!
Thy Dotage, thy *Alexis*, then
Had answer'd all thy Vows and Pray'rs,
And Crown'd with pregnant Joys thy silver Hairs,
Liv'd to this day among the living Sons of Men.

II.

And thou, my Friend, hast left me too,
Menalcas! poor *Menalcas*! even thou,

Of whom ſo loudly Fame has ſpoke
In the Records of her immortal Book,
Whoſe diſregarded Worth Ages to come
Shall wail with Indignation o'er thy Tomb.
Worthy wert thou to live, as long as Vice
Should need a Satyr, that the frantick Age
Might tremble at the Laſh of thy poetick Rage.
Th' untutor'd World in after Times
May live uncenſur'd for their Crimes,
Freed from the Dreads of thy reforming Pen,
Turn to old *Chaos* once again.
Of all th' inſtructive Bards, whoſe more than *Theban*
Lyre,
Could ſavage Souls with manly Thoughts inſpire,
Menalcas worthy was to live.
Say, you his Fellow-Shepherds that ſurvive,
Tell me, you mournful Swains,
Has my ador'd *Menalcas* left behind;
In all theſe penſive Plains
A gentler Shepherd with a braver mind:
Which of you all did more Majeſtick Show,
Or wore the Garland on a ſweeter Brow?

III.

——But wayward *Aſtragon* reſolves no more
The Loſs of his *Menalcas* to deplore:
The place to which he wiſely is withdrawn
Is altogether bleſt;
There no Clouds o'erwhelm his Breaſt,
No Midnight Cares can break his Reſt;
For all is everlaſting cheerful Dawn.
The Poet's Bliſs there ſhall he long poſſeſs,
Perfect Eaſe and ſoft Receſs;

The

The treacherous World no more ſhall him deceive,
Of Hope and Fortune he has taken Leave:
And now in mighty Triumph does he reign,
(His Head adorn'd with Beams of Light)
O'er the unthinking Rabble's Spite,
And the dull wealthy Fool's diſdain.
Thrice happy he that dies the Muſes Friend,
He needs no *Obeliſque*, no Pyramid
His ſacred Duſt to hide;
He needs not for his Memory to provide;
For he might well foreſee his Praiſe can never end.

Thomas Flatman.

In memory of the Author.

TAke this ſhort-ſummon'd looſe unfiniſht Verſe
Cold as thy Tomb, and ſuddain as thy Heart
From my ſick Thoughts thou canſt no better crave,
Who ſcarce drag Life, and envy thee thy Grave.
Me *Phœbus* always faintly did inſpire,
And gave my narrow Breaſt more ſcanty Fire.
My *Hybla*-Muſe through humble Meads ſought Spoil,
Collecting little Sweets with mighty Toil;
Yet when ſome Friend's juſt Fame did Theme afford,
Her Voice amongſt the tow'ring Swans was heard.
In vain for ſuch Attendance now I call,
My Ink o'erflows with Spleen, my Blood with Gall;

Yet, ſweet *Alexis*, my Eſteem of thee
Was equal to thy Worth and Love for me.
Death is thy Gain—— that Thought affects me moſt,
I care not what th' ill-natur'd World has loſt.
For Wit with thee expir'd, how ſhall I grieve?
Who grudge th' ingrateful Age what thou didſt leave,
The Tribute of their Verſe let others ſend,
And mourn the Poet gone, I mourn the Friend.
Enjoy thy Fate—— thy Predeceſſors come,
Cowley and *Butler* to conduct thee home.
Who would not (*Butler* cries) like me engage
New Worlds of Wit to ſerve a grateful Age?
For ſuch Rewards what Tasks will Authors ſhun?
I pray, Sir, is my *Monument* begun?
Enjoy thy Fate, thy Voice in Anthems raiſe;
So well tun'd here on Earth to our *Apollo*'s Praiſe:
Let me retire, while ſome ſublimer Pen
Performs for thee what thou haſt done for *Homer*
and for *Ben*.

N. T.

On the enſuing Poems *of Mr.* John Oldham, *and the Death of his good Friend the ingenious Author.*

OBſcure and cloudy did the day appear,
As Heaven deſign'd to blot it from the year;
The Elements all ſeem'd to diſagree,
At leaſt, I'm ſure, they were at ſtrife in me:

Poſſeſt

Poſſeſt with Spleen, which Melancholy bred,
When Rumor told me that my Friend was dead,
That *Oldham* honour'd for his early Worth,
Was cropt, like a ſweet Bloſſom from the Earth,
Where late he grew, delighting every Eye
In his rare Garden of Philoſophy.
The fatal Sound new Sorrows did infuſe,
And all my Griefs were doubled at the News:
For we with mutual Arms of Friendſhip ſtrove,
Friendſhip the true and ſolid part of Love;
And he ſo many Graces had in ſtore,
That Fame or Beauty could not bind me more.
His Wit in his immortal Verſe appears,
Many his Vertues were, tho' few his Years;
Which were ſo ſpent as if by Heaven contriv'd,
To laſh the Vices of the longer liv'd.
None was more skilful, none more learn'd than he,
A Poet in its ſacred Quality:
Inſpir'd above, and could command each Paſſion,
Had all the Wit without the Affectation.
A Calm of Nature ſtill poſſeſt his Soul,
No canker'd Envy did his Breaſt controul:
Modeſt as Virgins that have never known
The jilting Breeding of the nauſeous Town;
And eaſie as his Numbers that ſublime
His lofty Strains, and beautifie his Rhime,
Till the Time's Ignomy inſpir'd his Pen,
And rowz'd the drowſie Satyr from his Den;
Then fluttering Fops were his Averſion ſtill,
And felt the Power of his Satyrick Quill.
The Spark whoſe Noiſe proclaims his empty Pate,
That ſtruts along the *Mall* with antick Gate;

And all the *Phyllis* and the *Chloris* Fools
Were damn'd by his invective Muſe in Shoals.
Who on the Age look'd with impartial Eyes,
And aim'd not at the Perſon, but the Vice.
To all true Wit he was a conſtant Friend,
And as he well could judge, could well commend.
The mighty *Homer* he with Care perus'd,
And that great *Genius* to the World infus'd;
Immortal *Virgil*, and *Lucretius* too,
And all the Seeds o'th' Soul his Reaſon knew:
Like *Ovid*, could the Ladies Hearts aſſail,
With *Horace* ſing, and laſh with *Juvenal*.
Unskill'd in nought that did with Learning dwell,
But Pride to know he underſtood it well.
Adieu thou modeſt Type of perfect Man;
Ah, had not thy Perfections that began
In Life's bright Morning been eclips'd ſo ſoon,
We all had bask'd and wanton'd in thy Noon;
But Fate grew envious of thy growing Fame,
And knowing Heav'n from whence thy *Genius* came,
Aſſign'd thee by immutable Decree
A glorious Crown of Immortality,
Snatch't thee from all thy mourning Friends below,
Juſt as the Bays were planting on thy Brow.
Thus worldly Merit has the Worlds Regard;
But Poets in the next have their Reward;
And Heaven in *Oldham's* Fortune ſeem'd to ſhow,
No Recompence was good enough below:
So to prevent the Worlds ingrateful Crimes,
Enrich'd his Mind, and bid him die betimes.

T. Durfey

On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

HEark! is it only my prophetick Fear,
Or ſome Death's ſad Alarum that I hear?
By all my Doubts 'tis *Oldham's* fatal Knell;
It rings aloud, eternally farewel:
Farewell thou mighty *Genius* of our Iſle,
Whoſe forward Parts made all our Nation ſmile,
In whom both Wit and Knowledge did conſpire,
And Nature gaz'd as if ſhe did admire
How ſuch few years ſuch Learning could acquire:
Nay ſeem'd concern'd that we ſhould hardly find
So ſharp a Pen, and ſo ſerene a Mind.
Oh then lament; let each diſtracted Breaſt
With univerſal Sorrow be poſſeſt.
Mourn, mourn, ye Muſes, and your Songs give o'er;
For now your lov'd *Adonis* is no more.
He whom ye tutor'd from his Infant-years,
Cold, pale and ghaſtly as the Grave appears:
He whom ye bath'd in your lov'd murmuring Stream,
Your daily pleaſure, and your mighty Theme
Is now no more; the Youth, the Youth is dead,
The mighty Soul of Poetry is fled;
Fled e'er his Worth or Merit was half known;
No ſooner ſeen, but in a Moment gone:
Like to ſome tender Plant, which rear'd with Care,
At length becomes moſt fragrant, and moſt fair;

Long does it thrive, and long its Pride maintain,
Eſteem'd ſecure from Thunder, Storm or Rain;
Then comes a Blaſt, and all the Work is vain.
But Oh! my Friend, muſt we no more rehearſe
Thy equal Numbers in thy pleaſing Verſe?
In Love how ſoft, in Satyr how ſevere?
In Paſſion moving, and in Rage auſtere!
Virgil in Judgment, *Ovid* in Delight,
An eaſie Thought with a *Meonian* Flight;
Horace in Sweetneſs, *Juvenal* in Rage,
And even *Biblis* muſt each Heart engage!
Juſt in his Praiſes, and what moſt deſire,
Wou'd flatter none for Greatneſs, Love or Hire;
Humble, though courted, and what's rare to ſee,
Of wondrous Worth, yet wondrous Modeſty.
So far from Oſtentation he did ſeem,
That he was meaneſt in his own Eſteem.
Alas, young man, why wert thou made to be
At once our Glory and our Miſery?
Our Miſery in loſing thee is more
Than could thy Life our Glory be before:
For ſhou'd a Soul celeſtial Joys poſſeſs,
And ſtraight be baniſh'd from that Happineſs,
Oh, where would be its Pleaſure? where its Gain?
The Bliſs once taſted but augments the Pain:
So having once ſo great a Prize in thee,
How much the heavier muſt our Sorrows be?
For if ſuch Flights were in thy younger Days,
What if thou'dſt liv'd, O what had been thy Praiſe?
Eternal Wreaths of never-dying Bays:
But thoſe are due already to thy Name,
Which ſtands enroll'd in the Records of Fame;

And

And though thy great Remains to Aſhes turn,
With laſting Praiſes we'll ſupply thy Urn,
Which like Sepulchral Lamps ſhall ever burn.
But hold! methinks, great Shade, I ſee thee rove
Through the ſmooth Path of Plenty, Peace and Love;
Where *Ben.* ſalutes thee firſt, o'erjoy'd to ſee
The Youth that ſung his Fame and Memory:
Great *Spencer* next, with all the learned Train,
Do greet thee in a Panegyrick Strain:
Adonis is the Joy of all the Plain.

Tho. Andrews.

DAMON, an ECLOGUE

On the untimely Death of Mr. Oldham.

Corydon. Alexis.

BEneath a diſmal Yew the Shepherds ſate,
And talk'd of *Damon*'s Muſe and *Damon*'s Fate:
Their mutual Lamentations gave them Eaſe;
For ſometimes Melancholy it ſelf does pleaſe:
Like *Philomel* abandon'd to diſtreſs,
Yet ev'n their Griefs in Muſick they expreſs.
Cor. I'll ſing no more ſince Verſes want a Charm,
The Muſes could not their own *Damon* arm:

At

At leaſt I'll touch this uſeleſs Pipe no more,
Unleſs, like *Orpheus*, I could Shades reſtore.
A. Rather, like *Orpheus*, celebrate your Friend,
And with your Muſick Hell it ſelf ſuſpend:
Tax *Proſerpine* of Cruelty and Hate,
And ſing of *Damon's* Muſe, and *Damon's* Fate.
C. When *Damon* ſung, he ſung with ſuch a Grace,
Lord, how the very *London*-brutes did gaze!
Sharp was his Satyr, nor allay'd with Gall;
'Twas Rage, 'twas generous Indignation all.
A. Oh had he liv'd. and to Perfection grown,
Not like *Marcellus*, only to be ſhown;
He would have charm'd their Sence a nobler way,
Taught Virgins how to ſigh, and Prieſts to pray.
C. Let Prieſts and Virgins then to him addreſs,
And in their Songs their Gratitude expreſs,
While we that know the Worth of eaſie Verſe,
Secure the Laurel to adorn his Herſe.
A. Codrus, you know, that ſacred Badge does wear,
And 'twere injurious not to leave it there;
But ſince no Merit can ſtrike Envy dumb,
Do you with *Baccar*, guard and grace his Tomb.
C. While you (dear Swain) with unaffected Rhime,
Majeſtick, ſad, and ſuited to the Time,
His Name to future Ages conſecrate,
By praiſing of his Muſe, and mourning of his Fate.
A. Alas, I never muſt pretend to this,
My Pipe ſcarce knows a Tune but what is his:
Let future Ages then for *Damon's* ſake,
From his own Works a juſt *Idæa* take.

Yet

Yet then, but like *Alcides* he'll be ſhown,
And from his meaneſt part his Size be known.
C. 'Twill be your Duty then to ſet it down.
A. Once and but once (ſo Heav'n and Fate ordain)
I met the gentle Youth upon the Plain,
Kindly, cries he, if you *Alexis* be,
And though I know you not you muſt be he,
Too long already we have Strangers been;
This Day, at leaſt, our Friendſhip muſt begin.
Let Buſineſs, that perverſe Intruder, wait,
To be above it is poetical and great.
Then with *Aſſyrian* Nard our Heads did ſhine,
While rich *Sabæan* Spice exalts the Wine;
Which to a juſt Degree our Spirits fir'd;
But he was by a greater God inſpir'd:
Wit was the Theme, which he did well deſcribe,
With Modeſty unuſual to his Tribe.
But as with ominous Doubts, and aking Heart,
When Lovers after firſt Enjoyment part,
Not half content; for this was but a Taſte,
And wond'ring how the Minutes flew ſo faſt,
They vow a Friendſhip that ſhall ever laſt.
So we—— but Oh how much am I accurs'd!
To think that this laſt Office is my firſt.

Occaſioned

Occaſioned by the preſent Edition of the enſuing Poems, *and the Death of the ingenious* Author.

CUrs'd be the day when firſt this goodly Iſle
Vile Books, and uſeleſs thinking did defile.
In *Greek* and *Latin*-Boggs our Time we waſte,
When all is Pain and Wearineſs at beſt:
Mountains of Whims and Doubts we travel o'er,
While treacherous Fancy dances on before:
Pleas'd with our Danger ſtill we ſtumble on,
To late repent, and are too ſoon undone.
Let *Bodley* now in its own Ruines lie,
By th' common Hangman burnt for Hereſie.
Avoid the naſty *learned* Duſt, 'twill breed
More Plagues than ever Jakes or Dunghils did.
The want of Dulneſs will the World undo,
'Tis Learning makes us mad and Rebels too.
Learning, a Jilt which while we do enjoy,
Slily our Reſt and Quiet ſteals away;
That greedily the Blood of Youth receives,
And nought but Blindneſs and a Dotage gives.
Worſe than the Pox, or ſcolding Woman fly
The awkward Madneſs of Philoſophy.
That *Bedlam Beſs*, *Religion* never more
Phantaſtick, pie-ball'd, antick Dreſſes wore:
Opinion, Pride, Moroſeneſs gives a Fame;
'Tis Folly, chriſten'd with a modiſh Name.

Let

Let dull Divinity no more delight;
It ſpoils the Man, and makes an *Hypocrite*.
The chief Profeſſors to Preferment fly,
By Cringe and Scrape, the baſeſt *Simony*.
The humble Clown will beſt the Goſpel teach,
And *inſpir'd* Ignorance ſounder Doctrines preach.
A way to Heav'n mere *Nature* well does ſhew,
Which reaſoning and Diſputes can never know.
Yet ſtill proud Tyrant *Sence* in Pomp appears,
And claims a Tribute of full threeſcore Years.
Sew'd in a Sack, with Darkneſs circl'd round,
Each man muſt be with *Snakes* and *Monkeys* drown'd.
Laborious Folly, and compendious Art,
To waſte that Life whoſe longeſt Date's too ſhort.
Laborious Folly, to wind up with Pain
What Death unravels ſoon, and renders vain.
We blindly hurry on in myſtick ways,
Nor wiſely tread the Paths of ſolid Praiſe.
There's nought deſerves one precious drop of ſweat,
But Poetry, the nobleſt Gift of Fate,
Which after Death does a more laſting Life beget.
Not that which ſuddain, frantick Heats produce,
Where Wine and Pride, not Heav'n ſhall raiſe the Muſe.
Not that ſmall Stock which does Tranſlators make;
That Trade poor Bankrupt-Poetaſters take:
But ſuch, when God his *Fiat* did expreſs,
And powerful Numbers wrought an Univerſe.
With ſuch great *David* tun'd his charming Lyre,
That even *Saul* and *Madneſs* could admire.
With ſuch Great *Oldham* bravely did excell,
That *David*'s Lamentation ſung ſo well.

Oldham I

Oldham! the Man that could with Judgment write,
Our *Oxford*'s Glory, and the World's Delight.
Sometimes in boundleſs keeneſt Satyr bold,
Sometimes as ſoft as thoſe Love-tales he told.
That Vice could praiſe, and Vertue too diſgrace;
The firſt *Exceſs* of Wit that e'er did pleaſe.
Scarce *Cowley* ſuch Pindarique ſoaring knew,
Yet by his Reader ſtill was kept in view.
His Fancy, like *Jove*'s Eagle liv'd above,
And bearing Thunder ſtill would upward move.
Oh Noble *Kingſton*! had thy lovely Gueſt
With a large ſtock of Youth and Life been Bleſt;
Not all thy Greatneſs, and thy Vertues ſtore
Had ſurer Comforts been, or pleaſed thee more.
But Oh! the date is ſhort of mighty Worth,
And Angels never tarry long on Earth.
His ſoul, the bright, the pure Etherial Flame
To thoſe lov'd Regions flew, from whence it came.
And ſpight of what Mankind had long believ'd,
My Creed ſays only Poets can be ſav'd.
That God has only for a number ſtaid,
To ſtop the breach, which Rebel Angels made.
For none their abſence can ſo well ſupply;
They are all o're Seraphick Harmony.
Then, and not that till then the World ſhall burn,
And its baſe Droſs, Mankind their fortune mourn,
While all to their old nothing quick return.
The peeviſh Gritick then ſhall be aſham'd,
And for his *Sins* of Vanity be damn'd.

Oxon, May the 26*th*. 1684. *T. Wood.*

CONTENTS.

COunterpart *to the Satyr againſt Vertue,* Page 1

Virg. Eclogue VIII. *The Enchantment* 13

To Madam L. E. *upon her Recovery from a fit of Sickneſs* 22

On the Death of Mrs. Katharine Kingscourt, *a Child of excellent Parts and Piety* 31

A Sunday-thought *in Sickneſs* 34

To the Memory of Mr. Charles Morwent 49

To the Memory of that worthy Gentleman Mr. Harman Atwood. 95

Character of a certain ugly Old P____ 111

CONTENTS.

Page 1

13

22

31

34

49

75

COUNTERPART

TO THE

SATYR againſt *VERTUE.*

In Perſon of the Author.

I.

PArdon me, Vertue, whatſoe'er thou art,
(For ſure thou of the God-head art a part,
And all that is of him muſt be
The very Deity.)
Pardon, if I in ought did thee blaſpheme,
Or injure thy pure Sacred Name:
Accept unfeign'd Repentance, Prayers and Vows,
The beſt Atonement of my penitent humble Muſe,
The beſt that Heav'n requires, or Mankind can pro-
(duce.

All my Attempts hereafter ſhall at thy Devotion be,
Ready to conſecrate my Ink and very Blood to thee.
Forgive me, ye bleſt Souls that dwell above,
Where you by its reward the worth of Vertue prove.
Forgive (if you can do't) who know no Paſſion now
(but Love.
And you unhappy happy few,
Who ſtrive with Life, and Humane Miſeries below,
Forgive me too,
If I in ought diſparag'd them, or elſe diſcourag'd you.

II.

Bleſt Vertue! whoſe Almighty Power
Does to our fallen Race reſtore
All that in Paradiſe we loſt, and more,
Lifts us to Heaven, and makes us be
The Heirs and Image of the Deity.
Soft gentle Yoak! which none but reſty Fools refuſe,
Which before Freedom I would ever chuſe.
Eaſie are all the Bonds that are impos'd by thee;
Eaſie as thoſe of Lovers are,
(If

(If I with ought less pure may thee compare)
Nor do they force, but only guide our Liberty:
By such soft Ties are Spirits above confin'd;
So gentle is the Chain which them to Good does (bind.
Sure Card, whereby this frail and tott'ring Bark we (steer
Thro' Life's tempestuous Ocean here;
Thro' all the tossing Waves of Fear,
And dangerous Rocks of black Despair.
Safe in thy Conduct unconcern'd we move,
Secure from all the threatning Storms that blow,
From all Attacks of Chance below,
And reach the certain Haven of Felicity above.

III.

Best Mistress of our Souls! whose Charms and Beau- (ties last,
And are by very Age encreast,
By which all other Glories are defac'd.
Thou'rt thy own Dowry, and a greater far

Than All the Race of Woman-kind e'er brought,
Tho' each of them like the firſt Wife were fraught,
And half the Univerſe did for her Portion ſhare.
That tawdry Sex, which giddy ſenſeleſs we
Thro' Ignorance ſo vainly Deifie,
Are all but glorious Brutes when un-endow'd with (thee.

'Tis Vice alone, the truer Jilt, and worſe,
In whoſe Enjoyment tho' we find
A flitting Pleaſure, yet it leaves behind
A Pain and Torture in the Mind,
And claps the wounded Conſcience with incurable Remorſe,
Or elſe betrays us to the great Trepans of Humane Kind.

IV.

'Tis Vice, the greater Thraldom, harder Drudgery,
Whereby depoſing Reaſon from its gentle Sway,
(That rightful Sovereign which we ſhould obey)
We undergo a various Tyranny,

And to un-number'd ſervile Paſſions Homage pay.
Theſe with *Ægyptian* Rigor us enſlave,
And govern with unlimited Command;
They make us endleſs Toil purſue,
And ſtill their doubled Tasks renew,
To puſh on our too haſty Fate, and build our Grave,
Or which is worſe, to keep us from the Promis'd Land.
Nor may we think our Freedom to retrieve,
We ſtruggle with our heavy Yoak in vain:
In vain we ſtrive to break that Chain,
Unleſs a Miracle relieve;
Unleſs th' Almighty Wand enlargement give,
We never muſt expect Delivery,
Till Death, the univerſal Writ of Eaſe, does ſet us free.

V.

Some ſordid Avarice in Vaſſallage confines,
Like *Roman* Slaves condemn'd to th' Mines;
Theſe are in its harſh *Bridewel* laſh'd and puniſhed,
And with hard Labour ſcarce can earn their Bread.
Others Ambition, that Imperious Dame,

Expoſes cruelly, like Gladiators, here
Upon the World's Great Theatre.
Thro' Dangers and thro' Blood they wade to Fame,
To purchaſe grinning Honor and an empty Name.
And ſome by Tyrant-Luſt are Captive led,
And with falſe Hopes of Pleaſure fed;
'Till tir'd with Slavery to their own Deſires,
Life's o'er-charg'd Lamp goes out, and in a Snuff ex-
(pires.

VI.

Conſider we the little Arts of Vice,
The Stratagems and Artifice
Whereby ſhe does attract her Votaries:
All thoſe Allurements and thoſe Charms
Which pimp Tranſgreſſors to her Arms,
Are but foul Paint, and counterfeit Diſguiſe,
To palliate her own conceal'd Deformities,
And for falſe empty Joys betray us to true ſolid Harms.
In vain ſhe would her Dowry boaſt,
Which clog'd with Legacies we never gain,

But

But with unvaluable Coſt;
Which got we never can retain;
But muſt the greateſt part be loſt,
To the great Bubbles, Age or Chance, again.
'Tis vaſtly over-balanc'd by the Joynture which we make,
In which our Lives, our Souls, our All is ſet at Stake,
Like ſilly *Indians*, fooliſh we
With a known Cheat, a loſing Traffick hold,
Whilſt led by an ill-judging Eye,
W' admire a trifling Pageantry,
And merchandize our Jewels and our Gold,
For worthleſs Glaſs and Beads, or an *Exchange*'s Frippery.
If we a while maintain th' expenſive Trade,
Such mighty Impoſt on the Cargo's laid,
Such a vaſt Cuſtom to be paid,
We're forc'd at laſt like wretched Bankrupts to give out,
Clapt up by Death, and in Eternal Durance ſhut.

VII.

What art thou, Fame, for which ſo eagerly we ſtrive?
What art thou but an empty Shade
By the Reflection of our Actions made?
Thou, unlike others, never follow'ſt us alive;
But, like a Ghoſt, walk'ſt only after we are dead.
Poſthumous Toy! vain after-Legacy!
Which only ours can be,
When we our ſelves no more are we!
Fickle as vain! who doſt on vulgar Breath depend,
Which we by dear Experience find
More changeable, more veering than th' unconſtant Wind.
What art thou, Gold, that cheat'ſt the Miſer's Eyes?
Which he does ſo devoutly idolize;
For whom he all his Reſt and Eaſe does ſacrifice.
'Tis Uſe alone can all thy Value give,
And he from that no Benefit can e'er receive.
Curſt Mineral! near Neighb'ring Hell begot,
Which all th' Infection of thy damned Neighbourhood haſt brought.

Thou

Thou Bawd to Murthers, Rapes and Treachery,
And every greater Name of Villany;
From thee they all derive their Stock and Pedigree.
Thou the lewd World with all its crying Crimes doſt ſtore,
And hardly wilt allow the Devil the cauſe of more.
And what is Pleaſure which does moſt beguile?
That Syren which betrays us with a flattering Smile.
We liſten to the treacherous Harmony,
Which ſings but our own Obſequy.
The Danger unperceiv'd till Death draw nigh;
Till drowning we want Pow'r to 'ſcape the fatal Enemy.

VIII.

How frantick is the wanton Epicure!
Who a perpetual Surfeit will endure?
Who places all his chiefeſt Happineſs
In the Extravagancies of Exceſs,
Which wiſe Sobriety eſteems but a Diſeaſe?
O mighty envied Happineſs to eat!

Which

Which fond mistaken Sots call Great!
Poor Frailty of our Flesh! which we each day
Must thus repair for fear of ruinous Decay!
Degrading of our Nature, where vile Brutes are (fain
To make and keep up Man!
Which, when the Paradise above we gain,
Heav'n thinks too great an Imperfection to retain!
By each Disease the sickly Joy's destroy'd;
At every Meal it's nauseous and cloy'd,
Empty at best, as when in Dream enjoy'd;
When, cheated by a slumbering Imposture, we
Fancy a Feast, and great *Regalio's* by;
And think we taste, and think we see,
And riot on imaginary Luxury.

IX.

Grant me, O Vertue, thy more solid lasting Joy;
Grant me the better Pleasures of the Mind,
Pleasures, which only in pursuit of thee we find,
Which Fortune cannot marr, nor Chance destroy.

One

One Moment in thy bleſt Enjoyment is
Worth an Eternity of that tumultuous Bliſs,
Which we derive from Senſe,
Which often cloys, and muſt reſign to Impotence.
Grant me but this, how will I triumph in my happy (State?
Above the Changes and Reverſe of Fate;
Above her Favors and her Hate.
I'll ſcorn the worthleſs Treaſures of *Peru*,
And thoſe of t' other *Indies* too.
I'll pity *Cæſar*'s Self with all his Trophies and his Fame,
And the vile brutiſh Herd of Epicures contemn,
And all the Under-ſhrievalties of Life not worth a Name.
Nor will I only owe my Bliſs,
Like others, to a Multitude,
Where Company keeps up a forced Happineſs;
Should all Mankind ſurceaſe to live,
And none but individual I ſurvive,
Alone I would be happy, and enjoy my Solitude.

Thus

Thus ſhall my Life in pleaſant Minutes wear,
Calm as the Minutes of the Evening are,
And gentle as the motions of the upper Air;
Soft as my Muſe, and unconfin'd as ſhe,
When flowing in the Numbers of *Pindarique* Liberty.
And when I ſee pale gaſtly Death appear,
That grand inevitable Teſt which all muſt bear,
Which beſt diſtinguiſhes the bleſt and wretched (here;
I'll ſmile at all it Horrors, court my welcome De- (ſtiny,
And yield my willing Soul up in an eaſie Sigh;
And Epicures that ſee ſhall envy and confeſs,
That I, and thoſe who dare like me be good, the chief-eſt Good poſſeſs.

Virg.

Virg. ECLOGUE VIII.

The Enchantment.

Poet, *Damon*, *Alphesus*, Speakers.

Damon and *Alphesus*, the two Shepherds Strains
I mean to tell, and how they charm'd the Plains.
I'll tell their charming Numbers which the Herd,
Unmindful of their Graſs, in Throngs admir'd.
At which fierce Savages aſtoniſh'd ſtood,
And every River ſtopt its liſt'ning Flood.
For you, Great *Sir*, whether with Cannons Roar
You ſpread your Terror to the *Holland* Shore,
Or with a gentle and a ſteady Hand
In Peace and Plenty rule your Native Land.
Shall ever that auſpicious Day appear,
When I your glorious Actions ſhall declare?

It ſhall, and I throughout the World rehearſe
Their Fame, fit only for a *Spencer*'s Verſe.
With you my Muſe began, with you ſhall end:
Accept my Verſe that waits on your Command;
And deign this Ivy Wreath a place may find
Amongſt the Laurels which your Temples bind.
'Twas at the time that Night's cool ſhades with-
drew,
And left the Graſs all hung with Pearly Dew;
When *Damon*, leaning on his Oaken Wand,
Thus to his Pipe in gentle Lays complain'd.
D. Ariſe, thou Morning, and drive on the Day,
While wretched I with fruitleſs words inveigh
Againſt falſe *Niſa*, while the Gods I call
With my laſt Breath, tho' hopeleſs to avail,
Tho' they regard not my Complaints at all.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Mænalus ever has its warbling Groves,
And talking Pines, it ever hears the Loves

Of

Of Shepherds, and the Notes of Mighty *Pan*,
The first that would not let the Reeds untun'd remain.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Mopsus weds *Nisa*, Gods! what Lover e'er
Need after this have reason to despair?
Griffins shall now leap Mares, and the next Age
The Deer and Hounds in Friendship shall engage.
Go, *Mopsus*, get the Torches ready soon;
Thou, happy Man, must have the Bride anon.
Go, Bridegroom, quickly, the Nut-scramble make,
The Evening-star quits *Oeta* for thy sake.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
How fitly art thou match'd who wast so nice!
Thou haughty Nymph who did'st all else despise!
Who slight'st so scornfully my Pipe, my Herd,
My rough-grown Eye-brows, and unshaven Beard,
And think'st no God does mortal things regard.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

I ſaw thee young, and in thy Beauty's Bloom,
To gather Apples with thy Mother, come,
'Twas in our Hedge-rows, I was there with Pride,
To ſhew you to the beſt, and be your Guide.
Then I juſt entring my twelfth Year was found,
I then could reach the tender Boughs from Ground.
Heav'ns! when I ſaw, how ſoon was I undone!
How to my Heart did the quick Poyſon run!
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Now I'm convinc'd what Love is; the cold *North*
Sure in its craggy Mountains brought him forth,
Or *Africk*'s wildeſt Deſarts gave him Birth,
Amongſt the Cannibals and Savage Race;
He never of our Kind, or Countrey was.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Dire Love did once a Mother's Hand embrue
In Childrens Blood; a cruel Mother, thou;
Hard 'tis to ſay of both which is the worſt,
The cruel Mother, or the Boy accurſt.

He

He a curſt Boy, a cruel Mother thou;
The Devil a whit to chuſe betwixt the two.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Let Wolves by Nature ſhun the Sheep-folds now:
On the rough Oaks let Oranges now grow:
Let the coarſe *Alders* bear the *Daffadill*,
And coſtly Amber from the Thorn diſtill:
Let Owls match Swans, let *Tyt'rus Orpheus* be,
In the Woods *Orpheus*, and *Arion* on the Sea.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Let all the World turn Sea, ye Woods adieu!
To ſome high Mountain's top I'll get me now,
And thence my ſelf into the Waters throw.
There quench my Flames, and let the cruel She
Accept this my laſt dying Will and Legacy.
Ceaſe now my Pipe, ceaſe now thoſe warbling Strains
Which I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

This *Damon's* Song; relate ye Muſes now
Alphesus Reply: All cannot all things do.
A. Bring Holy Water, ſprinkle all around,
And ſee theſe Altars with ſoft Fillets bound:
Male-Frankincenſe, and juicy Vervain burn;
I'll try if I by Magick Force can turn
My ſtubborn Love: I'll try if I can fire (here.
His frozen Breaſt: Nothing but Charms are wanting
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
Charms in her wonted Courſe can ſtop the Moon,
And from her well-fix'd Orb can call her down.
By Charms the mighty *Circe* (we are told)
Ulyſſes fam'd Companions chang'd of old.
Snakes by the Vertue of Enchantment forc'd,
Oft in the Meads with their own Poyſon burſt.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
Firſt, theſe three ſeveral Threads I compaſs round
Thy Image, thus in Magick Fetters bound:

Then

Then round theſe Altars thrice thy Image bear:
Odd Numbers to the Gods delightful are.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Go tie me in three knots three Ribands now,
And let the Ribands be of diffrent Hue:
Go, *Amaryllis*, tie them ſtrait, and cry,
At the ſame time, "They're true-love-knots, I tie.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Look how this Clay grows harder, and look how
With the ſame Fire this Wax doth ſofter grow;
So *Daphnis*, let him with my Love do ſo.
Strow Meal and Salt (for ſo theſe Rites require)
And ſet the crackling Laurel Boughs on fire:
This naughty *Daphnis* ſets my Breſt on flame,
And I this Laurel burn in *Daphnis's* Name.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

As a poor Heifer, wearied in the Chaſe,
Of ſeeking her lov'd Steer from place to place.
Through Woods, through Groves, through Arable, and Waſt,
On ſome green River's bank lies down at laſt.
There Lows her Moan, deſpairing, and forlorn,
And, tho' belated, minds not to return:
Let *Daphnis*'s Caſe be ſuch, and let not me
Take any care to give a Remedy.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Theſe Garments erſt the faithleſs Traitour left,
Dear Pledges of his Love, of which I'me reft:
Beneath the Threſhold theſe I bury now,
In thee, O Earth; theſe Pledges *Daphnis* owe.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Of *Mæris* I theſe Herbs and Poyſons had,
From *Pontus* brought: in *Pontus* ſtore are bred:
With

With theſe I've oft ſeen *Mæris* Wonders do,
Turn himſelf Wolf, and to the Foreſt go:
I've often ſeen him Fields of Corn diſplace;
From whence they grew, and Ghoſts in Church-yards (raiſe.

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Go, Maid, go, bear the Aſhes out at door, (pour,
And then forthwith into the neighb'ring current
Over thy Head, and don't look back be ſure:
I'll try, what theſe on *Daphnis* will prevail,
The Gods he minds not, nor my Charms at all.

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Behold! the Aſhes while we lingring ſtay,
While we neglect to carry them away,
Have reach'd the Altar, and have fir'd the Wood,
That lyes upon't: Heav'n ſend it be for good!
Something I know not what's the matter: Hark!
I hear our *Lightfoot* in the Entry bark,

Shall I believe, or is it only Dream,
Which Lovers fancies are too apt to frame?
Ceaſe now ye Magick Charms, behold him come!
Ceaſe needleſs Charms, my Daphnis *is at home!*

To Madam L. E. *upon her Recovery from a late Sickneſs.*

Madam,

PArdon, that with ſlow Gladneſs we ſo late
Your wiſh'd return of Health congratulate:
Our Joys at firſt ſo throng'd to get abroad,
They hinder'd one another in the crowd;
And now ſuch haſte to tell their Meſſage make,
They only ſtammer what they meant to ſpeak.
You the fair Subject which I am to ſing,
To whoſe kind Hands this humble joy I bring:
Aid me, I beg, while I this Theme purſue,
For I invoke no other Muſe but you.

Long

Long time had you here brightly ſhone below
With all the Rays kind Heaven could beſtow.
No envious Cloud e're offer'd to invade
Your Luſtre, or compel it to a Shade:
Nor did it yet by any Sign appear,
But that you thoroughout Immortal were.
Till Heaven (if Heaven could prove ſo cruel) ſent
To interrupt the Growth of your content.
As if it grudg'd thoſe Gifts you did enjoy,
And would that Bounty which it gave, deſtroy:
'Twas ſince your Excellence did envy move
In thoſe high Powers and made them jealous prove.
They thought theſe Glories ſhould they ſtill have ſhin'd
Unſullied, were too much for Woman-kind.
Which might they write as laſting, as they're Fair,
Too great for ought, but Deities appear:
But Heaven (it may be) was not yet compleat,
And lackt you there to fill your empty Seat.

And when it could not fairly woo you hence,
Turn'd Raviſher, and offer'd Violence.
Sickneſs did firſt a formal ſiege begin,
And by ſure ſlowneſs tryed your Life to win.
As if by lingring methods Heaven meant
To chaſe you hence and tire you to conſent.
But, this in vain, Fate did to force reſort,
And next by Storm ſhove to attack the fort.
A Sleep, dull as your laſt, did you Arreſt,
And all there *Magazines* of life poſſeſt.
No more the Blood its circling courſe did run,
But in the veins, like Iſicles, it hung.
No more the Heart (now void of quickning (heat)
The tuneful March of vital Motion beat.
Stiffneſs did into all the Sinews climb,
And a ſhort Death crept cold through every Limb.
All Signs of Life from ſight ſo far withdrew,
'Twas now thought Popery to pray for you.

There

There might you (were not that ſenſe loſt) have ſeen
How your true Death would have reſented been:
A Lethargy, like yours, each breaſt did ſeize,
And all by Sympathy catcht your Diſeaſe.
Around you ſilent Imagery appears,
And nought in the Spectators moves, but Tears.
They pay what grief were to your Funeral due,
And yet dare hope Heaven would your Life renew.
Mean while, all means, all drugs preſcribed are,
Which the decays of Health, or Strength repair,
Medicines ſo powerful they new Souls would ſave,
And Life in long-dead Carcaſſes retrieve:
But theſe in vain, they rougher Methods try,
And now you're Martyr'd that you may not die;
Sad Scene of Fate! when Tortures were your gain:
And twas a kindneſs thought to wiſh you pain!
As if the ſlackned ſtring of Life ruſh down,
Could only by the Rack be ſcrewed in tune.
But Heav'n at laſt (grown conſcious that its pow'r
Could ſcarce what was to die with you reſtore.)

And

And loth to ſee ſuch Glories over-come,
Sent a poſt Angel to repeal your doom;
Strait Fate obey'd the Charge which Heaven ſent,
And gave this firſt dear Proof, it could Repent:
Triumphant Charms! what may not you ſubdue,
When Fate's your Slave, and thus ſubmits to you!
It now again the new-broke Thread does knit,
And for another Clew her ſpindle fit:
And life's hid ſpark which did unquencht remain,
Caught the fled light and brought it back again:
Thus you reviv'd, and all our Joy with you,
Reviv'd and found their Reſurrection too:
Some only griev'd, that what was Deathleſs thought
They ſaw ſo near to Fatal ruin brought:
Now crowds of Bleſſings on that happy hand,
Whoſe skill could eager Deſtiny withſtand;
Whoſe learned Pow'r has reſcu'd from the Grave,
That Life which 'twas a Miracle to ſave;
That Life which were it thus untimely loſt,
Had been the faireſt Spoil Death ere could boaſt:

May

May he henceforth be God of healing thought,
By whom ſuch good to you and us was brought:
Altars and ſhrines to him are juſtly due,
Who ſhew'd himſelf a God by raiſing you:
But ſay, fair Saint, for you alone can know,
Whither your Soul in this ſhort flight did go;
Went it to antedate that Happineſs,
You muſt at laſt (though late we hope) poſſeſs?
Inform us leſt we ſhould your Fate belye,
And call that Death which was but Extaſie,
The Queen of Love (we're told) once let us ſee:
That Goddeſſes from wounds could not be free;
And you by this unwiſh'd Occaſion ſhow
That they like Mortal us can Sickneſs know:
Pitty! that Heav'n ſhould all its Titles give,
And yet not let you with them ever live.
You'd lack no point that makes a Deity,
If you could like it too Immortal be.
And ſo you are; half boaſts a Deathleſs State;
Although your frailer part muſt yield to Fate.

By

By every breach in that fair lodging made,
Its bleſt Inhabitant is more diſplaid:
In that white Snow which overſpreads your skin,
We trace ye whiter Soul which dwells within;
Which while you through this ſhining Hue diſplay
Looks like a Star plac'd in the Milky way:
Such the bright Bodies of the Bleſſed are,
When they for Raiment cloath'd with Light appear,
And ſhould you viſit now the Seats of Bliſs,
You need not wear another form but this.
Never did Sickneſs in ſuch pomp appear,
As when it thus your Livery did wear,
Diſeaſe it ſelf look'd amiable here.
So Clouds which would obſcure the Sun oft gilded be,
And Shades are taught to ſhine as bright as he.

Grieve not fair *Nymph*, when in your Glaſs you trace
The marring footſteps of a pale Diſeaſe.
Regret not that your cheeks their Roſes want,
Which a few Days ſhall in full ſtore replant,

Which

Which, whilſt your Blood withdraws its guilty Red,
Tells that you own no faults that bluſhes need:
The Sun whoſe Bounty does each Spring reſtore
What Winter from the rifled Meadows tore,
Which every Morning with an early ray
Paints the young Bluſhing Cheeks of inſtant Day:
Whoſe skill (inimitable here below,)
Limns thoſe gay Clouds which form Heaven's co-
(lour'd bow,
That Sun ſhall ſoon with Intereſt repay,
All the loſt Beauty Sickneſs ſnatch'd a way.
Your Beams like his ſhall hourly now advance,
And every minute their ſwift Growth enhance.
Mean while (that you no helps of healths refuſe)
Accept theſe humble Wiſhes of the Muſe:
Which ſhall not of their Juſt Petition fail,
If ſhe (and ſhe's a Goddeſs) ought prevail.
May no profane Diſeaſe henceforth approach,
This ſacred Temple with unhallow'd touch,
Or with rude ſacriledge its frame debauch.

May

May theſe fair Members always happy be
In as full Strength and well-ſet Harmony,
As the new Foundreſs of your ſex could boaſt,
Ere ſhe by Sin her firſt Perſecution loſt:
May Deſtiny, juſt to your Merits, twine,
All your ſmooth Fortunes in a Silken Line.
And that you may at Heaven late arrive,
May it to you its largeſt Bottom give.
May Heaven with ſtill repeated Favours bleſs,
Till it its Pow'r below its Will confeſs;
Till wiſhes can no more exalt your Fate,
Nor Poets fancy you more Fortunate.

On the Death of Mrs. Katharine Kingscourt *a Child of Excellent Parts and Piety.*

SHE did, She did--- I ſaw her mount the Skie,
And with new Whiteneſs paint the Galaxy.
Heav'n her methought with all its Eyes did view,
And yet acknowledg'd all its Eyes too few.
Methought I ſaw in crowds bleſt Spirits meet,
And with loud Welcomes her arrival greet;
Which could they grieve, had gone with grief away
To ſee a Soul more white, more pure than they.
Earth was unworthy ſuch a prize as this,
Only a while Heaven let us ſhare the Bliſs:
In vain her ſtay with fruitleſs Tears we'd woo,
In vain we'd court, when that our Rival grew.

Thanks

Thanks, ye kind Powers! who did ſo long diſpenſe,
(Since you ſo wiſh'd her) with her abſence thence:
We now reſign, to you alone we grant
The ſweet Monopoly of ſuch a Saint;
So pure a Saint, I ſcarce dare call her ſo,
For fear to wrong her with a Name too low:
Such a Seraphick brightneſs in her ſhin'd,
I hardly can believe her Woman-kind.
'Twas ſure ſome noble Being left the Sphere,
Which deign'd a little to inhabit here,
And can't be ſaid to die, but diſappear.
Or if ſhe Mortal was and meant to ſhow
The greater skill by being made below;
Sure Heav'n preſerv'd her by the fall uncurſt,
To tell how all the Sex were form'd at firſt:
Never did yet ſo much Divinity
In ſuch a ſmall Compendium crouded lye.
By her we credit what the Learned tell,
That many Angels in one point can dwell.

More

More damned Fiends did not in *Mary* reſt,
Than lodg'd of Bleſſed Spirits in her Breaſt;
Religion dawn'd ſo early in her mind,
You'd think her Saint whilſt in the Womb enſhrin'd:
Nay, that bright ray which did her Temples paint,
Proclaim'd her clearly, while alive, a Saint.
Scarce had ſhe learnt to liſp Religion's Name,
E'er ſhe by her Example preach'd the ſame,
And taught her *Cradle*-like the *Pulpit* to reclaim.
No Action did within her Practice fall
Which for th' Atonement of a Bluſh could call:
No word of hers e'er greeted any Ear,
But what a dying Saint confeſt might hear.
Her Thoughts had ſcarcely ever ſully'd been
By the leaſt Foot-ſteps of Original Sin.
Her Life did ſtill as much Devotion breath
As others do at their laſt Gaſp in Death.
Hence on her Tomb of her let not be ſaid,
So long ſhe liv'd; but thus, ſo long ſhe pray'd.

A *Sunday-Thought* in Sickneſs.

LOrd, how dreadful is the Proſpect of Death at the remoteſt Diſtance! How the ſmalleſt Apprehenſion of it can pall the moſt gay, airy and brisk Spirits! Even I, who thought I could have been merry in ſight of my Coffin, and drink a Health with the Sexton *in my own Grave, now tremble at the leaſt Envoy of the King of Terrors. To ſee but the ſhaking of my Glaſs makes me turn pale, and fear is like to prevent and do the Work of my Diſtemper. All the Jollity of my Humor and Converſation is turn'd on a ſuddain into ſhagrin and melancholy, black as Deſpair, and dark as the Grave. My Soul and Body ſeem at*

once laid out, and I fancy all the Plummets of Eternal Night already hanging upon my Temples. But whence proceed theſe Fears? Certainly they are not idle Dreams, nor the accidental Product of my Diſeaſe, which diſorders the Brains, and fills 'em with odd Chimæra's. *Why ſhould my Soul be averſe to its Enlargement? Why ſhould it be content to be knit up in two Yards of Skin, when it may have all the World for its Purliew? 'Tis not that I'm unwilling to leave my Relations and preſent Friends: I'm parted from the firſt already, and could be ſever'd from both the length of the whole Map, and live with my Body as far diſtant from them as my Soul muſt when I'm dead. Neither is it that I'm loth to leave the Delights and Pleaſures of the World; ſome of them I have tried, and found*

empty, the others covet not, becauſe unknown. I'm confident I could deſpiſe 'em all by a Greatneſs of Soul, *did not the Bible oblige me, and Divines tell me, 'tis my Duty. It is not neither that I'm unwilling to go hence before I've eſtabliſh'd a Reputation, and ſomething to make me ſurvive my ſelf. I could have been content to be Still-born, and have no more than the* Regiſter, *or* Sexton *to tell that I've ever been in the Land of the Living.* In Fine, *'tis not from a Principle of Cowardiſe, which the Schools have called* Self-preſervation, *the poor Effect of Inſtinct and dull pretence of a Brute as well as me. This Unwillingneſs therefore, and Averſion to undergo the general Fate, muſt have a juſter* Original, *and flow from a more important Cauſe. I'm well ſatisfied that this other Being with-*

in,

in, that moves and actuates my Frame of Fleſh and Blood, has a Life *beyond it and the* Grave; *and ſomething in it prompts me to believe its immortality. A* Reſidence *it muſt have ſomewhere elſe, when it has left this* Carcaſe, *and another* State *to paſs into, unchangeable and everlaſting as it ſelf after its* Separation. *This Condition muſt be good or bad according to its* Actions *and* Deſerts *in this Life; for as it owes its* Being *to ſome* Infinite Power *that created it, I well ſuppoſe it his* Vaſſal, *and oblig'd to live by his* Law; *and as certainly conclude, that according to the keeping or breaking of that* Law, *'tis to be rewarded or puniſh'd hereafter. This Diverſity of* Rewards *and* Puniſhments, *makes the two Places,* Heaven *and* Hell, *ſo often mention'd in* Scripture, *and talk'd of*

in Pulpits: *Of the later my* Fears *too cruelly convince me, and the* Anticipation *of its* Torment, *which I already feel in my own* Conſcience. *There is, there is a* Hell, *and damned* Fiends, *and a* never-dying Worm, *and that* Sceptick *that doubts of it, may find 'em all within my ſingle* Breaſt. *I dare not any longer with the* Atheiſt *disbelieve them, or think 'em the* Clergy's Bugbears, *invented as* Nurſes *do frightful Names for their* Children, *to ſcare 'em into* Quietneſs *and* Obedience. *How oft have I triumph'd in my unconcern'd, and ſear'd inſenſibility? How oft boaſted of that unhappy ſuſpected* Calm, *which, like that of the* dead Sea, *prov'd only my* Curſe, *and a treacherous* Ambuſh *to thoſe* Storms, *which at preſent (and will for ever I dread) ſhipwrack my* Quiet *and* Hopes:

How

How oft have I rejected the Advice *of that* Boſom-friend, *and drown'd its* Alarms *in the Noiſe of a* tumultuous Debauch, *or by ſtupifying* Wine *(like ſome condemn'd Malefactor) arm'd my ſelf againſt the Apprehenſions of my certain* Doom? *Now, now the* Tyrant *awakes, and comes to pay at once all* Arrears *of* Cruelty. *At laſt, but too late (like drowning* Mariners) *I ſee the gay* Monſters, *which inveigled me into my* Death *and* Deſtruction. *Oh the gnawing Remorſe of a raſh unguarded, unconſidering* Sinner! *Oh how the* Ghoſts *of former* Crimes *affright my haunted* Imagination, *and make me ſuffer a thouſand* Racks *and* Martyrdoms! *I ſee, methinks, the* Jaws *of* Deſtruction *gaping wide to ſwallow me; and I, (like one ſliding on* Ice) *tho' I ſee the Danger, cannot ſtop*

from running into it. My Fancy *repreſents to me a whole Legion of* Devils, *ready to tear me in pieces, numberleſs as my* Sins *or* Fears; *and whither, Alaſs! whither ſhall* I *fly for Refuge? Where ſhall* I *retreat and take* Sanctuary? *Shall* I *call the* Rocks *and* Mountains *to cover me, or bid the Earth yawn wide to its Center, and take me in? Poor ſhift of eſcaping Almighty* Juſtice! *Diſtracting* Frenzy! *that would make me believe Contradictions, and hope to fly out of the Reach of him whoſe* Preſence *is every where, not excluded* Hell *it ſelf; for he's there in the Effects of his* Vengeance. *Shall I invoke ſome Power infinite as that that created me, to reduce me to nothing again, and rid me at once of my* Being *and all that tortures it? Oh no, 'tis in vain, I muſt be forc'd into* Being, *to keep me*

freſh

freſh for Torment, *and retain Senſe only to feel Pain.* I *muſt be a dying to all Eternity, and live ever, to live ever wretched. Oh that Nature had plac'd me in the Rank of things that have only a bare* Exiſtence, *or at beſt an Animal* Life, *and never given me a Soul and Reaſon, which now muſt contribute to my* Miſery, *and make me envy* Brutes *and* Vegetables! *Would the* Womb *that bare me had been my* Priſon *till now, or I ſtep'd out of it into my* Grave, *and ſav'd the Expences and Toil of a long and tedious* Journey, *where* Life *affords nothing of Accommodations to invite one's Stay. Happy had I been if had expir'd with my firſt* Breath, *and enter'd the* Bill *of* Mortality *as ſoon as the* World: *Happy if I had been drown'd in my* Font, *and that* Water *which was to regene-*

rate,

rate, and give me New Life, had prov'd mortal in another sence! I had then died without any Guilt of my own but what I brought into the World with me, and that too atton'd for; I mean that which I contracted from my first Parents, my unhappiness rather than Fault, inasmuch as I was fain to be born of a sinning Race: Then I had never enhaunc'd it with acquir'd Guilt, never added those innumerable Crimes which must make up my Indictment at the grand Audit. Ungrateful Wretch! I've made my Sins as numerous as those Blessings and Mercies the Almighty Bounty has conferr'd upon me, to oblige and lead me to Repentance. How have I abus'd and misemployed those Parts and Talents which might have render'd me serviceable to Mankind, and repaid an interest

reſt of Glory *to their* Donor? *How ill do they turn to account which I have made the* Patrons *of* Debauchery, *and* Pimps *and* Panders *to* Vice? *How oft have I broke my* Vows *to my* Great Creator, *which I would be conſcientious of keeping to a ſilly* Woman, *a* Creature *beneath my ſelf? What has all my* Religion *been but an empty* Parade *and ſhew? Either an uſeful Hypocriſie taken up for* Intereſt, *or a gay ſpecious* Formality *worn in* Complaiſance *to* Cuſtom *and the* Mode, *and as changeable as my* Cloths *and their* Faſhion. *How oft have I gone to* Church (*the place where we are to pay him* Homage *and* Duty) *as to an Aſſignation or Play, only for* Diverſion; *or at beſt, as I muſt e'er long (for ought I know) with my* Soul *ſever'd from my* Body? *How I tremble at the Remembrance!*

as

as if I could put the ſham *upon* Heaven, *or a* God *were to be impos'd on like my* Fellow-Creature: *And dare I, convicted of theſe* High Treaſons *againſt the* King *of* Glory, *dare I expect a* Reprieve *or* Pardon? *Has he* Thunder, *and are not all his* Bolts *levell'd at my* Head, *to ſtrike me through the very* Center? *Yes, I dare appeal to thee, boundleſs* pity *and* compaſſion! *My own* Inſtances *already tells me, that thy* Mercy *is infinite; for I've done enough to ſhock* Long-ſufferance *it ſelf, and weary out an* Eternal Patience. *I beſeech thee by thy ſoft and gentle* Attributes *of* Mercy *and* Forgiveneſs, *by the laſt dying* Accents *of my ſuffering* Deity, *have* Pity *on a poor, humble, proſtrate and confeſſing* Sinner: *And thou great* Ranſom *of loſt* Mankind, *who offered'ſt thy ſelf a* Sacrifice *to attone our* Guilt,

Guilt, *and redeem our mortgag'd Happineſs, do thou be my* Advocate, *and intercede for me with the angry* Judge.

My Pray'rs are heard, a glorious Light now ſhone,
And (lo!) an Angel-Poſt comes haſt'ning down:
From Heav'n I ſee him cut the yielding Air;
So ſwift, he ſeems at once both there and here;
So quick, my ſight in the purſuit was ſlow,
And Thought could ſcarce ſo ſoon the Journey go.
No angry Meſſage in his Look appears,
His Face no ſigns of threatning Vengeance wears.
Comly his ſhape, of Heavenly Meen and Air,
Kinder than Smiles of beauteous Virgins are.
Such he was ſeen by the bleſt Maid of Old
When he th' Almighty Infant's Birth foretold.
A mighty Volume in one hand is born,
Whoſe open'd Leaves the other ſeems to turn:
Vaſt Annals of my Sins in Scarlet writ,
But now eras'd, blot out, and cancell'd quite.

Heark

Heark how the Heavenly Whiſper ſtrikes mine Ear,
Mortal, behold thy Crimes all pardon'd here!
Hail Sacred Envoy of th' Eternal King!
Welcom as the bleſt Tidings thou doſt bring.
Welcom as Heav'n from whence thou cam'ſt but now,
Thus low to thy great God and mine I bow,
And might I here, O might I ever grow,
Fix'd an unmov'd and endleſs Monument
Of Gratitude to my Creator ſent.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

Mr. *CHARLES MORWENT.*

A PINDARIQUE.

Ignis utique quo clariùs effulſit, citiùs extinguitur, eripit ſe auſertque ex oculis ſubitò perfecta virtus: quicquid eſt abſoluti facilius transfluit, & optimi neutiquam diurnant. Cambden. de Phil. Syd.

O celeres hominum bonorum dies. Apul.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1684.

To the Memory of my Dear Friend, Mr. Charles Morwent:

A PINDARIQUE.

Oſtendunt terris hunc tantùm fata, nec ultrà
Eſſe ſinunt.——————— Virg.

I.

BEſt Friend! could my unbounded Grief but rate
With due proportion thy too cruel Fate;
Could I ſome happy Miracle bring forth,
Great as my Wiſhes and thy greater Worth,
All *Helicon* ſhould ſoon be thine,
And pay a Tribute to thy Shrine.
The learned Siſters all transform'd ſhould be,
No longer nine, but one *Melpomene*:
Each ſhould into a *Niobe* relent,
At once thy Mourner and thy Monument.

Each ſhould become
Like the fam'd *Memnon*'s ſpeaking Tomb,
To ſing thy well-tun'd Praiſe;
Nor ſhould we fear their being dumb,
Thou ſtill would'ſt make 'em vocal with thy Rays.

II.

O that I could diſtil my vital Juice in Tears!
Or waſte away my Soul in ſobbing Airs!
Were I all Eyes,
To flow in liquid Elegies:
That every Limb might grieve,
And dying Sorrow ſtill retrieve;
My Life ſhould be but one long mourning day,
And like moiſt Vapors melt in Tears away.
I'd ſoon diſſolve in one great Sigh,
And upwards fly,
Glad ſo to be exhal'd to Heav'n and thee.
A Sigh which might well-nigh reverſe thy death,
And hope to animate thee with new Breath;

Pow'rful

Pow'rful as that which heretofore did give
A Soul to well-form'd Clay, and made it live.

III.

Adieu, bleſt Soul! whoſe haſty Flight away
Tells Heaven did ne'er diſplay
Such Happineſs to bleſs the World with ſtay.
Death in thy Fall betray'd her utmoſt ſpite;
And ſhew'd her ſhafts moſt times are levell'd at the white.
She ſaw thy blooming Ripeneſs time prevent;
She ſaw, and envious grew, and ſtraight her arrow ſent,
So Buds appearing e'er the Froſts are paſt,
Nip'd by ſome unkind Blaſt,
Wither in Penance for their forward haſte.
Thus have I ſeen a Morn ſo bright,
So deck'd with all the Robes of Light,
As if it ſcorn'd to think of Night,
Which a rude Storm e'er Noon did ſhroud,
And buried all its early Glories in a Cloud.

The day in funeral Blackneſs mourn'd,
And all to Sighs, and all to Tears it turn'd.

IV.

But why do we thy Death untimely deem;
Or Fate blaſpheme?
We ſhould thy full ripe Vertues wrong,
To think thee young.
Fate, when ſhe did thy vigorous Growth behold,
And all thy forward Glories told,
Forgot thy tale of Years, and thought thee old.
The brisk Endowments of thy Mind
Scorning i'th' Bud to be confin'd,
Out-ran thy Age, and left ſlow Time behind;
Which made thee reach Maturity ſo ſoon,
And at firſt Dawn preſent a full-ſpread Noon.
So thy Perfections with thy Soul agree,
Both knew no Non-age, knew no Infancy.
Thus the firſt Patern of our Race began
His Life in middle-age, at's Birth a perfect Man.

V.

So well thou acted'ſt in thy Span of Days,
As calls at once for Wonder and for Praiſe.
Thy prudent Conduct had ſo learnt to meaſure
The different whiles of Toil and Leaſure,
No time did Action want, no Action wanted Pleaſure.
Thy buſie Induſtry could Time dilate,
And ſtretch the Thread of Fate:
Thy careful Thrift could only boaſt the Power
To lengthen Minutes, and extend an Hour.
No ſingle Sand could e'er ſlip by
Without its Wonder, ſweet as high:
And every teeming Moment ſtill brought forth
A thouſand Rarities of Worth.
While ſome no other Cauſe for Life can give,
But a dull Habitude to live:
Thou ſcorn'dſt ſuch Lazineſs while here beneath,
And Liv'dſt that time which others only Breath.

VI.

Next our juſt Wonder does commence,
How ſo ſmall Room could hold ſuch Excellence.
Nature was proud when ſhe contriv'd thy Frame,
In thee ſhe labor'd for a Name:
Hence 'twas ſhe lavish'd all her Store,
As if ſhe meant hereafter to be poor,
And, like a Bankrupt, run o'th' Score.
Her curious Hand here drew in Straights and join'd
All the Perfections lodge in Humane kind;
Teaching her numerous Gifts to lie
Crampt in a ſhort Epitome.
So Stars contracted in a Diamond ſhine,
And Jewels in a narrow Point confine
The Riches of an *Indian* Mine.
Thus ſubtle Artiſts can
Draw Nature's larger ſelf within a Span:
A ſmall Frame holds the World, Earth, Heav'n and all
Shrunk to the ſcant Dimenſions of a Ball.

VII. Thoſe

VII.

Thoſe Parts which never in one Subject dwell,
But ſome uncommon Excellence foretel,
Like Stars did all conſtellate here,
And met together in one Sphere.
Thy Judgment, Wit and Memory conſpir'd
To make themſelves and thee admir'd:
And could thy growing Height a longer Stay have known,
Thou hadſt all other Glories, and thy ſelf out-done.
While ſome to Knowledge by Degrees arrive,
Thro tedious Induſtry improv'd,
Thine ſcorn'd by ſuch pedantick Rules to thrive;
But ſwift as that of Angels mov'd,
And made us think it was intuitive.
Thy pregnant Mind ne'er ſtruggl'd in its Birth,
But quick, and while it did conceive, brought forth;
The gentle Throes of thy prolifick Brain
Were all unſtrain'd, and without Pain.

Thus when Great *Jove* the Queen of Wisdom bare
So easie and so mild his Travels were.

VIII.

Nor were these Fruits in a rough Soil bestown
As Gemms are thick'st in rugged Quarries sown.
Good Nature and good parts so shar'd thy mind,
A Muse and Grace were so combin'd,
'Twas hard to guess which with most Lustre shin'd.
A Genius did thy whole Comportment act,
Whose charming Complaisance did so attract,
As every Heart attack'd,
Such a soft Air thy well-tun'd Sweetness sway'd,
As told thy Soul of Harmony was made;
All rude Affections that Disturbers be,
That mar or disunite Society,
Were Foreiners to thee.
Love only in their stead took up its Rest;
Nature made that thy constant Guest,
And seem'd to form no other Passion for thy Breast.

IX. This

IX.

This made thy Courteousnes to all extend,
And thee to the whole Universe a Friend.
Those which were Strangers to thy native Soil and thee
No Strangers to thy Love could be,
Whose Bounds were wide as all Mortality.
Thy Heart no Island was, disjoyn'd
(Like thy own Nation) from all human kind;
But 'twas a Continent to other Countreys fixt
As firm by Love, as they by Earth annext.
Thou scorn'dst the Map should thy Affection guide,
Like theirs who love by dull Geography,
Friends but to whom by Soil they are ally'd:
Thine reacht to all beside,
To every member of the world's great Family.
Heav'ns Kindness only claims a Name more general,
Which we the nobler call,
Because 'tis common, and vouchsaf'd to all.

X. Such

X.

Such thy Ambition of obliging was,
Thou seem'dst corrupted with the very Power to please.
Only to let thee gratifie,
At once did bribe and pay thy Courtesie.
Thy Kindness by Acceptance might be bought,
It for no other Wages sought,
But would its own be thought.
No Suiters went unsatisfy'd away;
But left thee more unsatisfy'd than they.
Brave *Titus*! thou mightst here thy true Portraicture find,
And view thy Rival in a private mind.
Thou heretofore deserv'dst such Praise,
When Acts of Goodness did compute thy days,
Measur'd not by the *Sun*'s, but thine own kinder Rays.
Thou thought'st each hour out of Life's Journal lost,
Which could not some fresh Favor boast,
And reckon'dst Bounties thy best *Clepsydræ*.

XI. Some

X.

Some Fools who the great Art of giving want,
Deflower their Largeſs with too ſlow a Grant;
Where the deluded Suitor dearly buys
What hardly can defray
The Expence of Importunities,
Or the Suſpenſe of torturing Delay.
Here was no need of tedious Pray'rs to ſue,
Or thy too backward Kindneſs woo.
It moved with no formal State,
Like theirs whoſe Pomp does for intreaty wait:
But met the ſwifteſt Deſires half way;
And Wiſhes did well-nigh anticipate;
And then as modeſtly withdrew,
Nor for its due Reward of Thanks would ſtay.

XI.

Yet might this Goodneſs to the happy moſt accrue;
Somewhat was to the miſerable due,
Which they might juſtly challenge too.
Whate'er miſhap did a known Heart oppreſs,

The ſame did thine as wretched make;
Like yielding Wax thine did th' Impreſſions take,
And paint its Sadneſs in as lively Dreſs.
Thou could'ſt afflictions from another Breaſt tranſlate,
And forein Grief impropriate;
Oft-times our Sorrows thine ſo much have grown,
They ſcarce were more our own;
We ſeem'd exempt, thou ſuffer'dſt all alone.

XIII.

Our ſmall'ſt Misfortunes ſcarce could reach thy Ear,
But made thee give in Alms a Tear;
And when our Hearts breath'd their regret in ſighs,
As a juſt Tribute to their Miſeries,
Thine with their mournful Airs did ſymbolize.
Like throngs of ſighs did for its Fibres crowd,
And told thy Grief from our each Grief aloud:
Such is the ſecret Sympathy
We may betwixt two neighb'ring Lutes deſcry,
If either by unskilful hand too rudely bent
Its ſoft Complaint in penſive murmurs vent,

As

As if it did that Injury reſent:
Untoucht the other ſtrait returns the Moan,
And gives an Eccho to each Groan.
From its ſweet Bowels a ſad Note's convey'd,
Like thoſe which to condole are made,
As if its Bowels too a kind Compaſſion had.

XIV.

Nor was thy goodneſs bounded with ſo ſmall extent,
Or in ſuch narrow Limits pent.
Let Female Frailty in fond Tears diſtill,
Who think that Moiſture which they ſpill
Can yield Relief,
Or ſhrink the Current of anothers Grief,
Who hope that Breath which they in ſighs convey,
Should blow Calamities away.
Thine did a manlier Form expreſs,
And ſcorn'd to whine at an Unhappineſs;
Thou thought'ſt it ſtill the nobleſt Pity to redreſs.
So friendly Angels their Relief beſtow
On the unfortunate below

For

For whom those purer minds no Passion know:
Such Nature in that generous Plant is found,
Whose every Breach does with a Salve abound,
And wounds it self to cure another's Wound.
In pity to Mankind it sheds its Juice,
Glad with expence of Blood to serve their Use.
First with kind Tears our Maladies bewails,
And after heals;
And makes those very Tears the remedy produce.

XV.

Nor didst thou to thy Foes less generous appear,
(If there were any durst that Title wear.)
They could not offer Wrongs so fast,
But what were pardon'd with like haste;
And by thy acts of Amnesty defac't.
Had he who wish'd the Art how to forget,
Discover'd its new Worth in thee,
He had a double Value on it set,
And justly scorn'd th' ignobler Art of Memory.
No Wrongs could thy great Soul to Grief expose

'Twas

'Twas plac't as much out of the reach of those,
As of material Blows.
No Injuries could thee provoke,
Thy Softness always dampt the stroke:
As Flints on Feather-beds are easiest broke.
Affronts could ne'er thy cool Complexion heat,
Or chase thy temper from its setled State:
But still thou stoodst unshockt by all,
As if thou hadst unlearnt the Power to hate,
Or, like the Dove, wert born without a Gall.

XVI.

Vain *Stoicks* who disclaim all Human Sense,
And own no Passions to resent Offence,
May pass it by with unconcern'd Neglect,
And Vertue on those Principles erect,
Where 'tis not a Perfection, but Defect.
Let these themselves in a dull Patience please,
Which their own Statues may possess,
And they themselves when Carcasses.
Thou only couldst to that high pitch arrive,

To

To court Abuſes, that thou mightſt forgive:
Wrongs thus in thy Eſteem ſeem'd Courteſie,
And thou the firſt was e'er oblig'd by Injury.

XVII.

Nor may we think theſe God-like Qualities
Could ſtand in need of Votaries,
Which heretofore had challeng'd Sacrifice.
Each Aſſignation, each Converſe
Gain'd thee ſome new Idolaters.
Thy ſweet Obligingneſs could ſupple Hate,
And out of it its Contrary create.
Its powerful Influence made Quarrels ceaſe,
And Fewds diſſolv'd into a calmer Peace.
Envy reſign'd her Force, and vanquiſh'd Spite
Became thy ſpeedy Proſelyte.
Malice could cheriſh Enmity no more;
And thoſe which were thy Foes before,
Now wiſh'd they might adore.
Cæſar may tell of Nations took,
And Troops by Force ſubjected to his Yoke:

We

We read as great a Conqueror in thee,
Who couldſt by milder ways all Hearts ſubdue,
The nobler Conqueſt of the two;
Thus thou whole Legions mad'ſt the Captives be
And like him too couldſt look, and ſpeak thy Victory.

XVIII.

Hence may we Calculate the Tenderneſs
Thou didſt Expreſs
To all, whom thou didſt with thy Friendſhip bleſs:
To think of Paſſion by new Mothers bore
To the young Offſpring of their Womb,
Or that of Lovers to what they Adore,
Ere Duty it become:
We ſhould too mean *Ideas* frame,
Of that which thine might juſtly claim,
And injure it by a degrading Name:
Conceive the tender Care
Of guardian Angels to their Charge aſſi gn'd,
Or think how dear
To Heaven Expiring Martyrs are;

Theſe are the Emblems of thy mind,
The only *Types* to ſhew how thou waſt kind.

XIX.

On whom ſoe're thou didſt confer this Tye
'Twas laſting as Eternity,
And firm as the unbroken Chain of Deſtiny,
Embraces would faint ſhadows of your Union (ſhow
Unleſs you could together grow.
That Union which is from Alliance bred,
Does not ſo faſtly wed,
Tho' it with Blood be cemented:
That Link wherewith the Soul and Body's joyn'd
Which twiſts the double Nature in Mankind
Only ſo cloſe can bind.
That holy Fire which *Romans* to their *Veſta* paid,
Which they immortal as the Goddeſs made,
Thy noble Flames moſt fitly parallel;
For thine were juſt ſo pure, and juſt ſo durable.
Thoſe feigned Pairs of Faithfulneſs which claim
So

So high a place in ancient Fame,
Had they thy better Patern ſeen,
They'd made their Friendſhip more divine
And ſtrove to mend their Characters by thine.

XX.

Yet had this Friendſhip no advantage been,
Unleſs 'twere exercis'd within;
What did thy Love to other Objects tie,
The ſame made thy own Pow'rs agree,
And reconcil'd thy ſelf to thee.
No Diſcord in thy Soul did reſt,
Save what its Harmony increaſt.
Thy mind did with ſuch regular Calmneſs move,
As held reſemblance with the greater Mind above.
Reaſon there fix'd its peaceful Throne,
And reign'd alone.
The Will its eaſie Neck to Bondage gave,
And to the ruling Faculty became a Slave.
The Paſſions rais'd no Civil Wars,
Nor diſcompos'd thee with inteſtine Jars:

All did obey,
And paid Allegiance to its rightful Sway.
All threw their reſty Tempers by,
And gentler Figures drew,
Gentle as Nature in its Infancy,
As when themſelves in their firſt Beings grew.

XXI.

Thy Soul within ſuch ſilent Pomp did keep,
As if Humanity were lull'd aſleep.
So gentle was thy Pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard Feet ſcarce make leſs Noiſe
Or the ſoft Journey which a Planet goes.
Life ſeem'd all calm as its laſt Breath.
A ſtill Tranquillity ſo huſht thy Breaſt,
As if ſome *Halcyon* were its Gueſt,
And there had built her Neſt;
It hardly now enjoys a greater Reſt.
As that ſmooth Sea which wears the Name of *Pea*
Still with one even Face appears,
And feels no Tides to change it from its place,

No Waves to alter the fair Form it bears:
As that unſpotted Sky,
Where *Nile* does want of Rain ſupply,
Is free from Clouds, from Storms is ever free.
So thy unvary'd mind was always one,
And with ſuch clear Serenity ſtill ſhone,
caus'd thy little World to ſeem all temp'rate Zone.

XXII.

Let Fools their high Extraction boaſt,
nd Greatneſs, which no Travel, but their Mothers, coſt.
Let 'em extol a ſwelling Name,
Which theirs by Will and Teſtament became;
At beſt but meer Inheritance,
As oft the Spoils as Gift of Chance.
Let ſome ill-plac't Repute on Scutcheons rear
As fading as the Colors which thoſe bear;
And prize a painted Field,
Which Wealth as ſoon as Fame can yield.
Thou ſcorn'dſt at ſuch low rates to purchaſe worth,

Nor couldſt thou owe it only to thy Birth.
Thy ſelf-born Greatneſs was above the Power
Of Parents to entail, or Fortune to deflower.
Thy Soul, which like the Sun, Heaven molded bright,
Diſdain'd to ſhine with borrow'd Light.
Thus from himſelf th' Eternal Being grew,
And from no other Cauſe his Grandeur drew.

XXIII.

Howe'er if true Nobility
Rather in Souls than in the Blood does lie:
If from thy better part we Meaſures take,
And that the Standard of our Value make,
Jewels and Stars become low Heraldry
To blazon thee.
Thy Soul was big enough to pity Kings,
And lookt on Empires as poor humble things.
Great as his boundleſs mind,
Who thought himſelf in one wide Globe confin'd
And for another pin'd.

Great

Great as that Spirit whoſe large Powers rowl
Thro' the vaſt Fabrick of this ſpatious Bowl,
And tell the World as well as Man can boaſt a Soul.

XXIV.

Yet could not this an Haughtineſs beget,
Or thee above the common Level ſet.
Pride, whoſe Alloy does beſt Endowments mar,
(As things moſt lofty ſmaller ſtill appear)
With thee did no Alliance bear.
Low Merits oft are by too high Eſteem bely'd,
Whoſe owners leſſen while they raiſe their Price;
Thine were above the very Guilt of Pride,
Above all others, and thy own *Hyperbole*:
In thee the wid'ſt Extreams were joyn'd
The loftieſt, and the lowlieſt Mind.
Thus thoſome part of Heav'ns vaſt Round,
Appear but low, and ſeem to touch the Ground.
Yet 'tis well known almoſt to bound the Spheres,
'Tis truly held to be above the Stars.

XXV.

While thy brave Mind preſerv'd this noble Frame,
Thou ſtoodſt at once ſecure
From all the Flattery and Obloquy of Fame,
Its rough and gentler Breath were both to thee the ſame:
Nor this could thee exalt, nor that depreſs thee lower;
But thou from thy great Soul on both look'dſt down
Without the ſmall concernment of a ſmile or frown.
Heav'n leſs dreads that it ſhould fir'd be
By the weak flitting Sparks that upwards fly,
Leſs the bright Goddeſs of the Night
Fears thoſe loud howlings that revile her Light
Than thou malignant Tongues thy Worth ſhould blaſt,
Which was too great for Envy's Cloud to overcaſt.
'Twas thy brave Method to deſpiſe Contempt,
And make what was the Fault the Puniſhment.
What more Aſſaults could weak Detraction raiſe,
When

When thou couldſt Saint diſgrace,
And turn Reproach to Praiſe.
So Clouds which would obſcure the Sun, oft guilded be,
And Shades are taught to ſhine as bright as he.
So Diamonds, when envious Night
Would ſhroud their Splendor, look moſt bright,
And from its Darkneſs ſeem to borrow Light.

XXVI.

Had Heaven compos'd thy mortal Frame,
Free from Contagion as thy Soul or Fame:
Could Vertue been but Proof againſt Death's Arms,
Th'adſt ſtood unvanquiſht by theſe Harms,
Safe in a Circle made by thy own Charms.
Fond Pleaſure, whoſe ſoft Magick oft beguiles
Raw unexperienc'd Souls,
And with ſmooth Flattery cajoles,
Could ne'er enſnare thee with her Wiles,
Or make thee Captive to her ſoothing Smiles.
In vain that Pimp of Vice aſſay'd to pleaſe,

In

In hope to draw thee to its rude Embrace.
Thy Prudence ſtill that *Syren* paſt
Without being pinion'd to the Maſt:
All its Attempts were ineffectual found;
Heaven fenc'd thy heart with its own Mound,
And forc'd the Tempter ſtill from that forbidden Ground.

XXVII.

The mad *Capricio's* of the doating Age
Could ne'er in the ſame Frenzy thee engage;
But mov'd thee rather with a generous Rage.
Gallants, who their high Breeding prize,
Known only by their Gallanture and Vice,
Whoſe Talent is to court a faſhionable Sin,
And act ſome fine Tranſgreſſion with a janty Meen,
May by ſuch Methods hope the Vogue to win.
Let thoſe gay Fops who deem
Their Infamies Accompliſhment,
Grow ſcandalous to get Eſteem;
And by Diſgrace ſtrive to be eminent.

Here

Here thou diſdainſt the common Road,
Nor wouldſt by ought be wood
To wear the vain Iniquities o'th' Mode.
Vice with thy Practice did ſo diſagree,
Thou ſcarce couldſt bear it in thy Theory.
Thou didſt ſuch Ignorance 'bove Knowledge prize,
And here to be unskill'd, is to be wiſe.
Such the firſt Founders of our Blood,
While yet untempted, ſtood
Contented only to know Good.

XXVIII.

Vertue alone did guide thy Actions here,
Thou by no other Card thy Life didſt ſteer:
No ſly decoy would ſerve,
To make thee from its rigid Dictates ſwerve,
Thy Love ne'er thought her worſe
Becauſe thou hadſt ſo few Competitors.
Thou couldſt adore her when ador'd by none
Content to be her Votary alone:

When

When 'twas proſcrib'd the unkind World
And to blind Cells, and Grotto's hurld,
When thought the Fantom of ſome crazy Brain,
Fit for grave *Anchorets* to entertain,
A thin *Chimæra*, whom dull Gown-Men frame
To gull deluded Mortals with an empty Name.

XXIX.

Thou own'dſt no Crimes that ſhun'd the Light,
Whoſe Horror might thy Blood affright,
And force it to its known Retreat.
While the pale Cheeks do Penance in their White,
And tell that Bluſhes are too weak to expiate:
Thy Faults might all be on thy Forehead wore
And the whole World thy Confeſſor.
Conſcience within ſtill kept Aſſize,
To puniſh and deter Impieties:
That inbred Judg, ſuch ſtrict Inſpection bore,
So travers'd all thy Actions ore;
Th' Eternal Judge could ſcarce do more:

Thoſe

Thoſe little Eſcapades of Vice,
Which paſs the Cognizance of moſt
I'th' Crowd of following Sins forgot and loſt,
Could ne're its Sentence or Arraignment miſs:
Thou didſt prevent the young deſires of ill,
And them in their firſt Motions kill:
The very thoughts in others unconfin'd
And lawleſs as the Wind,
Thou couldſt to Rule and Order bind.
They durſt not any ſtamp, but that of Vertue bear,
And free from ſtain as thy moſt publick Actions were.
Let wild Debauches hug their darling Vice
And court no other Paradiſe,
Till want of Power
Bids 'em diſcard the ſtale Amour,
And when diſabled ſtrength ſhall force
A ſhort Divorce,
Miſcall that weak forbearance Abſtinence,
Which wiſe Morality and better Sence

Stiles

Stiles but at beſt a ſneaking Impotence.
Thine far a Nobler Pitch did fly
'Twas all free choice, nought of Neceſſity.
Thou didſt that puny Soul diſdain
Whoſe half ſtrain Vertue only can reſtrain;
Nor wouldſt that empty Being own
Which ſprings from Negatives alone,
But truly thoughſt it always Vertues Skeleton.

XXX.

Nor didſt thou thoſe mean Spirits more approve,
Who Vertue, only for its Dowry love,
Unbrib'd thou didſt her ſterling ſelf eſpouſe:
Nor wouldſt a better Miſtreſs chooſe.
Thou couldſt Affection to her bare *Idæa* pay
The firſt that e'er careſs'd her the Platonick way.
To ſee her in her own Attractions dreſt
Did all thy Love arreſt,
Nor lack'd there new Efforts to ſtorm thy Breſt.
Thy generous Loyalty
Would ne'er a *Mercenary* be,

But

But choſe to ſerve her ſtill without a Livery.
Yet waſt thou not of Recompenſe debarr'd,
But countedſt Honeſty its own Reward;
Thou didſt not wiſh a greater Bliſs t' accrue,
For to be good to thee was to be happy too,
That ſecret Triumph of thy mind,
Which always thou in doing well didſt find,
Were Heaven enough, were there no other Heaven deſign'd.

XXXI.

What Vertues few poſſeſs but by Retail
In groſs could thee their Owner call;
They all did in thy ſingle Circle fall.
Thou waſt a living *Syſtem* where were wrote
All thoſe high Morals which in Books are ſought.
Thy Practice did more Vertues ſhare
Than heretofore the learned Porch e'er knew,
Or in the *Stagyrites* ſcant *Ethics* grew:
Devout thou waſt as holy *Hermits* are,
Which ſhare their time 'twixt Extaſie and Prayer.

Modeſt

Modeſt as Infant Roſes in their bloom,
Which in a Bluſh their Lives conſume,
So Chaſt, the Dead are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power.
So pure, that if bleſt Saints could be
Taught Innocence, they'd gladly learn of thee.
Thy Vertues height in Heaven alone could grow
Nor to ought elſe would for Acceſſion owe:
It only now's more perfect than it was below.

XXXII.

Hence, tho' at once thy Soul liv'd here and there,
Yet Heaven alone its Thoughts did ſhare;
It own'd no home, but in the active Sphere.
Its Motions always did to that bright Center rowl,
And ſeem'd t'inform thee only on Parole.
Look how the Needle does to its dear *North* incline,
As wer't not fixt 'twould to that Region climb;
Or mark what hidden force
Bids the Flame upwards take its courſe,
And makes it with that Swiftneſs riſe,

Such

As if 'twere wing'd by th' Air thro' which it flies.
Such a ſtrong Vertue did thy Inclinations bend,
And made 'em ſtill to the bleſt Manſions tend.
That mighty Slave whom the proud Victor's Rage
Shut Priſ'ner in a golden Cage,
Condemn'd to glorious Vaſſalage,
Ne'er long'd for dear Enlargement more,
Nor his gay Bondage with leſs Patience bore,
Than this great Spirit brook't its tedious Stay,
While fetter'd here in brittle Clay,
And wiſh'd to diſengage and fly away.
It vext and chaf'd, and ſtill deſir'd to be
Releas'd to the ſweet Freedom of Eternity.

XXXIII.

Nor were its Wiſhes long unheard,
Fate ſoon at its deſire appear'd.
And ſtrait for an Aſſault prepar'd.
A ſuddain and a ſwift Diſeaſe
Firſt on thy Heart Life's chiefeſt Fort does ſeize,
And then on all the Suburb-vitals preys:

Next it corrupts thy tainted Blood,
And ſcatters Poyſon thro' its purple Flood.
Sharp Aches in thick Troops it ſends,
And Pain, which like a Rack the Nerves extends.
Anguiſh through every Member flies,
And all thoſe inward *Gemonies*
Whereby frail Fleſh in Torture dies.
All the ſtaid Glories of thy Face,
Where ſprightly Youth lay checkt with manly Grace,
Are now impair'd,
And quite by the rude hand of Sickneſs mar'd.
Thy Body where due Symmetry
In juſt proportions once did lie,
Now hardly could be known,
Its very Figure out of Faſhion grown;
And ſhould thy Soul to its old Seat return,
And Life once more adjourn,
'Twould ſtand amaz'd to ſee its alter'd Frame,
And doubt (almoſt) whether its own Carcaſs were the ſame.

XXXIV.

And here thy Sickneſs does new matter raiſe
Both for thy Vertue and our Praiſe;
'Twas here thy Picture look'd moſt neat,
When deep'ſt in Shades 'twas ſet.
Thy Vertues only thus could fairer be
Advantag'd by the Foil of Miſery.
Thy Soul which haſten'd now to be enlarg'd,
And of its groſſer Load diſcharg'd,
Began to act above its wonted rate,
And gave a Prælude of its next unbody'd State.
So dying Tapers near their Fall,
When their own Luſtre lights their Funeral,
Contract their Strength into one brighter Fire,
And in that Blaze triumphantly expire.
So the bright Globe that rules the Skies,
Tho' he guild Heav'n with a glorious Riſe,
Reſerves his choiceſt Beams to grace his Set;
And then he looks moſt great,
And then in greateſt Splendor dies.

XXXVI.

Thou ſharpeſt pains didſt with that Courage bear,
And ſtill thy Looks ſo unconcern'd didſt wear:
Beholders ſeem'd more indiſpos'd than thee;
For they were ſick in Effigie.
Like ſome well-faſhion'd Arch thy Patience ſtood,
And purchas'd Firmneſs from its greater Load.
Thoſe Shapes of Torture, which to view in Paint
Would make another faint;
Thou could'ſt endure in true Reality,
And feel what ſome could hardly bear to ſee.
Thoſe *Indians* who their Kings by Torture choſe,
Subjecting all the Royal Iſſue to that Teſt
Could ne'er thy Sway refuſe,
If he deſerves to reign that ſuffers beſt.
Had thoſe fierce Savages thy Patience view'd,
Thou'dſt claim'd their Choice alone:
They with a Crown had paid thy Fortitude,
And turn'd thy Death bed to a Throne.

XXXVII.

All those Heroick Pieties,
Whose Zeal to Truth made them its Sacrifice:
Those nobler *Scævola's*, whose holy Rage
Did their whole selves in cruel Flames engage,
Who did amidst their Force unmov'd appear,
As if those Fires but lambent were;
Or they had found their *Empyreum* there.
Might these repeat again their Days beneath,
They'd seen their Fates out-acted by a natural Death,
And each of them to thee resign his Wreath.
In spite of Weakness and harsh Destiny,
To relish Torment, and enjoy a Misery:
So to caress a Doom,
As make its Sufferings Delights become:
So to triumph o'er Sense and thy Disease,
As amongst Pains to revel in soft Ease:
These wonders did thy Vertues worth enhance,
And Sickness to dry Martyrdom advance.

XXXVII.

Yet could not all theſe Miracles ſtern Fate avert,
Or make't withold the Dart.
Only ſhe paus'd a while with Wonder ſtrook,
A while ſhe doubted if that Deſtiny was thine,
And turned o'er again the dreadful Book,
And hop'd ſhe had miſtook;
And wiſh'd ſhe might have cut another Line.
But dire Neceſſity
Soon cry'd 'twas thee,
And bad her give the fatal Blow.
Strait ſhe obeys, and ſtrait the vital Powers grow
Too weak to grapple with a ſtronger Foe,
And now the feeble Strife forgo.
Life's ſap'd Foundation every Moment ſinks,
And every Breath to leſſer compaſs ſhrinks;
Laſt panting Gaſps grow weaker each Rebound,
Like the faint Tremblings of a dying Sound:
And doubtful Twilight hovers o'er the Light,
Ready to uſher in Eternal Night.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

Yet here thy Courage taught thee to out-brave
All the ſlight Horrors of the Grave:
Pale Death's Arreſt
Ne'er ſhock'd thy Breaſt;
Nor could it in the dreadfulſt Figure dreſt.
That ugly Skeleton may guilty Spirits daunt,
When the dire Ghoſts of Crimes departed haunt,
Arm'd with bold Innocence thou couldſt that *Morme* dare,
And on the bare-fac'd King of Terrors ſtare,
As free from all Effects as from the Cauſe of Fear.
Thy Soul ſo willing from thy Body went,
As if both parted by Conſent.
No Murmur, no Complaining, no Delay,
Only a Sigh, a Groan, and ſo away.
Death ſeem'd to glide with Pleaſure in,
As if in this Senſe too 't had loſt her Sting.
Like ſome well-acted Comedy Life ſwiftly paſt,
And ended juſt ſo ſtill and ſweet at laſt.

Thou, like its Actors, ſeem'dſt in borrow'd Habit here (beneath,
And couldſt, as eaſily
As they do that, put off Mortality.

Thou breathedſt out thy Soul as free as common Breath,
As unconcern'd as they are in a feigned Death.

XXXIX.

Go happy Soul, aſcend the joyful Sky,
Joyful to ſhine with thy bright Company:
Go mount the ſpangled Sphere,
And make it brighter by another Star:
Yet ſtop not there, till thou advance yet higher,
Till thou art ſwallow'd quite
In the vaſt unexhauſted Ocean of Delight:
Delight which there alone in its true Eſſence is,
Where Saints keep an eternal Carnival of Bliſs:
Where the *Regalio's* of refined Joy,
Which fill, but never cloy.
Where Pleaſures ever growing, ever new,
Immortal as thy ſelf, and boundleſs too.

There

There may'ſt thou learned by *Compendium* grow;
For which in vain below
We ſo much time, and ſo much pains beſtow.
There may'ſt thou all *Idea's* ſee,
All wonders which in Knowledge be
In that fair beatifick mirror of the Deity.

XLI.

Mean while thy Body mourns in its own Duſt,
And puts on Sables for its tender Truſt.
Tho' dead, it yet retains ſome untoucht Grace,
Wherein we may thy Soul's fair Foot-ſteps trace;
Which no Diſeaſe can frighten from its wonted place:
E'en its Deformities do thee become,
And only ſerve to conſecrate thy Doom.
Thoſe marks of Death which did its Surface ſtain
Now hallow, not profane.
Each Spot does to a Ruby turn;
What ſoil'd but now, would now adorn.
Thoſe Aſterisks plac'd in the Margin of thy Skin
Point

Point out the nobler Soul that dwelt within:
Thy leſſer, like the greater World appears
All over bright, all over ſtuck with Stars.
So *Indian* Luxury when it would be trim,
Hangs Pearls on every Limb.
Thus amongſt ancient Picts Nobility
In Blemiſhes did lie;
Each by his Spots more honourable grew,
And from their Store a greater Value drew:
Their Kings were known by th' Royal Stains they bore,
And in their Skins their Ermin wore.

LXII.

Thy Blood where Death triumph'd in greateſt State,
Whoſe Purple ſeem'd the Badge of Tyrant-Fate,
And all thy Body o'er
Its ruling Colours bore:
That which infected with the noxious Ill
But lately help'd to kill,
Whoſe Circulation fatal grew.

And

And thro' each part a ſwifter Ruin threw.
Now conſcious, its own Murther would arraign,
And throngs to ſally out at every Vein.
Each Drop a redder than its native Dye puts on,
As if in its own Bluſhes 'twould its Guilt atone.
A ſacred Rubric does thy Carcaſs paint,
And Death in every Member writes thee Saint.
So *Phœbus* cloaths his dying Rays each Night,
And bluſhes he can live no longer to give Light.

LXIII.

Let Fools, whoſe dying Fame requires to have
Like their own Carcaſſes a Grave,
Let them with vain Expence adorn
Some coſtly Urn,
Which ſhortly, like themſelves, to Duſt ſhall turn.
Here lacks no *Carian* Sepulchre,
Which Ruin ſhall e'er long in its own Tomb interr.
No fond *Ægyptian* Fabric built ſo high
As if 'twould climb the Sky,
And thence reach Immortality.

Thy

Thy Vertues ſhall embalm thy Name,
And make it laſting as the Breath of Fame.
When frailer Braſs
Shall moulder by a quick Decreaſe;
When brittle Marble ſhall decay,
And to the Jaws of Time become a Prey.
Thy Praiſe ſhall live, when Graves ſhall buried lie,
Till Time it ſelf ſhall die,
And yield its triple Empire to Eternity.

To

To the Memory of that worthy Gentleman, Mr. Harman Atwood.

PINDARIQUE.

I.

NO, I'll no more repine at Deſtiny,
Now we poor common Mortals are content to die.
When thee, bleſt Saint, we cold and breathleſs ſee,
Thee, who if ought that's great and brave,
Ought that is excellent might ſave,
Hadſt juſtly claim'd Exemption from the Grave,
And cancell'd the black irreverſible Decree.
Thou didſt alone ſuch Worth, ſuch Goodneſs ſhare
As well deſerv'd to be immortal here;
Deſerve a Life as laſting as the Fame thou art to wear.
At leaſt, why went thy Soul without its Mate?

Why

Why did they not together undivided go?
So went (we're told) the fam'd Illuſtrious Two.
(Nor could they greater Merits ſhew,
Altho' the beſt of Patriarchs that,
And this the beſt of Prophets was)
Heav'n did alive the bleſſed Pair tranſlate;
Alive they launch'd into Life's boundleſs Happineſs,
And never paſt Death's Straights and narrow Seas;
Ne'er enter'd the dark gloomy Thorowfare of Fate.

II.

Long time had the Profeſſion under Scandal lain,
And felt a general tho' unjuſt Diſdain,
An upright Lawyer Contradiction ſeem'd,
And was at leaſt a Prodigy eſteem'd.
If one perhaps did in an Age appear,
He was recorded like ſome Blazing Star;
And Statues were erected to the wondrous Man,
As heretofore to the ſtrange honeſt Publican.
To thee the numerous Calling all its thanks ſhould give,

To

To thee who couldſt alone its loſt Repute retrieve.
Thou the vaſt wide extremes didſt reconcile,
The firſt, almoſt, e'er taught it was not to beguile.
To each thou didſt diſtribute Right ſo equally,
Ev'n Juſtice might her ſelf correct her Scales by thee.
And none did now regret,
Her once bewail'd Retreat,
Since all enjoy'd her better Deputy.
Henceforth ſucceeding Time ſhall bear in mind,
And Chronicle the beſt of all the kind:
The beſt e'er ſince the man that gave
Our ſuffering God a Grave;
(That God who living no Abode could find,
Tho' he the World had made, and was to ſave)
Embalming him, he did embalm his Memory,
And make it from Corruption free:
Thoſe Odors kindly lent perfum'd the Breath of Fame,
And fixt a laſting Fragrancy upon his Name;
And rais'd it with his Saviour to an Immortality.

III. Hence

III.

Hence the ſtale muſty Paradox of equal Souls,
That ancient vulgar Error of the Schools,
Avow'd by dull Philoſophers and thinking Fool.
Here might they find their feeble Arguments o'er-thrown:
Here might the grave Diſputers find
Themſelves all baffl'd by a ſingle Mind,
And ſee one vaſtly larger than their own,
Tho' all of theirs were mixt in one.
A Soul as great as e'er vouchſaf'd to be
Inhabiter in low Mortality;
As e'er th' Almighty Artiſt labour'd to infuſe,
Thro' all his Mint he did the brighteſt chuſe;
With his own Image ſtampt it fair,
And bid it ever the Divine Impreſſion wear;
And ſo it did, ſo pure, ſo well,
We hardly could believe him of the Race that fell:
So ſpotleſs ſtill, and ſtill ſo good,

As

As if it never lodg'd in Fleſh and Blood.
Hence conſcious too, how high, how nobly born:
It never did reproach its Birth,
By valuing ought of baſe or meaner worth,
But look'd on earthly Grandeur with Contempt and Scorn.

IV.

Like his All-great Creator, who
Can only by diffuſing greater grow:
He made his chiefeſt Glory to communicate,
And choſe the faireſt Attribute to imitate,
So kind, ſo generous, and ſo free,
As if he only liv'd in Courteſie.
To be unhappy did his Pity claim,
Only to want it did deſerve the ſame:
Nor lack'd there other Rhetorick than Innocence and Miſery.
His unconfin'd unhoarded Store
Was ſtill the vaſt Exchequer of the poor;

And whatſoe'er in pious Acts went out
He did in his own Inventory put:
For well the wiſe and prudent Banker knew
His Gracious Sovereign above would all repay,
And all th' expences of his Charity defray;
And ſo he did, both Principal and Intereſt too,
And he by holy Prodigality more wealthy grew.
Such, and ſo univerſal is the Influence
Which the kind bounteous Sun does here diſpenſe:
With an unwearied indefatigable Race,
He travels round the World each day,
And viſits all Mankind, and every place,
And ſcatters Light and Bleſſings all the way.
Tho' he each hour new Beams expend,
Yet does he not like waſting Tapers ſpend.
Tho' he ten thouſand years diſburſe in Light,
The boundleſs Stock can never be exhauſted quite.

V.

Nor was his Bounty ſtinted or deſign'd,
As theirs who only partially are kind;
Or give where they Return expect to find;
But like his Soul, its fair Original:
'Twas all in all,
And all in every part,
Silent as his Devotion, open as his Heart.
Brib'd with the Pleaſure to oblige and gratifie,
As Air and Sunſhine he diſpos'd his Kindneſs free,
Yet ſcorn'd Requitals, and worſe hated Flattery,
And all obſequious Pomp of vain formality.
Thus the Almighty Bounty does beſtow
Its Favors on our undeſerving Race below;
Confer'd on all its loyal Votaries;
Confer'd alike on its rebellious Enemies.
To it alone our All we owe,
All that we are and are to be,
Each Art and Science to its Liberality,

And this same trifling jingling thing call'd Poetry.
Yet the great Donor does no costly Gratitude require,
No Charge of Sacrifice desire;
Nor are w' expensive Hecatombs to raise,
As heretofore,
To make his Altars float with reeking Gore.
A small Return the mighty Debt and Duty pays,
Ev'n the cheap humble Off'ring of worthless Thanks and Praise.

VI.

But how, blest Saint, shall I thy numerous Vertues summ,
If one or two take up this room?
To what vast Bulk must the full *Audit* come?
As that bold Hand that drew the fairest Deity,
Had many naked Beauties by,
And took from each a several Grace, and Air, and Line,
And all in one Epitome did joyn
To paint his bright Immortal in a Form Divine:

So

So muſt I do to frame thy Character.
I'll think whatever Men can good and lovely call,
And then abridge it all,
And crowd, and mix the various *Ideas* there;
And yet at laſt of a juſt Praiſe deſpair.
Whatever ancient Worthies boaſt,
Which made themſelves and Poets their Deſcribers great,
From whence old Zeal did Gods and Shrines create;
Thou hadſt thy ſelf alone engroſt,
And all their ſcatter'd Glories in thy Soul did meet:
And future Ages, when they eminent Vertues ſee,
(If any after thee
Dare the Pretence of Vertue own,
Without the Fear of being far out-done)
Shall count 'em all but Legacy,
Which from the Strength of thy Example flow,
And thy fair Copy in a leſs correct Edition ſhow.

VII.

Religion over all did a juſt Conduct claim,
No falſe Religion which from Cuſtom came,
Which to its Font and Country only ow'd its Name:
No Iſſue of devout and zealous Ignorance,
Or the more dull Effect of Chance;
But 'twas a firm well-grounded Piety,
That knew all that it did believe, and why;
And for the glorious Cauſe durſt die,
And durſt out-ſuffer ancient Martyrology.
So knit and interwoven with its being ſo,
Moſt thought it did not from his Duty, but his Nature flow.
Exalted far above the vain ſmall Attacks of Wit,
And all that vile gay lewd Buffoons can bring,
Who try by little Railleries to ruin it,
And jeer't into an unreguarded poor defenceleſs thing.
The Men of Sence who in Confederacy join,

To

To damn Religion had they view'd but thine,
They'd have confeſt it pure, confeſt it all divine,
And free from all Pretences of Impoſture or Deſign.
Pow'rful enough to counter-act lewd Poets and the Stage,
And Proſelyte as faſt as they debauch the Age;
So good, it might alone a guilty condemn'd World reprieve,
Should a deſtroying Angel ſtand
With brandiſh'd Thunder in his Hand,
Ready the bidden Stroke to give;
Or a new Deluge threaten this and every Land.

VIII.

Religion once a quiet and a peaceful Name,
Which all the Epithets of Gentleneſs did claim,
Late prov'd the Source of Faction and inteſtine Jars:
Like the Fair teeming *Hebrew*, ſhe
Did travel with a wrangling Progeny,

And harbor'd in her Bowels Fewds and Civil Wars.

Surly, uncomplaiſant, and rough ſhe grew,

And of a ſoft and eaſie Miſtreſs turn'd a Shrew.

Paſſion and Anger went for marks of Grace,

And looks deform'd and ſullen ſanctifyed a Face.

Thou firſt its meek and primitive Temper didſt reſtore,

Firſt ſhew'dſt how men were pious heretofore:

The gall-leſs Dove, which otherwhere could find no Reſt,

Early retreated to its Ark, thy Breaſt,

And ſtraight the ſwelling Waves decreaſt

And ſtraight tempeſtuous Paſſions ceaſt,

Like Winds and Storms where ſome fair *Halcyon* builds her Neſt.

No overheating Zeal did thee inſpire,

But 'twas a kindly gentle Fire,

To warm, but not devour,

And only did refine, and make more pure:

Such is that Fire that makes thy preſent bleſt Abode

The

The Reſidence and Palace of our God.

And ſuch was that bright unconſuming Flame,
So mild, ſo harmleſs and ſo tame,
Which heretofore ith' Buſh to *Moſes* came:
At firſt the Viſion did the wondring Prophet ſcare,
But when the voice had check'd his needleſs Fear
He bow'd and worſhipp'd and confeſt the Deity was there.

IX.

Hail Saint Triumphant! hail Heav'ns happy Gueſt.
Hail new Inhabitant amongſt the bleſt!
Methinks I ſee kind Spirits in convoy meet.
And with loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet.
Who, could they grieve, would go with Grief away
To ſee a Soul more white, more pure than they:
By them thou'rt led on high

To

To the vaſt glorious Apartment of the Deity.
Where circulating Pleaſures make an endleſs Round
To which ſcant Time or Meaſure ſets no Bound,
Perfect unmixt Delights without Alloy,
And whatſoe'er does earthly Bliſs annoy,
Which oft does in Fruition Pall and oft'ner Cloy:
Where being is no longer Life but Extaſie,
But one long Tranſport of unutterable Joy.
A Joy above the boldeſt Flights of daring verſe,
And all a Muſe unglorifyed can fancy or rehearſe:
There happy Thou
From Troubles and the buſtling toil of Buſineſs free,
From noiſe and *tracas* × of tumultuous Life below,
Enjoy'ſt the ſtill and calm Vacation of Eternity.

× Mouvement accompagné de désordre.

CHA-

CHARACTER

OF A

Certain Ugly Old P——

Written in 1676

——— *Deformem & tetrum ante omnia Vultum,*
Diſſimilemque ſui, deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendentéſque genas, ac tales aſpice rugas,
Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca ſaltus,
In vetulâ ſcalpit jam mater ſimia buccâ, &c.

Juv. Sat. 10

Aſſiſt ye naſty Powers
To deſcribe him thorowout,
I'll dip my Pen in Turd,
And write upon a ſhitten Clout.

Tartaret. de modo Cacandi. p. 9.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1684.

CHARACTER.

NO *wonder if I am at a Loſs to deſcribe him, whom* Nature *was as much puzzled to make. 'Tis here as in* Painting, *where the moſt miſhapen* Figures *are the greateſt* Proofs *of* Skill. *To draw a* Therſites *or* Æſop *well, requires the* Pencil *of* Vandike *or* Titian, *more than the beſt* Features *and* Lineaments. *All the Thoughts I can frame of him are as rude and indigeſted as himſelf. The very* Idæa *and* Conception *of him are enough to cramp* Grammar, *to diſturb* Sence, *and confound* Syntax. *He's a* Soleciſm *in the great* Conſtruction, *therefore the beſt* Deſcription *of him is* Nonſence, *and*

the

the fitteſt Character *to write it in, that* Pot-hook-hand *the Devil us'd at* Oxford *in* Queens Colledge-Library. *He were* Topick *enough for convincing an* Atheiſt *that the World was made by Chance. The firſt* Matter *had more of* Form *and* Order, *the* Chaos *more of* Symmetry *and* Proportion. *I could call him* Nature's By-blow, Miſcarriage *and* Abortive, *or ſay, he is her* Embryo *ſlink'd before* Maturity; *but that is ſtale and flat, and I muſt fly a higher Pitch to reach his* Deformity. *He is the uglieſt ſhe ever took Pains to make ſo, and* Age *to make worſe. All the* Monſters *of* Africa *lie kennell'd in his ſingle* Skin. *He's one of the* Groteſques *of the* Univerſe, *whom the grand* Artiſt *drew only* (*as* Painters *do uncouth ugly* Shapes) *to fill up the empty* Spaces *and*

Cantons

Cantons *of this great* Frame. *He's* Man anagrammatiz'd: *A* Mandrake *has more of* Humane Shape: *His* Face *carries* Libel *and* Lampoon *in't.* Nature *at its* Compoſition *wrote* Burleſque, *and ſhew'd him how far ſhe could out-do* Art *in* Grimace. *I wonder 'tis not hir'd by the* Play-houſes *to draw* Antick Vizards *by. Without doubt he was made to be laugh'd at, and deſign'd for the* Scaramuchio *of* Mankind. *When I ſee him, I can no more forbear than at ſight of a* Zany *or* Nokes; *but am like to run the Riſque of the* Philoſopher, *looking on an* Aſs *mumbling* Thiſtles. *He's more ill-favour'd than the* Picture *of* Winter *drawn by a Fellow that dawbs* Sign-Poſts, *more lowring than the laſt day of* January. *I have ſeen a handſomer* Mortal *carv'd in* Monumental

tal Gingerbread, *and woven in* Hangings *at* Mortlock. *If you have ever view'd that* wooden Gentleman *that peeps out of a Country* Barber's *Window, you may fancy ſome* Reſemblance *of him. His damn'd ſqueezing* Cloſe-ſtool-Face *can be liken'd to nothing better than the* Buttocks *of an old wrinkled* Baboon, *ſtraining upon an* Hillock. *The very* Sight *of him in a morning would work with one beyond* Jalap *and* Rhubarb. *A* Doctor *(I'm told) once preſcrib'd him to one of his* Pariſhioners *for a* Purge: *he wrought the* Effect, *and gave the* Patient *fourteen* Stools. *'Tis pity he is not drawn at the* City Charges, *and hung up in ſome publick* Forica *as a* Remedy *againſt* Coſtiveneſs. (Juv. S. 3).

Indeed by his Hue *you might think he had been employed to that uſe: One would*

⊗ cf. Chas Cotton Poems, 1689
The Rogue
P.428

would take him for the Picture of Scoggin *or* Tarleton *on a* Privy-house *Door, which by long standing there has contracted the* Color *of the neighbouring* Excrements. *Reading lately how* Gargantua *came into the* World *at his Mother's* Ear, *it put an unlucky thought into my Head concerning him: I presently fancied that he was voided, not brought forth; that his* Dam *was deliver'd of him on t' other side, before him coming out, and he has ever since retain'd the* Stains. *His filthy* Countenance *looks like an old* Chimney-piece *in a decay'd* Inn, *sullied with* Smoak, *and the sprinkling of* Ale-pots. *'Tis dirtier than an ancient* thumb'd Record, *greasier than a Chandler's* Shop-book, *You'd imagine* Snails *had crawl'd the* Hay *upon it. The* Case *of it is perfect* Vellum, *and has often*

been miſtaken for it: A Scrivener *was like to cheapen it for making* Indentures *and* Deeds: *Beſides 'tis as wrinkled as a* walking Buskin: *It has more* Furrows *then all* Cotſwold. *You may reſemble it to a* Gammon *of* Bacon *with the* Swerd *off. I believe the* Devil *travels over it in his Sleep with* Hob-nails *in his* Shoes. *By the* Maggot-eaten Sur-face, *you'd ſwear he had been dug out of his* Grave *agen with all his* Worms *about him to bait* Eel-hooks. *But enough of it in General, I think it time to deſcend to* Particulars; *I wiſh I could divide his Face, as he does his* Text, i. e. *tear it aſunder: 'Tis fit I begin with the moſt remarkable part of it. His* Mouth *(ſaving your preſence* Chriſtian Readers) *is like the* Devils Arſe of Peak, *and is juſt as large. By the*

Scent

Scent *you'd take it for the* Hole *of a* Privy: *He may be winded by a good* Noſe *at twelve-ſcore; I durſt have ventur'd at firſt being in Company that he dieted on* Aſſa-fœtida. *His very* Diſcourſe *ſtinks in a* Literal Sence; *'tis* breaking-Wind, *and you'd think he talk'd at the other* End. *Laſt* New-years-day *he tainted a* Loin *of* Veal *with ſaying* Grace: *All the* Gueſts *were fain to uſe the* Fanatical Poſture *in their own* Defence, *and ſtand with their* Caps *over their* Eyes *like* Malefactors *going to be turn'd off. That too that renders it the more unſupportable is that it can't be ſtopp'd: The* Breach *is too big ever to be clos'd. Were he a* Milliner, *he might meaſure* Ribbon *by it without the help of his* Yard *or* Counter. *It reaches ſo far backwards, thoſe, that have ſeen him*

with his Peruke *off, ſay it may be diſcerned behind. When he gapes, 'twould ſtretch the* Dutcheſs *of* Cleveland *to ſtraddle over: I had almoſt ſaid, 'tis as wide as from* Dover *to* Calice. *Could he ſhut it, the* Wrinkles *round about would repreſent the Form of the* Seamens Compaſs, *and ſhould he bluſter; 'twere a pretty* Emblem *of thoſe ſwelling* Mouths, *at the* Corners *of* Maps *puffing out* Storms. *When he* Smoaks, *I am always thinking of* Mongibel *and its* Eruptions. *His* Head *looks exactly like a* Device *on a* Kitchin Chimney; *His* Mouth *the* Vent *and his* Noſe *the* Fane. *And now I talk of his* Snout, *I dare not mention the* Elephants *for fear of ſpeaking too little: I'd make bold with the old* Wit, *and compare it to the* Gnomon *of a* Dial; *but that he has not*

not Teeth *enough to ſtand for the* twelve Hours. *'Tis ſo long, that when he rides a* Journey, *he makes uſe of it to open* Gates. *He's fain to ſnite it with both* Hands. *It cannot be wip'd under as much as the* Royal Breech. *A* Man *of ordinary* Bulk *might find* Shelter *under its* Eves, *were it not for the* Droppings. *One proteſted to me in* Raillery *that when he looks againſt the* Sun, *it ſhadows his whole* Body, *as ſome* ſtory *of the* Sciopodes Feet. *Another* Hyperbolical Raſcal *would make me believe that the* Arches *of it are as large as any two of* London-Bridge, *or the great* Rialto *at* Venice. *Not long ago I met a one-leg'd* Tarpawlin *that had been beggiug at his* Door, *but could get nothing: The witty* Whoreſon (*I remember*) *ſwore that his* Bow-ſprit

was as long as that of the Royal Sove-reign. *I confeſs, ſtood he in my way: I durſt not venture round by his* Foreſide, *for fear of going half a mile about. 'Tis perfect* doubling *the* Cape: *He has this* Priviledge *for being unmannerly that it will not ſuffer him to put off his* Hat: *And therefore ('tis ſaid) at* home *he has a* Cord *faſten'd to it, and draws it off with a* Pully, *and ſo receives the* Addreſſes *of thoſe that viſit him. This I'm very confident, he has not heard himſelf ſneeze theſe* ſeven Years: *And that leads me to his* Tools *of* Hearing: *His* Ears *reſemble theſe of a* Countrey Juſtices Black Jack, *and are of the ſame* matter, hue, and ſize: *He's as well hung as any* Hound *in the* Countrey; *but by their* Bulk *and* growing *upward, he deſerves to be rank'd with a graver*

of

of Beasts: *His single self might have shown with* Smeck, *and all the* Club Divines. *You may pare enough from the* sides *of his* Head *to have furnisht a whole* Regiment *of* Round-Heads: *He wears more there then all the* Pillories *in* England *ever have done.* Mandevile *tells us of a* People *somewhere, that use their* Ears *for* Cushions: *He has reduced the* Legend *to Probability*: *A* Servant *of his* (*that could not conceal the* Midas) *told me lately in private, that going to* Bed *he binds them on his* Crown, *and they serve him instead of* Quilt Night-caps. *The next observable that falls under my* Consideration *is his Back*: *Nor need I go far out of my way to meet it, for it peeps over his* Shoulders: *He was built with a* Buttress *to support the* weight *of his* Nose;

and help ballance it. Nature *hung on him a* Knapſack, *and made him repreſent both* Tinker *and* Budget *too. He looks like the Viſible* Tye *of* Æneas *bolſtring up his* Father, *or like a* Beggar-Woman, *endorſt with her whole* Litter, *and with* Child *behind. You may take him for* Anti-Chriſtopher *with the* Devil *at his* Back. *I believe the* Atlas *in* Wadham-Garden *at* Oxford *was carv'd by him. Certainly he was begot in a* Cupping-Glaſs: *His* Mother *longed for* Pumpions, *or went to ſee ſome* Camel *ſhown while ſhe was conceiving him. One would think a* Mole *has crept into his* Carcaſe *before 'tis layd in the* Church-Yard, *and Rooted in it, or that an* Earthquake *had diſorder'd the* Symmetry *of the* Microcoſm, *ſink one* Mountain *and put up*

up another. *And now I ſhould deſcend lower, if I durſt venture: But I'll not defile my* Pen: *My* Ink *is too cleanly for a farther* Deſcription. *I muſt beg my* Reader's *Diſtance: as if I were going to Untruſs. Should I mention what is beneath, the very* Jakes *would ſuffer by the* Compariſon, *and 'twere enough to bring a* Bog-houſe *in Diſgrace. Indeed he ought to have been drawn, like the good* People *on the* Parliament-Houſe, *only from the* Shoulders *upwards. To me 'tis a greater* Prodigy *then himſelf, how his* Soul *has ſo long endured ſo naſty a* Lodging. *Were there ſuch a thing as a* Metempſychoſis, *how gladly would it exchange its* Carcaſe *for that of the worſt and* vileſt Brute: *I'm ſufficiently perſwaded againſt the* whim *of* Præexiſtence; *for any thing that had the*

the Pretenſe *of* Reaſon *would never have entered ſuch a* Durance *of* Choice: *Doubtleſs it muſt have been guilty of ſome unheard of* Sin, *for which* Heaven *dooms it* Penance *in the* preſent Body, *and ordains it its firſt* Hell *here. And 'tis diſputable which may prove the worſt, for 't has ſuffered half an* Eternity *already. Men can hardly tell which of the* two *will out-live the other. By his* Face *you'd gueſs him one of the* Patriarchs, *and that he liv'd before the* Flood: *His* Head *looks as if 't had worn out* three *or* four Bodies, *and were Legacied to him by his* Great-Grand-father. *His* Age *is out of* Knowledg, *I believe he was born before* Regiſters *were invented. He ſhould have been a* Ghoſt *in Queen* Mary's *Days. I wonder* Holingshead *does not*

ſpeak

ſpeak of him. *Every* Limb *about him is* Chronicle: Par *and* John *of the* Times *were* ſhort-Livers *to him. They ſay, he can remember when* Pauls *was Founded, and* London-Bridge *built. I my ſelf have heard him tell all the* Stories *of* York *and* Lancaſter *upon his own* Knowledge. *His very* Cane *and* Spectacles *are enough to ſet up an* Antiquary. *The firſt was the* Walking-ſtaff *of* Lanfranc *Arch-biſhop of* Canterbury *which is to be ſeen by his* Arms *upon the* Head *of it: The t'other belong'd to the* Chaplain *of* William *the* Conqueror; *was of* Norman *make, and travell'd over with him. 'Tis ſtrange the late* Author *of M.* Fickle *forgot to make his Sir* Arthur Oldlove *ſwear by them, the* Oath *had been of as good* Antiquity *as St.* Auſtin's Night-Cap, *or* Mahomet's

Mahomet's Threſhold. *I have often wonder'd he never ſet up for a* Conjurer: *His very* Look *would bring him in* Vogue, *draw* Cuſtom, *and undo* Lilly *and* Gadbury. *You'd take him for the* Ghoſt *of Old* Haly *or* Albumazar, *or the* Spirit Frier *in the* Fortune Book, *his* Head *for the inchanted brazen one of* Frier Bacon. *'Twould poſe a good* Phyſiognomiſt *to give* Names *to the* Lines *in his* Face. *I've obſerv'd all the* Figures *and* Diagrams *in* Agrippa *and* Ptolomy's Centiloquies *there upon ſtrict view. And t'other day a* Linguiſt *of my* Acquaintance *ſhew'd me all the* Arabick Alphabet *betwixt his* Brow *and* Chin. *Some have admired how he came to be admitted into* Orders, *ſince his very* Face *is againſt the* Canon: *I gueſs he pleaded the* Qualicfiation *of the* Prophets

phets *of Old, to be* withered, Toothleſs *and* deform'd. *He can pretend to be an* Eliſha *only by his* Baldneſs. *The* Devils Oracles *heretofore were utter'd from ſuch a* Mouth. *'Twas then the* Candidates *for the* Tripus *were fain to plead* Wrinkles *and* Grey Hairs; *a* Splay Mouth, *and a* goggle Eye *were the cheapeſt* Simony, *and the* ugly *and* crippled *were the only* men *of* Preferment. *And this leads me to conſider him a little in the* Pulpit. *And there 'tis hard to diſtinguiſh whether that or his* Skin *be the coarſer* Wainſcoat: *He repreſents a Crackt* Weather-Glaſs *in a* Frame. *You'd take him by his* Looks *and* Poſture *for* Muggleton *doing* Pennance *and paulted with* rotten Eggs. *Had his* Hearers *the trick of Writing* ſhort-Hand, *I ſhould fancy him an* Offender

fender *upon a* Scaffold, *and them Penning his* Confeſſion. *Not a* fluxt Debauch *in a* ſweating Tub *makes worſe* Faces. *He* makes Doctrine *as Folks do their* Water *in the* Stone *or* Strangury. Balaams *Aſs was a better* Divine, *and had a better* Delivery. *The* Thorn *at* Glaſtenbury *had more* Sence *and* Religion, *and would make more* Converts. *He ſpeaks not, but grunts, like one of the* Gadaren Hogs *after the* Devils *enter'd. When I came firſt to his* Church *and ſaw him perch'd on high againſt a* Pillar, *I took him by his gaping for ſome* Juggler *going to ſwallow* Bibles *and* Hour-Glaſſes. *But I was ſoon convinc'd that other* Feats *were to be play'd, and on a ſudden loſt all my* Sences *in* Noiſe. *A Drunken* Huntsman *reeling in while he was at* Prayer,

asked

⊗ Rump Pt 199

ask'd if he were giving his Pariſhoners *a* Hollow: *He has preached half his* Pariſh *deaf; His* Din *is beyond the* Catadupi *of* Nile. *All his* Patrons Pigeons, *are frighted from their* Apartment, *and he's generally believed the* Occaſion. *He may be heard farther then Sir* Samuel Moorlands Flagelet. *Nay one damn'd mad* Rogue *ſwore: Should he take a* Text *concerning the* Reſurrection, *he might ſerve for the laſt* Trumpet. *And yet in one Reſpect he's fitted for the* Function. *His* Countenance, *if not* Doctrine *can ſcare men into* Repentance, *like an* Apparition: *Should he walk after he's dead, he would not be more dreadful, then now while he is alive.*

A Maid *meeting him in the* Dark *in a* Church-Yard, *was frighted into* Pha-

Phanaticiſm. *A* [illegible] *is in* Bedlam *upon the ſame Occaſion. I dare not approach him without an* Exorciſm. In the Name, *&c. is the fitteſt* Salutation: *Some have thought the* Parſonage Houſe *haunted ſince he dwelt there. In* York-ſhire *('tis reported) they make uſe of his* Name *inſtead of* Raw-Head *and* Bloody-bones *to fright* Children. *He is more terrible then thoſe* Phantoms *Country Folks tell of by the Fire ſide, and pretend to have ſeen, with* Leathern-wings, Cloven-feet, *and* Sawcer-eyes: *If he go to* Hell *(as 'tis almoſt an* Article *of my* Creed, *he will) the* Devils *will quake for all their warm* Dwelling, *and crowd up into a* Nook *for fear of him.*

FINIS.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY D. AP 26 1918 CAMBS.